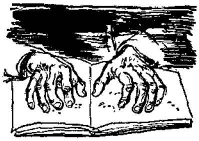
WORKERS IN THE DARK

THE GREATEST HANDICAP OF THE BLIND IS THE STUPID ATTITUDE OF THOSE WHO CAN SEE



NOT long ago a metropolitan newspaper carried a double-column feature about a young girl who had just completed a 2500-mile trip by bus, alone, from a little town in Arizona to Boston, Massachusetts, where she had come to pursue her studies in one of the country's famous schools.

Ordinarily, such a story would not have been news. But in this instance the girl was blind. The course for which she was enrolling was one in shorthand, typing, business English and dictaphone transcription. Among other things the interview told how Madelene Bleyal, blind from infancy, managed to make the long trek from west to east without guide or companion, using her ears instead of her eyes to find her way about. It told how, after four days and three nights she arrived safely at her destination, happy in her achievement, but happier still in the thought that one day, when she has finished her business course, she will be able to earn her own living and be independent, just like girls who have never known the handicap of blindness.

"Marvelous! Wonderful!" exclaim the seeing public on hearing of such things. "What courage! What ambition!" And then, with moist eyes and shaking heads, invariably they add: "But what a pity; for of course she will never be able to earn her own living. How could she—blind?"

And yet, every morning in a New Jersey city a distinguished grey-haired man boards the train for New York, threads his way through tunneled mazes to the subway, takes a downtown train, and emerging presently, proceeds to his office, where for nine years he has directed the affairs of an organization which employs fifty people. He is a graduate of Harvard University, has a charming wife, travels a great deal, both on business and for pleasure. At his place in the country he enjoys swimming, boating, tramping and other rural pastimes as keenly as do the many guests who visit his home.

In a newspaper office of a bustling Northern city, a young woman sits at her typewriter pounding out an interview with a visiting celebrity. The girl at the typewriter is a gifted journalist, a Vassar graduate, who has traveled widely in this country and in South America, and speaks Spanish fluently.

In a nationally known bakery a good-looking youth is busy emptying flour-sacks. It is hard work, but he is young and strong, and the job pays him six dollars a day.

Daily in the heart of a Mid-Western metropolis, a young woman enters an office building, runs briskly up a flight of stairs, and takes her place at a desk where she holds an exacting job as typist and dictaphone operator. In the company lounge, where the girls gather at lunch hour and at odd moments throughout the day, she is one of the crowd, chatting with the others about the latest play, the latest book, the latest date. She uses make-up, smokes cigarettes, dresses smartly, dances and plays bridge. In other words, she is a normal, modern girl, interested and active in every phase of the life whirling about her.

All these people are blind, yet without fuss or fanfare they are taking their places in business and in society side by side with their seeing fellows, asking no quarter, expecting no special favors, indulging in no railing against fate—thankful only that they have been given an opportunity to prove their ability to live active, useful happy lives in a world designed primarily for the seeing.

There was a time, less than one hundred and fifty years ago, when to be blind was tragedy indeed. Education of the sightless was unknown. Beggary was the inevitable destiny of the blind poor. But that day has passed forever. For over one hundred years now in the United States the education and rehabilitation of blind individuals has gone steadily forward, always with one object in view—to fit those deprived of sight for normal living among their sighted fellowmen. That these educational efforts have been successful cannot be doubted. A survey made recently by the American Foundation for the Blind reveals that blind men and women are today successfully competing with seeing people in over one hundred occupations, ranging all the way from bee-keeping and coffee-tasting to college teaching.

To those who are blind, and to those familiar with work among blind people, such facts contain no element of surprise and provide no occasion for adulatory outpourings or emotional hallelujahs. They know that ambition and ability are no special prerogatives of the seeing, and that courage is a quality taken for granted in the blind individual who strives to overcome and to achieve. They rejoice deeply and sincerely with those who have been able to find a place in work and in play in the seeing world. But their rejoicing is tinged with sadness, for they know, too, that these are the lucky ones, and that for every one such, there are scores of other blind, eager *and able* to join the ranks of the self-supporting, who must live out their lives in dependence, insecurity, disappointment and frustration. Not because of their handicap, which can be overcome, but because of the attitude of the seeing public, which, for the most part, still regards the blind as a tragic, isolated class, capable only of a limited manual dexterity, doomed to drag out unhappy lives in sheltered workshops or to eke out meager existences as street musicians or piano tuners.

Mr. A. E. Septinelli, blind from the age of 16, who, with his blind assistant, Stanley Whartenberg, operates the only placement bureau for blind men and women in New York City, at the New York Association for the Blind, says that his big battle is to break down in the minds of potential employers the conviction that blind individuals are incapable of filling certain jobs quite as well as the seeing.

In ten years he has succeeded in placing over 800 blind people in jobs in industry, business and the professions. But it has been uphill work all the way. With somewhat rueful humor he tells of interviewing an executive in an attempt to place one of his very capable blind clients.

"Do you know the one question he asked me?" Mr. Septinelli demanded. "There was no elevator in this particular building, and the one question the employer asked was: But how would a blind man get upstairs? I told him that a blind man gets upstairs like anybody else—he climbs up on two feet!"

To those unfamiliar with the capabilities of blind people, a host of questions similar to that of the unenlightened executive leaps to the mind. How is it possible for blind people to go about alone in subway, street and office? How can a totally blind stenographer take shorthand notes, transcribe them, and keep her files in order? How can a blind woman keep house—cook, wash, iron, clean her house—without the aid of a sighted person?

Most people, reading of such achievements, jump to the conclusion that the blind possess a sixth sense—a theory that has long since been exploded by scientific workers with the blind. A blind person is no more likely to possess a sixth sense than is a seeing person, and that's pretty unlikely. The ability to move about alone, to "sense" things, which the blind possess, and which to the seeing seems little less than miraculous, is simply and solely the result of an extremely high development of the four senses remaining to the sightless: namely, hearing, touch, smell and taste. And the greatest of these are touch and hearing. The training of these senses, combined with the necessity of depending to so great an extent upon them, develops them to a degree seldom attained by a seeing person. In this, and in the greater power of concentration which most blind people are admitted to have, lies the seeming miracle.

I have watched a blind typist pick out printed—not embossed—letterheads from plain paper on her desk by merely running her fingers along the top and bottom of the sheet. I have seen blind men in assembly plants handling with comparative ease fitting jobs so delicate that seeing workmen had fumbled them hopelessly. I have seen blind women who could thread needles. I have seen blind boys and girls swimming, jumping hurdles and engaging in sports and games with the same zest as the seeing.

Science and invention have been servants of inestimable value in enabling the blind individual of modern times to take his place in business, society and the home, side by side with those who see. Dictaphones and typewriters, which require only the senses of hearing and touch for efficient operation; stenotype machines; switchboards equipped with sound signals instead of lights—all have widened immeasurably the field of potential employment for those deprived of sight. While electric stoves, irons, washing-machines and vacuum sweepers which can be easily operated by touch, have simplified the problem of housekeeping for many blind women.

Braille—the system of reading and writing for the sightless, devised by the blind Frenchman, Louis Braille, in 1829, has, of course, been the greatest single contribution to the intellectual emancipation of blind people the world over. And now we have braille typewriters which greatly facilitate correspondence between blind persons, and braille shorthand machines which are a boon to the blind stenographer.

Radio, obviously, has been of untold value, not only in providing entertainment, but as a means of enabling blind people to keep abreast of the times.

The latest important contribution to the intellectual pleasure and profit of the blind is the Talking Book, developed by the American Foundation for the Blind, through the efforts of Robert B. Irwin, executive director of the Foundation, himself blind from the age of five years. These books consist of sets of long-playing discs, resembling phonograph records, onto which trained readers from stage and radio have recorded much of the best to be had in the way of classic and contemporary books and plays. Packed in stout cartons, the Talking Books are circulated, free of all cost, through twenty-seven regional public libraries throughout the United States. The machines on which the Books are played are manufactured and sold at cost. In the case of blind individuals whose funds do not permit the purchase of the new device, the machines are distributed free, as indefinite loans. This has been made possible through co-operation with the Library of Congress and government appropriations providing for the manufacture of the machines as a WPA project.

Hand in hand with the conviction on the part of the seeing public that blind people are incapable of filling important, or merely useful positions, goes the equally strong, and equally erroneous, conviction that the blind are incapable of mingling socially with those who have their sight. This, of course, is entirely without foundation, and works a cruel hardship on the blind, whose need for companionship and diversion is perhaps even more acute than that of many of the seeing.

The strides made in the past century toward bridging the gulf that separates the lives of those who are blind from those who see have been truly colossal. But there is still one great step to be taken before the blind may enter fully into their rightful place in society —a place for which modern educational and rehabilitation methods so successfully fit them—and that step must be taken by the seeing public. For until the seeing public ceases once and for all to regard the blind as a class, capable only of being pitied or patronized, just so long must those who are blind stand outside the gates of life, gazing with longing eyes of the spirit into a kingdom from which they are forever exile. The blind are ready, willing, able, and desperately eager to enter into their inheritance of normal, useful happy citizenship. It remains for the seeing to grant or to withhold this priceless good.

For all those interested in hastening the happy day, the following suggestions are offered:

Give the blind an equal break in business and in society. Treat them as you would anyone else. They do not seek special favors, only equal opportunity.

Make a point of including your blind friends in parties and social gatherings. By so doing you will help materially to break down the barrier which so often gives them the feeling of being cut off from normal society.

Always shake hands when meeting or leaving a blind friend, for a handshake is as expressive as the face, and is the substitute for the smile of friendship he cannot see.

Always introduce the blind person to all who are in the room. If he already knows the people, tell him just who is present.

Always be natural with the blind. Don't be patronizing. Remember that the blind person you meet is constituted much the same as you. Ten chances to one he lost his sight after reaching maturity.

Don't refer to blindness as an affliction; it is only a handicap.

Don't exclaim "Wonderful!" or "Marvelous!" simply because a blind person can do quite usual things.

Don't perpetuate an obstinate delusion by crediting the blind with the possession of a sixth sense.

When assisting a blind person across the street, never grasp his arm and push him ahead of you. Let him take your arm. The movement of your body will guide him.

Never talk to a blind person as though he were deaf, or converse with him through a third person.

Don't make unusual revision in conversation to avoid using the word "see" by substituting the word "hear." The blind themselves always say "see." Use the word "blind" without hesitation if you are discussing blindness with persons so handicapped, but don't substitute this topic for the weather! —Enid Griffis

SMILES CAN BE OVERDONE

EVEN A GRIN CAN BE STRETCHED BEYOND THE BREAKING POINT, AND FREQUENTLY IS

PAINSTAKING investigation by eminent students of human psychology has shown that smiling faces in certain advertisements have an unfavorable effect on readers.

The reason is that broader smiles than circumstances warrant do not carry conviction. Pictures of children smiling happily over their new toys are logical enough, and therefore honest. But why should a man and his wife be wreathed in grins in an advertisement for furniture? When you buy a new chair, you may be glad you have it, but you are perhaps also sorry that the old one didn't last a little longer. You don't giggle or laugh over such purchases in real life, and if you do so in a picture the thing looks fakey. Faces showing only moderate degrees of pleasure in an advertising picture have proved to be more effective because more truthful.

For years I have avoided a certain brand of underwear, solely because I got tired of seeing magazine pictures of a man inserting himself into a new union suit while smiling in a silly fashion. I should be the last person to deny a man the simple pleasure of having suitable underwear but why should he smirk and giggle about it?

Even when you meet a man face to face, his smile should be only as elaborate a smile as the situation calls for. Otherwise, you question his sincerity. A certain man I know has made a small fortune by going about the country delivering Pollyanna talks to clubs, urging everybody to be happy. Theoretically, at least, this fellow should be popular in any neighborhood.

Yet when I visited his home town not long ago, I learned that this man's neighbors are inclined to avoid him. They are beginning to think that his smile is merely a trade-mark, often out of place and a bit irritating.

—FREDERICK CHARTERS

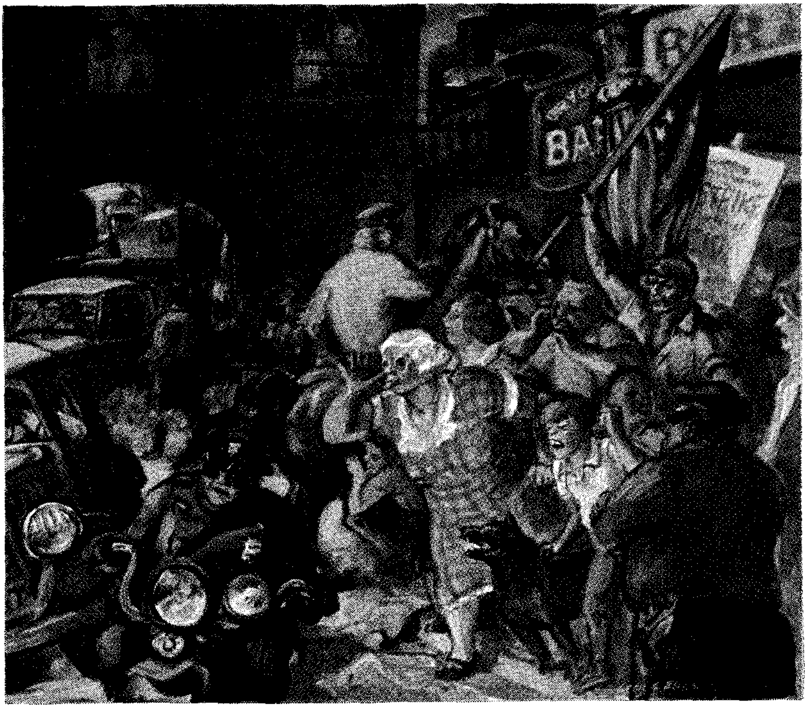
ABOUT CECIL BELL

TAKING THE WORLD AS IT COMES, HE SKETCHES ITS DENIZENS WITH A FINE IMPARTIALITY

CECIL C. BELL is a slow, stubborn, efficient Westerner who makes almost no noise and never gives up. He is a listener and a doer. He rarely shows on the surface the excitement that sometimes must stir him within. He announces neither enthusiasm nor skepticism. He isn't interested in many things but he does well the thing in which he is interested. He looks and acts as if he were the average person, with the average person's inarticulateness and insensitiveness and standing above the crowd only by virtue of his height. He is six feet, three inches tall, and as lean and rangy as they come.

He is an artist, a steady, methodical, orderly, neat-as-a-pin artist. He has no temperament to alibi himself out of a situation beyond his control. He manages to keep a thousand objects in their places without the slightest trace of confusion or disorder. He is the master of things and is not disorganized by them. He is an easy person to be with and his art is more stimulating than his conversation. He has no line, he has no pose and he has no illusions about Society's debt to him. He is an artist because that is the thing which he must be, and because it is fun to be an artist; but if life, or predestination, or inclination had made him a carpenter, he would have been a quiet, cheerful and efficient carpenter.

He is an artist of the concrete world. He is interested in the world we live in and he has no ambition to reduce it to an abstract pattern. His is an art that teems with human beings and the perspective of the metropolis. He has a happy faculty of taking the world as it comes, and he is always around where life congregates in masses. For each painting, or *gouache*, or water color, he will make innumerable sketches, in pencil and in color. For the reproduced *Swimmers* he made hun-

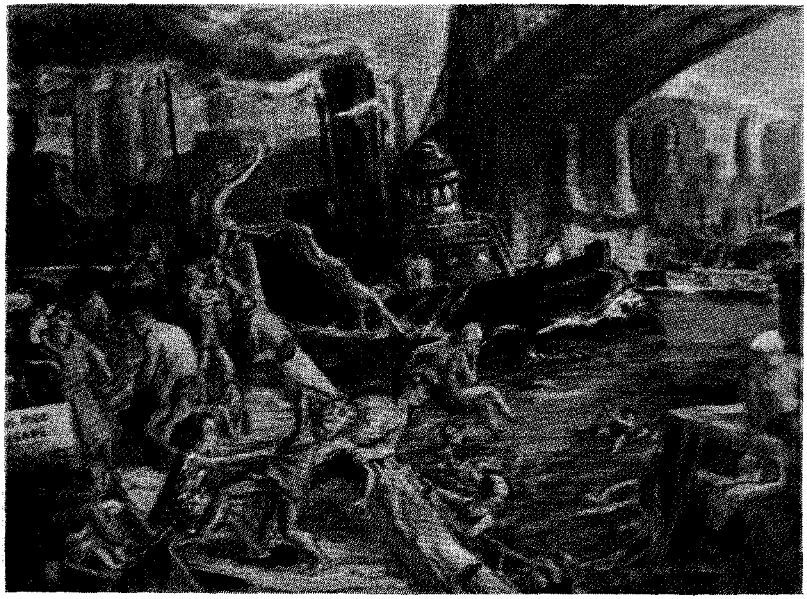


STRIKEBREAKERS

dreds of sketches, some of which he found useful for other compositions. He has a realistic attitude about his work. Referring to his sketches, he says: "I don't think Art when I do them. I want principally to get down life as I see it and if it turns out to be Art, so much the better."

Cecil Bell knows how to study. His art is more self-conscious than it would appear, and it does look sometimes like the happy result of an indulgence in the facility of making sketches. Perhaps the art in his paintings is concealed in the spontaneity which generated them.

Cecil Bell was born in Seattle, Washington, in 1906. In school, he was not a good student, passing the easiest subjects only by the skin of his teeth. He did, however, contribute cartoons to the school papers. It was understood, of

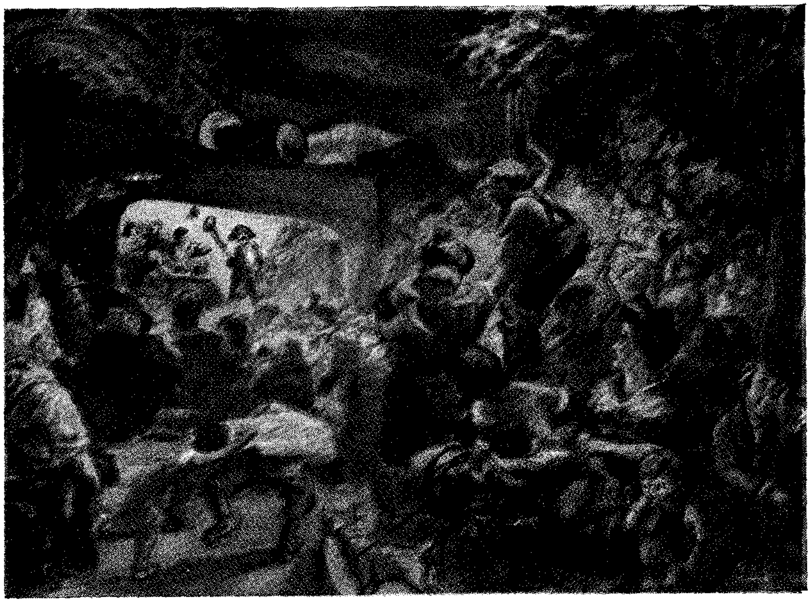


SWIMMERS

course, that he was going to be an artist and nothing else. When Cecil was 13, the Bells moved to Tacoma.

At the age of 18, Cecil Bell began earning his living on a full-time basis. He did lettering and commercial art work of a similar nature. He began putting aside money for art tuition. Four years later he went way east, to Chicago, and enrolled in a course at the Art Institute. During the four or five months of his stay he also worked in commercial art, returning to Tacoma with resources depleted slightly, if at all, and resumed working at commercial art and saving part of his pay.

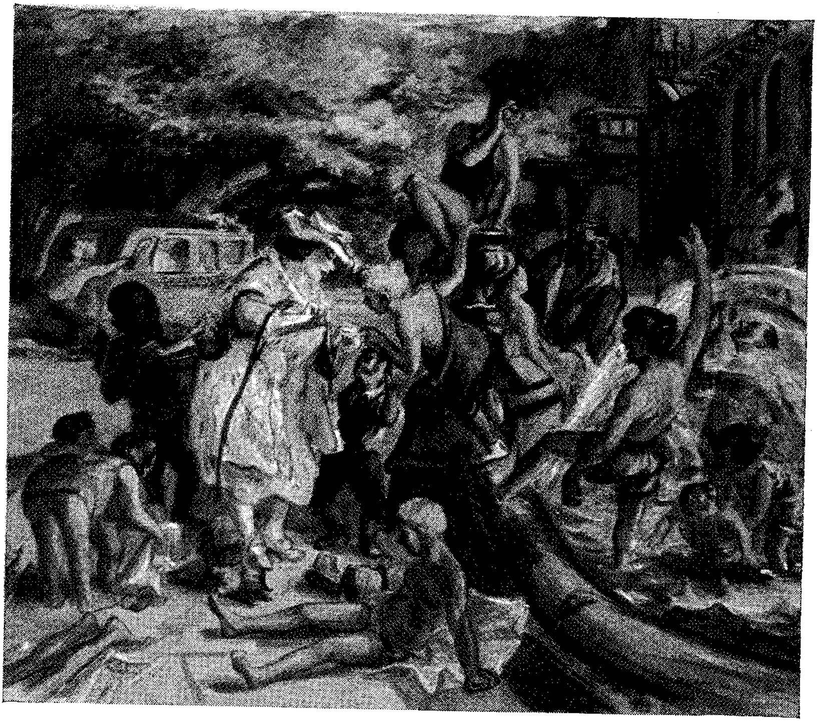
In 1930 he arrived in New York with his bride and a resolve to become an artist, enrolling at the Art Students' League with the knowledge that he had means for a solid year's study, and no need for commercial art work either. In one class he found himself tagged No. 30 at the beginning of the course, declining to No. 44 by the time he made his exit. The most



CARAVAN THEATRE

important teacher and art influence in his life was Harry Wickey, then teaching at the League. The introduction of student to teacher was perhaps the most curious that has yet been contrived. Bell enrolled in the lithography class of Charles Locke and found the medium, and the teacher, much to his liking. After a while he became aware of the resonant and confident voice of the teacher who was holding forth in the next room, beyond the thin partition. A voice rattling the partition would not alone have impressed young Mr. Bell, but the partition shook also with clearly transmitted judgments on art and artists, and six months after reaching New York, Bell enrolled in Harry Wickey's class in etching and composition. He has been Wickey's student and disciple ever since.

He has worked in many mediums and early began showing his work. There has hardly been a time when he experienced difficulty in finding a place in which



THROW IN A PENNY

to hang up his things, which is one advantage of not being a voice crying in the wilderness. Etching he found after a time too indirect a medium and abandoned it. Lithography was more congenial. In 1933 he began working in watercolors and the following year in oils. His record of one-man shows begins in 1937. The Whitney Museum gave him recognition by purchasing the first *gouache* he ever did, *Skaters in Central Park*, in 1937 and has had a picture of his at every annual since. His work has been shown in group displays at the Chicago Art Institute and at the Pennsylvania Academy. He is a fast worker, impressionable to the human scene and capable of covering much ground in subject matter. He is honest in building within the limitations of his nature. —HARRY SALPETER

MANUAL FOR DIVORCED MOTHERS

INDULGENCE OF THE CHILD IS EASY—TOO EASY—BUT SOMETHING MORE IS REQUIRED

Betty said, "Do you think, Mother, that Father will like this hat? Or is it too fancy? You know how Father is about fancy hats. And he oughtn't to be annoyed on his birthday."

Mother agreed that Father should not be annoyed on his birthday. "Why not wear your other hat then, dear?"

Bertram came rushing up with a worn and rumpled package, and a deep, despairing scowl wrinkling his face.

"Oh Mother—you do it!" he said. "It looks awful! And maybe I'd better use string, blue ribbon's too babyish for Father, isn't it?"

Mother went to work on the package. "Blue's all right—the birthday color. Father won't think it's babyish. There."

"I wish you were coming," Betty sighed.

"It would be more fun with you," said Bertram, relief at the sight of his neatly rewrapped package relaxing his tense features.

"It will be fun anyway, and I have a lot to do," Mother said, and kissed them both good-bye.

"I'll bring you home a piece of cake," promised Betty.

"I'll bring you a cap, or something." Bertram held the package gingerly on his outstretched palm.

And off the children went—quite happy and undisturbed. It was too bad Mother wasn't coming, of course—but Mother had so many things to do. It wasn't as if she were going to be lonely—or didn't want them to go . . .

Betty and Bertram were children of divorce. Though like all children they didn't quite understand the why and wherefore of the family split, and even though they might have preferred otherwise, they had adjusted themselves to the situation with little pain or difficulty. Much as they loved both parents, their young lives were by no means blighted or put out of focus by the separation.

Seems a little surprising, doesn't

it? Divorce, where children are concerned, is supposed to be so inevitably deadly. Yet Betty and Bertram continued serenely on their way—their sense of security still quite unimpaired. Why?

Because the children's loyalty had not been divided. Mother did not demand that—in order to prove their love and loyalty to her—they discard Father. Nor did Father welcome any criticism of Mother, nor resent any praise.

Mother might not attend Father's birthday party herself—but she didn't prevent, or try to prevent, the children from going. She took care to do nothing, to say nothing, and to behave in no way that might spoil or lessen the children's happy anticipation of the event. On the contrary, she abetted them in every way.

Far from making the children feel that any disloyalty to her was involved, Mother convinced Betty and Bertram, by both word and manner, that there was nothing she more highly approved of than a visit to Father. So that visits to Father were looked forward to—undertaken happily and naturally, freely, and as frequently as desired.

Father too played up. At Betty's request for a piece of cake for Mother, he cut a really big piece with a candle on it. He listened with polite interest when the children prattled of Mother. He took care not to disagree with Mother's judgment and opinions. "Did Mother say it was all right? . . . Did they think Mother would approve of that?" He took care to get the children home at the time convenient for Mother . . .

Betty and Bertram—the children of divorce, but not the victims of it. Because no horrible choice was ever forced upon them—they were driven into no conflict. Mother and Father might no longer love each other—which was sad, and not easy to understand—but as long as Mother approved of their continuing to see Father whenever they wished, approved of their talking of him freely whenever the spirit moved them, the children felt no deep sense of personal loss. They still had a Mother and a Father whom they loved and were loved by, whom they could see when they liked. No conflict of divided loyalties. Never was Bertram made to feel obliged to defend Mother in the presence of Father, or Betty tempted to rush to Father's defense in Mother's house.

But surely this must be an ideal situation? These parents are exceptional, in intelligence, generosity, and control? Aren't most people, after the grueling and painful experience of divorce, incapable of such detached and tolerant attitudes?

Perhaps, in the very beginning. But later on, once the importance and the necessity of such attitudes are realized, this ideal, which is fundamentally simple and reasonable, can be approached by any set of average parents.

To begin with, it goes without saying, of course, that children of happy, congenial, wholely united parents, are—other things being equal—the more fortunate. But children of divorce need not be, and certainly need not remain, at a disadvantage. They need not grow up handicapped, maladjusted, unhappy. Children, like adults, can generally survive loss or separation, painful though these things may be at the time. It is only the destruction of their young ideals, of their basic beliefs, that is likely to prove truly disastrous. It is only the entrance too early into their lives of conflicting and divided loyalties which is likely to prove too crushing a burden.

For it isn't so much in the actual physical presence of his parents that a child's confidence and sense of security rests, but in those parents' attitudes—toward life, toward them, toward each other. Toward *each other*, whether they are divorced or married. Is that attitude—which children so seldom understand but so quickly and accurately sense—filled with venom? Is it such as to give the children a distrust of both parents? Or a permanent distrust of marriage and of the opposite sex?

But divorced parents—are they, on the average, as bad as that? However bitter and hurt they themselves may be, don't the majority wish sincerely to spare the children? Don't they want to make it up to the children?

Yes—many divorced parents want to make up to the children for their broken home. They can't do enough to make it up to them. And with such a laudable object in view, they pity, spoil, and indulge—and are aided by interested relatives and interfering friends!

For instance—poor little Anne, whose mother felt she must make it up to her somehow. Poor little Anne, whose father felt—"all this business is tough on her—must do something about it." "Poor little Anne," people said. "She's just at the age to feel it, too!"

Of course Anne didn't hear these remarks—but she noticed the pitying way people looked at her, the change in everyone's manner toward her. She knew that everyone felt sorry for her, so she began to feel sorry for herself. She started to dramatize and play the tragic heroine—which didn't really become her.

She'd been a nice unspoiled child, and fond of both parents. The separation was a shock to her, of course, but a shock to which she might have adjusted herself in time—if she hadn't been made the chief victim of pity, if everybody hadn't been so obviously trying to spare her and make up to her for something. *And* if the attitude of both parents hadn't changed toward her. Gone was the old free give-and-take comradeship; in its place she had a mother and father who treated her as if she were sick and must be humored.

Many, possibly most, divorced parents have a sense of guilt where their children are concerned. A sense of guilt that is fostered by society—and perhaps not altogether unreasonably. It is, after all, rightly or wrongly, their act which has deprived the children of a normal home; because of this an added responsibility is theirs. Children of divorce both need and rate more tactful handling, more patience, more understanding.

But they do not need *Pity!* . . .

★ ★ ★

All of which is simple and reasonable and easy enough to understand—as are all the "do's" and "don'ts" that apply to children of divorce. They are all simple laws of common sense that any average parents can work out for themselves.

Why don't they, then?

They often do work them out—and then fail to follow their own good reasoning because the emotional shock of divorce is so great that it knocks them off-center. They lose their heads.

For divorce—in spite of the theory that among smart moderns it is carried through with gay nonchalance—can never be anything but a very painful and upsetting experience. Divorce means failure, no matter who is to blame; it is an amputation, a major operation. And after an operation the patient invariably suffers from shock—he must. And during the period of that shock, he is naturally not himself, not quite balanced, not quite reasonable—and certainly by no means inclined to take an intelligent, generous, detached viewpoint. Allowances must be made for this patient—for a time.

But not for too long a time. The period of shock, unless nursed and stimulated, does not last naturally. If the patient relaxes he comes out of it. If he works at it he'll probably make a quick recovery; and what a boon, what an agony-saver that will be to everyone concerned—especially the children and himself!

Unfortunately, at present, neither society nor the law helps much. They are not inclined, at least in the beginning, to give a helping hand or an encouraging word to the man or woman brave and wise enough to break away from self-pity, jealousy, and possessiveness, to achieve a generous, sane, and detached point of view, and to keep his or her mouth shut. Quite the contrary—at least in the beginning; the sympathy of both society and the law still goes to the expert vilifier, the teller of the best sob-story. Society and the law still accept and reinstate first, if not permanently, the individual who can make his or her "Ex" into the most convincing and thorough scoundrel.

In the end, of course, society—if not the law—gets sick of sob-stories, and its pity wears thin. Poor So-and-so comes to be regarded with more contempt than sympathy. And in the same way a child, impressionable, loyal, and easily influenced as he is, still wearies in time of hearing even an unloved parent constantly pulled apart. Tales of abuse, even if true, prove a dull, irritating song to both child and adult alike—a song that sooner or later is bound to turn against the singer.

Even when justified, no parent gains anything in the eyes of the child by running down the other parent. Temporarily he may win a little sympathy or a protestation of loyalty—but later, with rare exceptions, the child comes to resent the abuser as much as the abused—he comes to distrust both parents, loses his respect for both.

Why? Because both parents have let him down; both have destroyed his sense of security, his beliefs, trust, and confidence. Together they have laid upon him a burden of shame and disillusionment from which he can never completely escape. For it must be remembered that though a couple may be divorced, a child can never be divorced from either of his parents. Both of them are his 'til death do them part. No man's wish, no legal process, can change a biological fact—each child has only one mother and one father, neither of them possible of replacement. Whether or not his parents are divorced, they remain his parents, for better or for worse—and that depends largely on the ideal of each parent that the child has been allowed to keep.

Finally, in order to justify our act of breaking up the children's home, are we going to destroy not only their respect and trust in their origin, but their belief in the opposite sex as well? Because the two go together, almost inevitably. If a girl is taught to hate or despise her father, is she not likely to grow up prejudiced against all men? If a boy learns to distrust his mother, or to feel contemptuous of her, is he apt to trust and respect women and girls in general?

Isn't sex antagonism at the bottom of most marriage failures? And doesn't sex antagonism usually originate, not from personal experience—though that intensifies it—but from the teachings of one's background?

There is no use fooling ourselves. The fact that our own relationship with the opposite sex has brought us nothing but misery does not mean that our children are better off for being warned. Whether we like it or not, both ourselves and our children are dependent, for a complete and happy life, upon the opposite sex. You can twist and repress and distort a child's nature; you can fill him with fear and shame of an emotion he can't conquer; you can prejudice him to the extent of never marrying—but all the planning, devotion, and money in the world can't make up to him for what you have deprived him of—for what only a happy marriage can give him.

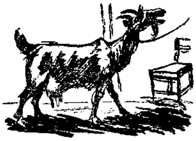
Divorce is a pity—always. Or rather, the failure of any marriage is a pity. But at least, if you've been big enough and wise enough and brave enough not to destroy your child's ideals or to divide his loyalties in any way—then perhaps you haven't hurt him too much. If, though divorced, you and your "Ex" continue to work together as parents, backing each other's judgments, never permitting the child to play one against the other, then you haven't left the child without constructive guidance. If you have refrained from trying to make up to the child for the normal home he has lost, from indulging and overwhelming him with pity and sympathy, then the divorce has not and will not demoralize or weaken his character.

And if you have taken care not to let your bitterness and the failure of your marriage influence him against the opposite sex, then at least you can comfort yourself with the thought that your action has not put your child at too much of a disadvantage—that it has not made him a cynic or destroyed his chances of a happy marriage.

—Lisa Grenelle

A GOAT SONG

POOR HERR FAKLER, HOW COULD HE RETAIN A FEW SHREDS OF DIGNITY AFTER THAT?



THE story I am about to relate came to me through Franz Molnar. He will try to argue about it. But I shall answer him thus:

Really, Herr Molnar, have you forgotten? Autumn, 1914? We two and your friend Fakler were sent to Przemysl as war correspondents. The village was half-burnt down and what remained was occupied by troops. We were greeted by a very tired, excited officer who grunted:

"Gentlemen, I have only one room to offer you: the mortuary in the cholera hospital. It doesn't appeal to you, eh? Are you afraid of cholera? Well, you stand less chance of it there than anywhere else. The mortuary is at least disinfected."

Do you recollect, Herr Molnar? We wandered around for an hour and more; everywhere we were refused shelter. So at last, soaked through, we returned to the mortuary. We crept into the desolate refuge. Two stretchers, reeking of disinfectant, were our beds.

But—good heavens!—where was Fakler?—our fat friend and boon companion?

"I'll wager," you said, "the clever fellow has found quarters somewhere—probably a nice, cheap room—just as he did in the old days in the Bognerstrasse."

I pricked up my ears.

"Don't you know the story of Fakler's room, Roda?"

I shook my head.

"It's a very funny tale. You must write it."

"Why not Franz Molnar himself?"

"Impossible. Fakler would tear me to pieces."

"What about me, then?"

"That doesn't worry me so much—and besides, you are much the stronger man."

"All right," I said, "I'll try to defend myself. Let's hear it."

"But if you give me away as the source of information, I shall deny absolutely having told anything."

. . . Fakler returned to Vienna from the Alps, poorer than ever, but his brain full of wonderful ideas, and he set about finding a furnished room in order to put his ideas on paper.

From eight o'clock in the morning till noon he searched in the center of the town. Up and down endless stairs. Everything was too expensive.

Suddenly, on his way home, passing through the Bognerstrasse, he saw a sign: "Elegantly furnished room to let. Cheap."

One glance at the room told him the worst. Curtains, carpets, a good brass bedstead, a comfortable couch—certainly not within the means of a poor poet. He turned to go.

"Oh, sir, doesn't it suit you?" The landlady came up to him and gently laid her hands on his shoulders. "Please, listen before you go. The room is very cheap."

Despondently Fakler asked: "How much?"

The landlady replied: "Fifteen shillings a month."

As he remained silent, she went on:

"With service. But I can't mislead you, sir. There is one great drawback to the room. We have a delicate child. Our doctor has ordered him to take goat's milk. The goat is in the next room. She sometimes bleats. . . . In fact, she bleats all day and all night. Just listen to her!"

"*Meg—geg—geg!*"

"That's why one tenant after the other has left without notice." The woman almost threw herself at Fakler. "But you, sir, don't you think you could get used to it? Such a useful animal! And the elegant room. With service. Oh, do stay, sir!"

He took the room. He was so weary with his search and the stair-climbing that he would have stayed in hell!

He started to write:

"I love the mist which from damp
meadows
Rises fairy-like in the summer eve.
Grey silk veils waft as in a dance,
Gold-flecked and gentle in the
silent Paradise."

"*Meg—geg—geg!*"

"No," he said. "I can't stand it. My inspiration has gone."

He went to bed. The goat bleated her way through his dreams.

Late the next morning, after a terrible night, he fell asleep and awoke to the sound of a heavily-laden breakfast tray being placed by his side. He started up, not guessing the hour. It was almost high noon, to his astonishment.

"Breakfast is also included," said the landlady timidly. "I hope you weren't too much disturbed. Mimi started at dawn."

"Mimi?" he asked.

"Well, you know—the . . ."

"*Meg—geg—geg!*"

"Oh, yes . . . I didn't hear her."

"There—you see—my husband and I don't hear her any more, either. I hope you will enjoy your tea. Would you like ham or eggs?"

"Wonders will never cease," said Fakler to himself, and ate and drank to his heart's content. "I'll show the world that a stupid animal—"

"*Meg—geg—geg!*"

". . . like a goat . . ."

"*Meg—geg—geg!*"

". . . like a goat can t upset my equilibrium. Meg-geg-geg!" He imitated the bleat and—wrote poetry.

"Meg-geg-geg!" he called to Mimi when he had written the outpourings of his soul.

The goat answered him.

There ensued a charming duet.

Three weeks passed. He was busy writing a pretty triolet, when he rose, disquieted, from his chair. Something was wrong, he felt.

A knock on the door. "Come in." The landlady entered, her eyes swollen from weeping.

"You must have noticed, Herr Fakler, the awful misfortune that has befallen us . . ."

"What is it, in heaven's name?"

"Mimi is dead. Stone dead. Oh, oh, such a dreadful calamity!"

Fakler started to his feet.

"A misfortune for me too." (Now I shall get my notice, he thought.)

"Oh, dear me. How our little child misses her, too! He loved Mimi. We daren't tell him that Mimi has passed away—the child would never stop crying."

"What do you want me to do?"

"Just bleat once—so that the child will be happy again."

"*Meg—geg—geg!*"

"Oh, how grateful I am. Listen—the child is quiet now and satisfied. Please don't take it amiss, Herr Fakler—we will gladly take five shillings off the rent, if you would, now and then . . ."

"Now and then . . .?"

". . . just bleat a little. You need not do it all the time—once, perhaps twice every quarter-hour . . ."

Well—Fakler stayed on. And bleated. Between bleats he wrote.

When he became engaged, his fiancée was amused at first when he bleated; then she began to be ashamed and blushed whenever he said "Meg-geg-geg." It took her months after they married to break him of bleating in public.

—RODA RODA

EDMUND DUFFY ACCUSES

ONE OF THE COUNTRY'S TOPNOTCH CARTOONISTS, HE HAS MASTERED THE ART OF SOCIAL PROTEST

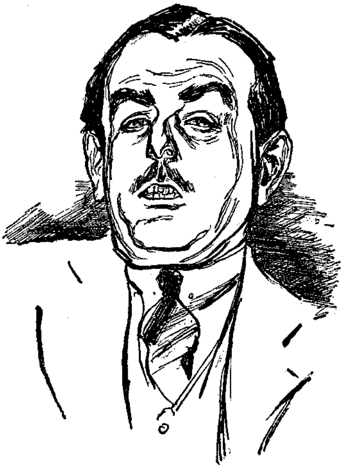
EDMUND DUFFY is one of the bulwarks of liberal cartooning in America. Together with Rollin Kirby, formerly of the *New York World-Telegram*, and Fitzpatrick, of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, he holds up the trylon of the middle road for middle-class readers.

For fifteen years, he has kept the *Baltimore Sun* in the public eye.

Reprints of his work in the more national Sunday papers remind the rest of the world that on the outposts of the South an ember of liberalism still smoulders.

Mannered in New York and Paris, Duffy still keeps his reserves in the Left Bank. His gestures imply that motion has never been progress; and that tomorrow is as good a time as today.

He has a Byzantine look. He is tall, thinly-mustached. His features have been lifted from a Roman bas-relief. He seems congenitally relaxed, detached from pressure.

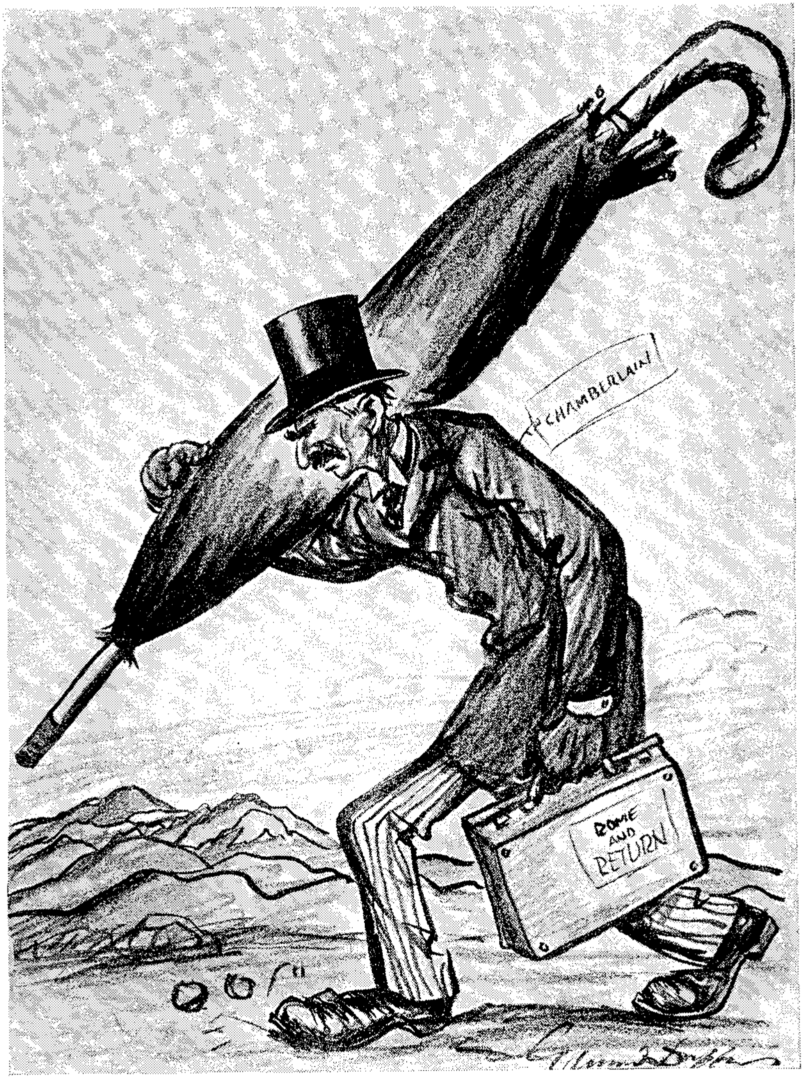


Edmund Duffy

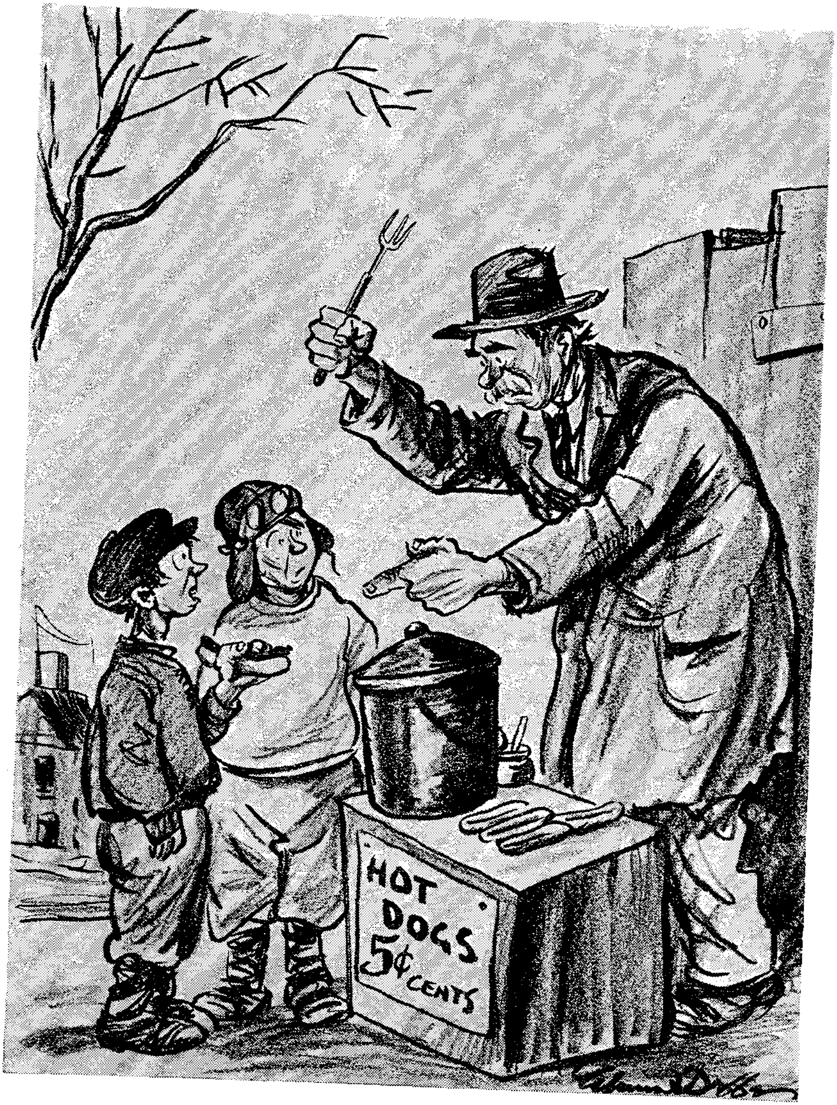
His setup is a paradox. His work hinges on social protest; his life on social acceptance. His drawing has its roots in the Left's love for right; his living has its roots in rich Bourbon soil.

This, perhaps, is as it should be. Socrates would have lost no stature by ordering *vintage* hemlock.

Duffy has taken Baltimore to his bosom; he flourishes on its tempo, its conversation pieces, its


CHAMBERLAIN
ROME AND RETURN

NOBODY STOLE HIS UMBRELLA


HOT
DOGS
5¢ CENTS

"DAT GUY ROOSEVELT WILL RUIN US BUSINESS MEN" race track. His house is a symbol of the pact. There, in rooms large enough for Lee's surrender, are all the gew-gaws which spelled luxury when the spirit of Louis Philippe took on a Southern accent.

* * *

Duffy was born in Jersey City, March 1st, 1899. He had an apparently uneventful childhood; no tricks, no scandals.

His ambitions framed themselves early. Unlike other children, he showed no passion for the policeman's lot, or the fireman's. From ten on, he was set on becoming a cartoonist.

At 12, he decided to leave school, put the final touches on his drawing.

Still in short pants, he crossed the Hudson River, signed up at the Art Students' League.

The short pants automatically excluded him from the life class. This was a blow to his pride.

Months passed. Little Duffy called his plaster casts by their first names. He mastered every crack, ridge, dirt streak. He burned to attack life itself.

One day, genius would no longer stay its bounds. Duffy rushed downtown and crossed the Rubicon. He bought himself long trousers.

Civilization hinges on small symbols. Duffy was now a full-fledged student. Soon he was Monitor, checking on the others. Another short space and he was on the so-called Board of Control—the student council.

In the meanwhile, he was studying under Bridgeman, the classic anatomist.

Bridgeman introduced exercises in action work—sketching from the moving model. Duffy, slashing away with a grease crayon, was seldom able to get more than the torso finished. Bridgeman was interested. He said, "You'll be drawing for *The Masses* soon."

But Duffy was not leaving his education in the hands of The League. Most mornings he went to the Public Library and had a look at Forain. Evenings he spent with John Sloan, who ran an eclectic class for paper-hangers, ex-plumbers, and lumberjacks.

Soon Duffy was so proficient in Forain that he advanced himself a class and spent his mornings at the Metropolitan. looking at Daumier.

He still hangs his hat on their form. "No one," he says, "who knows Forain and Daumier, can say that cartooning can't be great art."

* * *

Came the War years.

Suddenly, one November night, in 1918, the Armistice tore loose.

Duffy was inspired. All night he dashed around the city, sketching, observing, making notes.

The next day, he pieced these fragments together in an orderly set of drawings. Speeding down to the *Tribune*, he saw the Sunday editor. The pictures were bought on sight, run the following Sunday.

Overnight Duffy lost his amateur standing.

More things were fed to the *Tribune* and paid for. More contacts were made, more markets set up. Foster Wade, the city editor of the old *Post*, became a steady customer. More departments of the *Tribune* nodded interestedly.

One day, peddling idly through the maze of *Tribune* offices, Duffy dropped into Roto Department by mistake. He talked with the editor. The man was Robert Benchley.

Benchley said, "Obviously I can't use these. But come downstairs with me—I want to introduce you to someone."

He inducted Duffy into the sports department. And for a long space Duffy was a steady contributor. There came a fatal day, however, when he was assigned to cover an important golf match. Duffy had little passion for the Scottish game, and said just that with his trenchant pencil.

The editor looked at the finished job. He implied that all the sketches were of Babe Ruth putting with a bat. He also implied that Duffy had outlived his peculiar usefulness to the *Tribune*.

* * *

Duffy kept going the rounds. Doors kept slamming.

One day, Chapin, the editor of *Scribner's*, said, "Duffy, I've always wanted to give you a crack at a story. See what you can do with this."

Duffy did a great deal with it. He bought himself a passage to Europe.

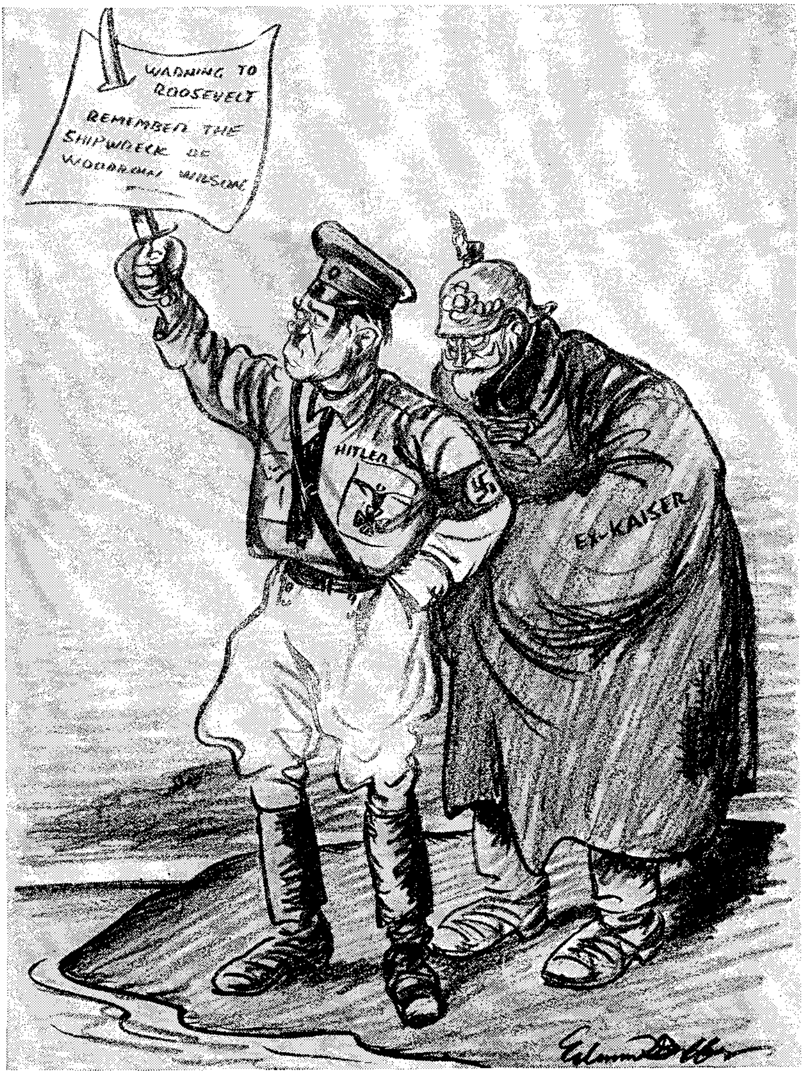
He had letters to newspaper people in London—and shortly was selling sketches of London life to the *Evening News*. He was paid some three guineas a drawing, which in those days was a sum tasting like real money.

The following winter, Duffy was back in New York.

He kicked around for a while as a free lance, doing theatricals and odd jetsam for the *Brooklyn Eagle*. Then came the political dream.

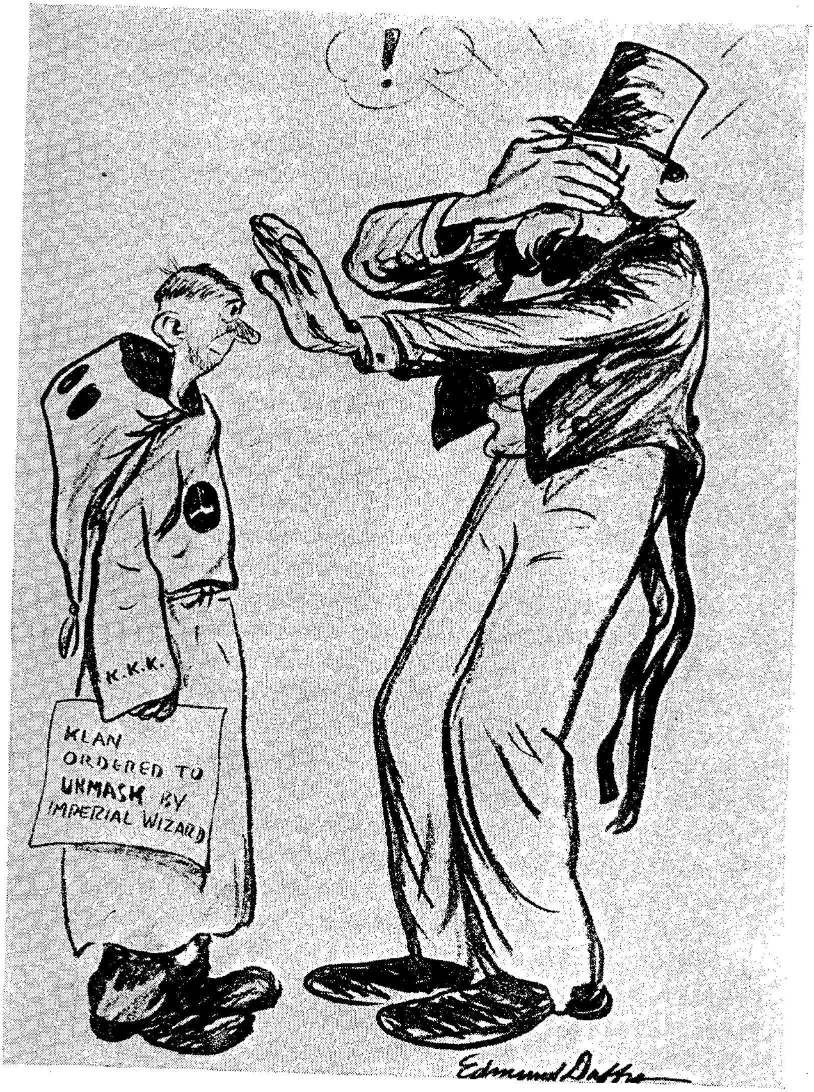
The old Socialist paper, *The Call*, had taken a breath of fresh air and called itself *The Leader*. Norman Thomas became editor, signed Duffy as cartoonist.

A few years back, while still functioning on the Board of Con-


WARNING TO ROOSEVELT
REMEMBER THE SHIPWRECK OF WOODROW WILSON
HITLER
EX-KAISER

"—AND DON'T FORGET WHAT HAPPENED TO ME!"

AUGUST, 1939


!
K.K.K.
KLAN ORDERED TO UNMASK BY IMPERIAL WIZARD
Edmund Duffy

"PUT IT ON AGAIN!"

trol at the Art Students' League, Duffy had been yelling for Boardman Robinson as member of the faculty. "In fact," said Duffy, "I yelled so much they finally said 'All right . . . give Duffy Robinson.' "

During the Washington Arms Conference, the *Baltimore Sun* needed dramatic pressure, hired Robinson for caricature work.

In another full moment, during the John W. Davis campaign in 1924, more caricaturists were needed. The *Sun* gave Robinson Duffy.

Duffy had just turned 24.

For two months he filled an emergency post, then he was asked to stay on—a straight political cartoonist. He has been there since.

Duffy first won his Pulitzer prize with a cartoon carelessly knocked off in a couple of hours. He won it the second time with a piece on the California lynching, knocked off in 45 minutes—an advance of an hour and fifteen minutes.

★ ★ ★

Baltimore is a hotbed for the so-called Numbers Racket—the lottery which pays off if you guess the numbers selected for the day.

One day, a mysterious story began to spread to the effect that Duffy was in on the racket, and that concealed in each daily cartoon was the golden tip off.

The circulation of the *Sun* began to go up in multiples. On every street corner men could be seen turning the cartoons around, counting details, inventing new systems for translating clues.

The town was in an uproar. No one was more amazed than Duffy.

Baltimore's lunatic fringe began to flutter. His telephone kept ringing with the inevitable question: "What's the number for tomorrow?"

Like the old systems for finding prophecy in the Bible and the crypt plans of the pyramids, hindsight proved the point. If the winning number was 556, thousands would turn to yesterday's cartoon, find five fingers on each hand and six wrinkles in a coat sleeve.

Overnight Duffy became, among the Baltimore Negroes, practically a nominee for Messiahship.

When the Duffy cook died, hundreds of servants applied for the job. They were willing to work for nothing. All they wanted was to be near Duffy.

Even today, when Duffy goes into the kitchen, he finds the cook deep in the editorial page—where there is nothing but his cartoon and articles about things international. Usually she is reading upside down. —MARK ASHLEY

CONVERSATION BEGINS AT HOME

A STOCK OF ANECDOTES WON'T ENLIVEN THOSE BLANK SILENCES; THE PROBLEM IS MORE BASIC THAN THAT

WHETHER the theme is how to get more enjoyment out of life, or how to hold one's own with the Joneses, nearly all remarks on how to be good at talk are concerned with Conversation Abroad. But talk is also a Domestic Problem. And that is precisely where it is most neglected—at home.

It is a rare family indeed that is able, day in and out, to support good conversation at the table, or in the living room of an evening. The domestic intercourse of the average middle-class American family, around the chops or by the fireplace, is desultory, casual, full of blank silences. It consists mainly of the local news—what the baby did, the ill behavior of the furnace, father's day at the office, the old friend that mother ran into at the club, and what Dorothy May and Bud did at school.

I advance this as the average—but even as I do, it is with misgiving that reality isn't even up to this painted picture. In too many homes books, magazines, and newspapers are brought to the table to give the interest that fails to arise from the family group. And after dinner or on Sunday there is more reading; or the radio, on full blast, "saves face" for the family, unless the Joneses drop in. And when the Joneses drop in, conversation does not get very far before there is a general retreat to the card table.

A sad state of things. In this average middle-class home of which I speak, there seems to be nothing to talk about after the necessary factual communication has taken place.

The cast runs something like this:

Father—a business or professional man, with maybe a college education; belongs to a club, and also to a business or professional association.

Mother—education usually equal to her husband's; and in addition, usually more active than he is in clubs, PTA's, civic organizations; goes to more lectures and reads more books than he does; leads anything but a cloistered life, and is certainly not tied down to her kitchen.

Children—alert, growing, adding daily new experiences, and up to their ears in group activity, games, and hobbies, as well as their studies.

Throw in for good measure, very often, a grandparent or two, overflowing with reminiscences.

All literate, with good I.Q.'s, each living in a world of his own during a good part of the day, and returning to the general headquarters, the home, in the late afternoon or evening. You might (if you were the Man from Mars) think this home would then become the general clearing house for all these minds. Experiences would be aired, brisk and general discussion would ensue.

In some homes, yes; but in too many, no. A family group in which lively talk is the rule is rare. They are rare parents indeed who have the excess mental energy that finds communicable interests everywhere, or who allow themselves the leisure to cultivate the fireside life.

As life takes its course in the average household, the one meal at which all are present, and the uninterrupted evening at home, are routine affairs. There's nothing exciting about them. It was this way yesterday and the day before, and everyone can count on the monotony for some time to come. We take our nearest and dearest for granted. Why exert yourself; and what, in heaven's name, about? No need to try to make an impression. In the course of the years, each individual has fallen into his groove and has become reconciled to his part.

The first thing that we parents must realize is that we cannot afford to adopt a set attitude toward the son or daughter. That is silly if for no other reason than that the child is growing, changing almost daily. He is always growing up in some particular. A lad who can build a radio set deserves his father's admiration. The daughter who wrote a skit for the high school drama festival ought to feel that she is as much a person to her parents as she is to her schoolmates.

We forget—if in fact we ever realized it—that these nearest-and-dearest of ours do not exist simply and only in the family relation. The average father treats his son as if Bud had only one role in life—that of a son. But there is Bud the mechanic; Bud the lover (that curly-haired tyke in the next block); Bud the dreamer; Bud the peer of the "gang"; Bud the able first-baseman with a secret sorrow about his failures at bat. There are many Buds, uniting in one small, growing body as a three-dimensional lad who happens also to have a father and a mother. But Dad (unless he is a super-Dad) has his conversational traffic entirely with Bud as son—only that one role, that one dimension. And Bud, with more excuse, also regards his parents only in the one dimension of parenthood.

In the same way, brother and brother, sister and brother, sister and sister, husband and wife, fall into a false and routinized one-faceted attitude toward each other. This incomplete, fragmentary awareness of the other person's existence carries with it a set of attitudes and responses that narrows talk (the outstanding method of response) into a single channel, a set patter.

Especially stultifying is the jocose attitude that many parents adopt toward their offspring. The children were once cute little bundles, playthings. One did not take them seriously. In many a home the child is never taken seriously. He may be graduated from the grade school and the high school and the college; but he never issues *cum laude* from his role as child until he is a middle-aged orphan. He may excel at sport, or in his work; but there is no medal for him at home, no bonus, no accolade.

So Bud may become, let us say, an economist of repute. But father will continue to regard it as his parental prerogative to have the last word in a discussion of Whither Are We Drifting. It would hurt Mother's feelings if Mary Jane, married and with a child of her own, should presume to suggest an excellent recipe.

A child should always be talked to as an equal. When there is any joking, he should be joked *with* and not *at*. His opinions should be listened to soberly; he should be encouraged to have them, in the conviction that his own wrong opinion is better than a less wrong one imposed dictatorially by the Fuehrer of the home. His problems should be worked out with him, and not for him. The conversational tone employed with him should be the same as that which the parents use with each other. Only if the father and mother habitually "don't" each other should the child be "don't-ed."

Do these remarks seem far removed from the original subject—fireside, table-side conversation? Whatever they seem, they are, in fact, the crux of the matter. To start with words, to lay down rules for pepping up the talk, would be putting the cart before the horse. Just as the clue to good talk lies in the mind and not in the mouth of the talker, so the source of genuine sociability in apartment or bungalow, cottage or penthouse, is primarily a matter of getting the human relations on a sane, just, and creative basis.

I have visited in homes which made me feel that I wanted to be a priest or an elderly sage, so that I could take some member of the family aside and say, in effect—"Look here, some things here are on a false basis. They are strained; they aren't comfortable. The design for living needs re-drawing. Can't you—?"

Son and daughter are just home from college. Father is a Tory politically and economically. Of the children, the son has liberal ideas, the daughter is a radical, an uncompromising rebel. To the Il Duce of the fireside, college has ruined them. His children, his money! He roars at them, but tremblingly they stick to their guns. College has ruined them—because they are failing to be carbon copies of papa. He gives them no chance to explain their positions. He does all the wrong things—the Old Man is losing the respect of his children before my eyes. College professors had encouraged them to talk back. They had forgotten about Father—now they see him afresh, and in a new and unflattering light. A situation rampant in ten thousand homes this spring—ten thousand domestic misfires, bitternesses, and tragedies in the making.

Father must have the last word. Wisdom has always proceeded from Father; listen to him, for Father knows! Young people are foolish, with their silly idealism, their rebellion against conventions and the hard, unalterable realities (unalterable because the Fathers hadn't bucked them hard enough, maybe!) If Father was wise, he would listen, ask questions. "How do you work that out, Bud?" "Now these are my ideas, Mary. See if you can refute them." A wise father might learn from the most foolish children; might even learn that a parent who has children in college could gain something from looking over their textbooks. Many things are known and spoken today that only thirty years ago were unthinkable.

You sit by the fire in another home. If you are attentive, you may catch, in the way in which the husband and wife speak to each other, the overtones of a thwarted relationship. Their mutual attitudes have solidified; only a part of each is speaking to a fragment of the other. Whatever their roles in the world outside the home, in respect to each other they have stopped growing. There is no partnership; in one family the man, in another the woman, has come out on top after years of sparring and dueling.

In such homes, true conversation, warm and vibrant mental exchange, is impossible—even when neutral parties are present.

Sensible people can mold their own lives. They can remold them when they recognize that the shapes have become gibbous, lopsided. Life is infinitely plastic; it yields to the pressure of willing fingers, willing minds. The working rules are simple:

Everyone has equal rights to his personality.

No personality should take advantage of another.

The people we love have a right to at least the same duty from us as those we care not two straws about.

We should never give up trying to understand, even if it takes a little trouble. Understanding means seeing it *his* way.

Doing good to people means doing something for them *their* way, not ours.

Similarly, good talk is fifty-fifty: what other egos want to hear, as well as what your ego wants to say.

The persons closest to us are the persons hardest for us to see, the hardest to readjust to.

At the family dinner tomorrow: whom are you taking too much for granted? When you talk to your husband, wife, daughter, son, father, mother—are you talking to the *real* person, or to a stereotype you erected a long time ago?

If all this is preachier than a mere conversation piece has any right to be, I have no apologies. We live once, and not for very long then. When one we love dies, something inside us is stirred to take a bitter inventory of matters we failed to do and say.

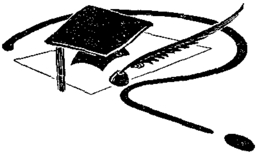
It is stupid to take an inventory after the crash, after the bankruptcy, after everything has been sold down the river.

. . . Did I say, "at dinner *tomorrow*"? That was a stupidity of my own. The *status quo* can only be changed today.

—ALISON AYLESWORTH

SING A SONG OF COLLEGES

YOU CAN'T BEAT THIS QUIZ BUT YOU MIGHT HAVE FUN IN MAKING A VALIANT ATTEMPT



You don't have to be a college graduate to flunk this quiz—that's how tough it is. There is no list of comparative scores against which to check your own proficiency, since none of the "advance takers" made a score high enough to be worth quoting. But that need not discourage you. At least you'll learn something less than fifty facts you should have known all along. Answers will be found on page 113.

1. What religious denomination has given its name to more colleges than any other?
2. Which of these symbols do not represent college degrees? L.L.M.; B.M.E.; M.F.H.; M. Agr.; Sus. per coll.; L.H.D.; L.S.D.; Litt.D.; B.P.O.E.
3. Were more of our presidents of the U. S. college or non-college men?
4. What New York State college changed its name from that of a President of the U. S. to that of a soap magnate?
5. What New England college is named for a nobleman who planned to destroy Indians by distributing smallpox infected clothing among them?
6. What lecturer in American colleges became the first head of a European nation?
7. Between whom was the first inter-collegiate football match played?
8. What are the two oldest colleges in the Americas?
9. What college is named for a Spaniard? A famous French general? An Italian?
10. What men's college, famous in football annals, has a feminine name?
11. Intercollegiate contests are held in what non-athletic games?
12. Proficiency in what forms of athletics is a requirement in several colleges?
13. What president of the U. S. and his wife were college mates?
14. Name a university taking its

name not from a man, a state, a city, but from a geographical location?

15. What early college was originally a school for aborigines?

16. What honorary degree is least often given?

17. What ancient university calls its campus by another name?

18. What sport of Persian origin has been adopted as an intercollegiate contest?

19. What intercollegiate sport was borrowed from the Indians?

20. What were the campus sports before 1800?

21. What institution, once preëminent in football, has passed out of existence?

22. To what race does the greatest and most durable of college athletes belong?

23. What Southern University changed its name from a Biblical term to the name of a tobacco millionaire?

24. What state university has no class distinctions (freshmen, sophomores, etc.)?

25. What college has given most presidents to the U. S.

26. What Greek letter fraternity had the same birth year as the nation?

27. Of what university was Thomas Jefferson organizer and arbiter?

28. What great university holds cooking classes for men only?

29. What historical event practically suspended major intercollegiate athletics?

30. What Eastern college lost about half its students because of the Civil War?

31. What presidents of the U. S. were alumni of (1) Yale, (2) Amherst, (3) West Point?

32. What mistresses of the White House were graduates of (1) University of Vermont, (2) Wells College, (3) Stanford.

33. What was Edgar Allan Poe's college? Fredric March's? Anne Morrow Lindbergh's?

34. What old university dropped its college song for patriotic reasons during the World War and revived it later?

35. What American institution of learning is farthest from Washington?

36. What languages other than Greek are represented in the names of college fraternities?

37. What Southern university is named for a modern Northerner?

38. What college yell dates back to the 5th century B.C.?

39. What two classes of students, not graduates, may properly be termed alumni?

40. What historical murder changed the essential principle of a famous academic organization?

41. What form of gambling was formerly officially fostered by several colleges?

42. What famous college song takes its music from a melody of Thomas Moore's? From the national anthem of Czarist Russia?

43. The following are the colors of several of the oldest colleges. Identify them: Green, orange and black, light blue.

44. What is the oldest female college in the country?

45. What college football teams are called, respectively, (1) Quakers, (2) Golden Bears, (3) Crusaders, (4) The Fighting Irish.

46. Of what great educator was it said that he at one end of a log and a student at the other would constitute a college?

47. What is the meaning of each of these collegiate slang terms: "Quail," "droop," "blood"?

48. What colleges beside Harvard have given more than one president to the U. S.?

49. What university was named for a youth who never attained maturity?

50. What modern British poet sang a song of Princeton?

—Samuel Hopkins Adams

DICTATORS, AMERICAN STYLE

Yes, thank God, the United States is still one of the freest nations on earth, but it contains a good many people who have all too strong a dictatorial complex. Such people as:

Patrons in restaurants who abuse waiters and waitresses, knowing perfectly well that the abused aren't in a position to defend themselves.

Secretaries in outer offices who won't let you get in to see the big shot unless you present a birth certificate and a personal letter from the White House. (Yes, I know it's their job to prevent the boss's time from being wasted, but can't some of them at least *pretend* that they don't enjoy being firm?)

People—usually elderly ladies—who go right up to the window at banks, post offices and railway stations instead of taking their turn at the end of the line. Don't kid yourself. It isn't ignorance. They just get away with it because they pretend to be dumb.

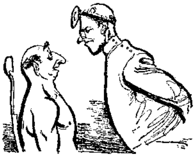
People—usually in authority—who say: "I don't intend to argue about it," after they have already been arguing for twenty minutes, and find that they are getting the worst of it.

People in day coaches who pile magazines and papers on the other half of their seat, glare at anybody who attempts to share the seat with them—and get away with it.

No, I don't advocate concentration camps, but I think that these folk will bear what is generally known as vigilant watching. —Parke Cummings

YOU CAN RELAX

PHYSIOLOGISTS HAVE PERFECTED A SYSTEM FOR OVERCOMING INSOMNIA AND NERVOUS TENSION



THE favorite prescription of the American doctor is undoubtedly, "You must relax." It is sound advice, of course, but perhaps the patient may be pardoned if it leaves him a trifle cold. Usually the very reason the poor wretch has sought help is his discovery that he *can't* relax. His dog knows how and his baby knows how. He himself once knew how, but somewhere along the years he has lost the secret.

The problem of tension is at least as old as civilization, but surely it has never been so acute as now when in many respects life seems to be one big stretch-out. Driving in tangled traffic, hanging on straps in solid masses of strained muscles, working in the midst of confusion and noise and uncertainty, turning meal time into conference time and bedtime into as near no time as we can manage, and a hundred other commonplaces of our clock-bound existence are not conducive to tranquillity. No wonder the modern man, and especially that portion of him known as American, is a taut and restless animal.

And so every year we go in droves to the doctor, complaining that we are tense, jumpy, sleepless, bone-tired, worried stiff, nervous as a cat, tight as a fiddle-string, or whatever may be our favorite phrase for the difficulty. The very number of terms for it in the common speech is significant.

It is such a familiar tale of woe to the doctor that once he has made sure there are no organic troubles, he is not much excited by it. He knows very well that simply admonishing us to relax is a waste of breath. He also knows that we probably will not follow specific suggestions. But as he is obliged to say something by way of direction, he advises more exercise in the open air or a change in environment, a long trip, perhaps, "to get away from it all."

Or he urges the cultivation of a hobby or new philosophy of life. If he can tell by our voice and by the way we twist in our chair that our particular degree of tension is serious, he prescribes bromides or other sedatives—and hopes to heaven the next patient will have a sore throat or ingrown toenail.

And yet the ability to relax is something that can be learned—or rather relearned, since every normal individual comes into the world with it. At least two methods of inducing the muscles themselves to "let go" and the nerves to stop transmitting impulses have been worked out from the straight physiological point of view.

Before discussing them, a word about the term "tension" is in order.

To the physiologist, the term means primarily what happens when a muscle contracts. About half the body's weight is made up of muscles, some large, some exceedingly small, some entirely subject to control, others completely beyond control, all provided with two sets of nerves for transmitting messages to and from the brain or spinal cord. This nerve-muscle activity goes on unceasingly. One may lie apparently motionless while planning a menu or a campaign for wangling a raise, but the tiny eye and speech muscles are working. In the deepest sleep, or even anesthesia other muscles go on shortening and relaxing, shortening and relaxing. Every time any one of this great assortment of muscles contracts, there is tension. When these tensions gang up in an unhappy chorus, we say we are "tense."

All sounds simple, but it has a world of implications. The psychologist says that the way to get at the unholy combination involved in tenseness is by way of the bad emotional state; get rid of it and your muscles will relax. The physiologist begins from the opposite side of the coin: teach your muscles to relax, and your environment will not irritate and worry you so much. You can't be excited, he declares, if you are relaxed!

There is nothing particularly new in this idea. Dramatics teachers have long used it in teaching their students that if they set their face muscles in the characteristic look of anger, they will presently find themselves feeling angry. Almost everyone has discovered that he can magically lighten a fit of wrath or depression by forcing himself into a good, easy belly-shaking chuckle. So the physiologist is on familiar ground when he says that the easiest way to get over being "tense" is to loosen and relax the muscle contractions which are involved.

One of the two techniques for doing this is usually known as "automatic relaxation." Its theory goes like this. When a muscle is tight, it will automatically relax if the contraction is greatly increased and held for a little while. Clinch your fist until the tension begins to hurt. When you let it go, you will feel a marked degree of limpness in the hand and forearm. Or if you hunch up your tense shoulder muscles into a tight, hard knot, then release them, the original tension loosens of its own accord.

Besides the many standard "exercises" built upon this principle, I have seen it worked out in an interesting system of preparation for sleep. A little experimenting with it may yield you a surprising amount of lassitude and restfulness.

First, turn the toes down ballet-fashion and stretch hard while you slowly count ten. Let the muscles which have just been engaged go limp and "heavy" for the same count. Push the heels forward and toes back for a similar period, and relax. Then lift both legs off the bed so that the feet are a few inches off the bed. This, you will find, makes a strong pull on the thigh and back muscles and a delightful feeling of slackness when the count is over. Then, in turn, pull in on the abdomen and arch the back, resting after each contraction.

By this time you will probably begin to feel sufficiently languid that you want to quit. Don't. The most important part of the routine is still to come, for the most troublesome tensions are usually in the shoulder and face muscles.

Tense the arms tightly and lift them off the bed straight out from the body. Relax for another count of ten. Lift the head, turn it to the left, relax, turn it right, relax, forward, relax. And now screw the face up tightly. Frown, squeeze the eyelids together, clench the jaws (work at it) for the full count —then let go. Don't, however, work at letting go. Just don't do anything.

If you do all this deliberately and with a full enjoyment of what happens as each new set of muscles lets go, it can be a very pleasant and helpful experience. But if you push yourself through it rebelliously or half-heartedly, it probably won't accomplish much. And for goodness' sake, don't rush through it thinking what a wreck you'll be tomorrow if you don't get off to slumberland pronto.

This system of automatic relaxation is simple and fills the bill for the person who is only occasionally and not very seriously tense. The other is more complex and probably not to be perfectly learned without supervision, but it is many times more valuable once it is acquired. It was worked out by Dr. Edmund Jacobson, a practicing physician who became impressed with the number of "nervous" patients and the fact that none of the things ordinarily done for them seemed very effective. What the method aims to produce is not the quietude which ordinarily goes by the name of relaxation, or even the degree of it which comes involuntarily after greatly increased tension, but something much deeper—the delicious, soft passivity which comes when nerve activity drops to zero.

This system, also, uses the principle of increasing tension in first one then another set of muscles. But the aim is not the rush of blood and the limpness which follow contraction, but development of the sense of muscle tension. We are so used to thinking in terms of five senses that we rarely remember that the muscles themselves are a sense organ. Their sensitiveness varies in different individuals, just as some of us have stronger eyesight or sharper noses than others. But the ability is there in every one, waiting to be cultivated. Dr. Jacobson's idea is to build it up to the point where it informs us of muscular tensions in the same way the eyes let us know what they are doing. Right along with this training in sensitivity goes the direct work of practicing a muscle to "let go." When one has learned to know what tension and relaxation feel like and can spot them instantly, he is on the way to making them what they should be, completely voluntary.

It is well to begin with one of the large muscles, for naturally the sensation is more marked in them. It probably doesn't much matter which one is chosen. Dr. Jacobson himself begins with the right arm. Some of the laboratories and speech clinics which use the technic in their work with the terribly unrelaxed people who stutter, begin with the thigh muscles. At the Flo Brown Memorial Laboratory at the University of Wichita, where I have observed this sort of work, the usual practice is to have the stutterer begin with the muscles of his back.

Suppose we choose the arm muscle. Leaving the wrist limp, pull the forearm back against the upper arm. Pull smoothly and firmly, but don't strain. If you have the usual degree of kinaesthetic sensitiveness, you will feel a faint sensation in the big flexor muscle on the inside of the arm. That sensation is tenseness, one of the joys of existence, though we rarely pay any attention to it until it has run wild and become the chief bane of existence. If you don't feel it, have someone hold your forearm while you pull. This will emphasize it so that you will certainly feel it.

You will have the sensation again in another muscle if you push the forearm out against pressure or bend your hand forward or backward at the wrist. If you push against the foot of the bed the sensation will appear in your calf muscles. If you bend your foot upward, you have it in the muscles below the kneecap. Pulling the foreleg back at the knee brings it in the flexor muscle. Drawing in the abdominal muscles or arching the back produces it elsewhere.

In every case, as soon as you are sure that you recognize tension in any given muscle group, you stop the effort which produced it. Don't, however, make the mistake of pulling the arm to the couch. Just don't do anything! And whatever you find yourself doing as you let the muscle go, keep on doing it—and on—and on — deeper and deeper — until that muscle lies perfectly toneless and flaccid.

Not until the large muscles have each been worked with until the sensation of tenseness in them is easily recognizable and the ability to relax them deeply has become considerable is there any point in trying to do anything with the small, fine muscles of the neck and face.

Tenseness in the neck can be felt by turning the head gently to one side or lifting it from the couch. Wrinkling the forehead enables one to feel tenseness over the whole forehead; frowning gives the sensation between the eyes. Closing the eyelids very tightly produces it all around the eyes. For the tiny muscles of the eyes themselves a high degree of sensitivity is necessary. Can you feel tension when you look to one side or up or down or at a moving object? With a little practice you should be able to. With more practice you should be able to feel it plainly and to relax it.

It is my own feeling that the importance of this matter of eye tensions and their control can scarcely be exaggerated. We live in a time which involves tremendous and long-continued effort on the part of the eye muscles. One of the happy surprises of my life was the sweet, fresh feeling I had the first time I succeeded in really relaxing my eyes for a half-hour. It was better than many a night's sleep has produced.

The muscles used in speech are also fine and exceedingly important in the whole business of relaxation. Closing the jaw tightly, pursing the lips as if to whistle, pulling them back for a wide grin, drawing the tongue back or moving it forward should all locate muscles which must be relaxed one by one. If you are one of the kind who likes to carry on imaginary conversation when you are supposed to be resting, you will have to forego that pleasure, for the tiny speech muscles work even in imagined speech.

If all this sounds a bit silly, I am sorry. But you may take it from one who has always done more than her share of the world's talking that it is a blissful sensation to feel your jaw hang loose and easy, your tongue and lips free from any tenseness. Once you have achieved the blessed state, you will enjoy it so much that for the moment (at least!) you will wonder why anybody ever waggles a jaw or shuttles a tongue. That is, you will if you are awake to wonder anything. Dr. Jacobson believes that sleep comes automatically whenever both the eye and speech muscles become completely relaxed. He believes this because of what his instrument tells him. I am inclined to believe it because at somewhere about this point I lose all interest in muscles and everything else for a while.

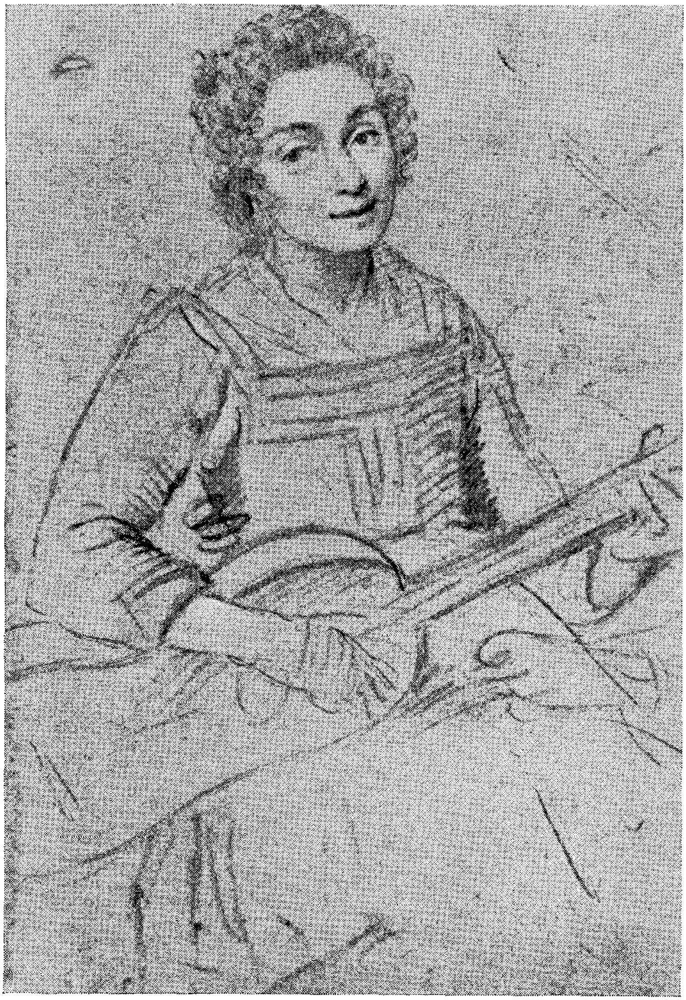
The art of "progressive relaxation" has a hundred applications. Having learned to recognize tensions wherever they occur, one can deliberately train himself to relax the muscles he does not need for the job in hand. If he is walking down the street he can loosen up the tense shoulder and face muscles whose unnecessary effort is going to make him wail of fatigue by night. At his desk he can use the muscles he actually needs and let the others rest instead of storing up tension that will keep him flouncing in bed until all hours. In the evening he can let down instead of fidgeting. In bed he can rest instead of fighting the day's war all over again.

Surely no art is more worth trying to acquire. We are lucky that it is one that can be learned as well as forgotten. —Avis D. Carlson

LEONI TO TIEPOLO

Italian Drawings of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries

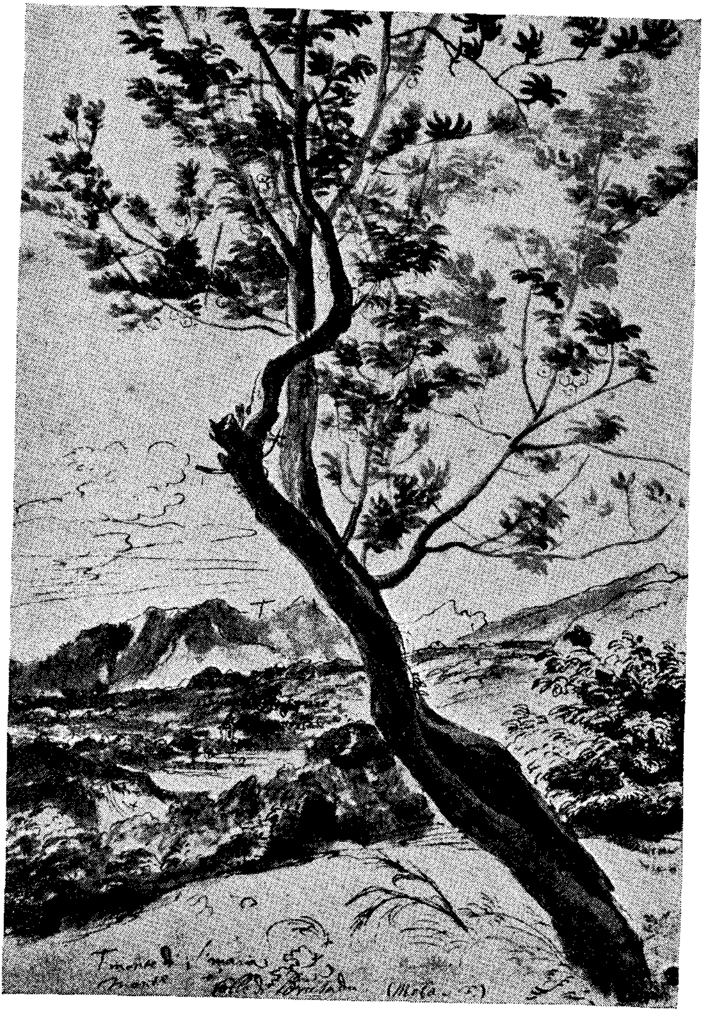
To the 16th century of Italian art belong such names as Michelangelo, Raphael, Titian and Tintoretto. But the 17th and 18th centuries combined can muster only such lesser names as those which appear under the reproductions on the following pages. It was indeed a falling off, though the only direction left after the attainment of such heights was downward. But there was more to it than that. In the 17th century, and especially in the 18th, the *mores* of the country underwent a change of which her art production was only one of the manifestations. There was more gaiety, less vitality; more elegance, less conscience; more worldliness, less simplicity of spirit. These drawings, excellent things in themselves, merely reflect as a group a cultural trend that made more for graciousness than for greatness.



BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON

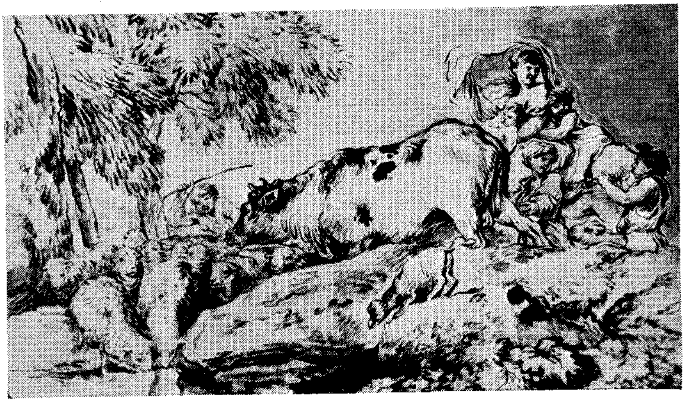
PORTRAIT OF A WOMAN

By Ottavio Leoni (1576-1628)



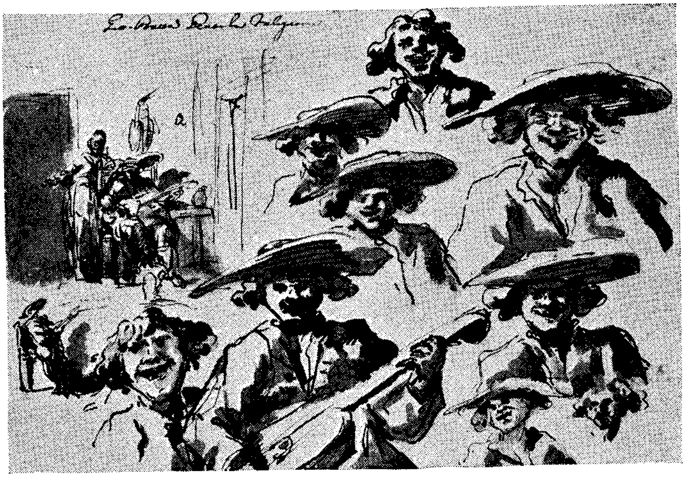
LANDSCAPE

By Pietro Francesco Mola (1612/21-1666/68)



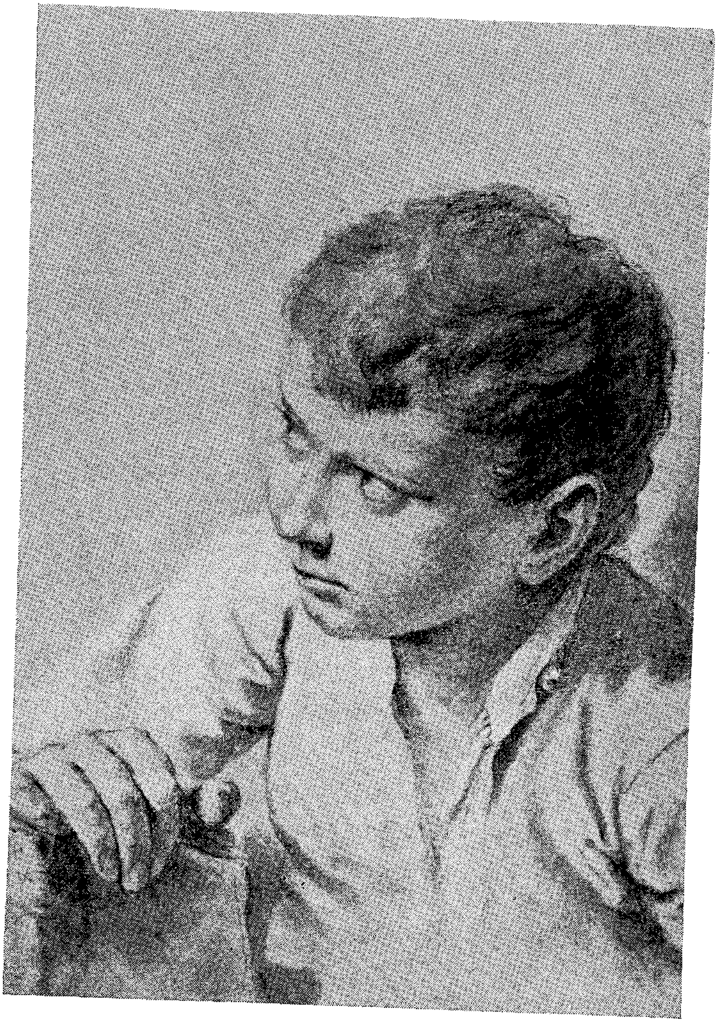
BUCOLIC SUBJECT

By Giovanni Benedetto Castiglione (1616-1670)



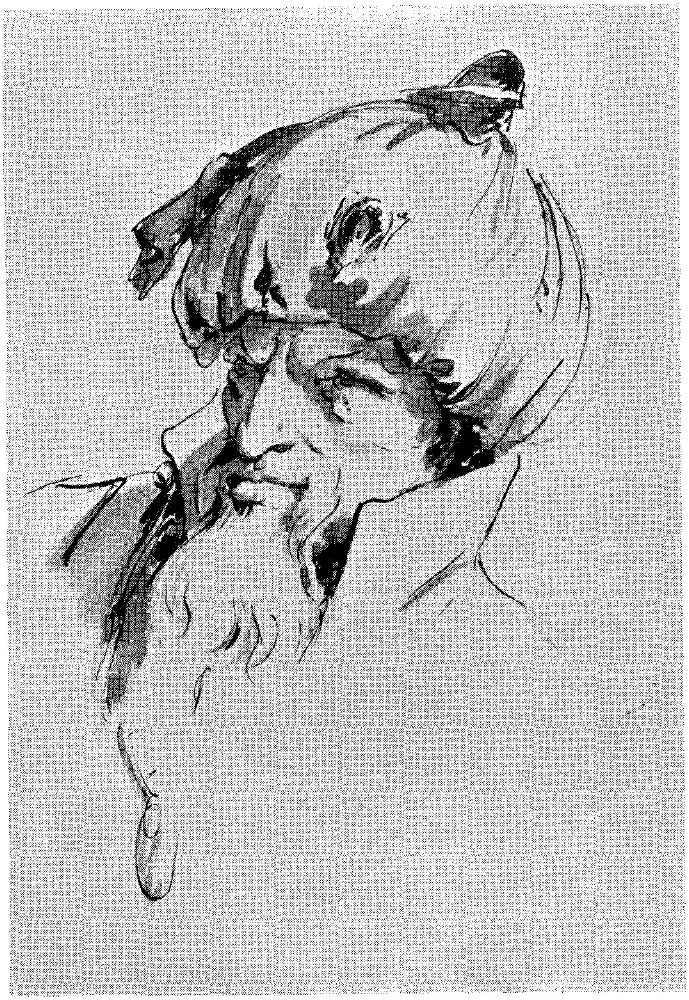
GROTESQUE STUDIES OF A LUTE PLAYER

By Pier Leone Ghezzi (1674-1755)



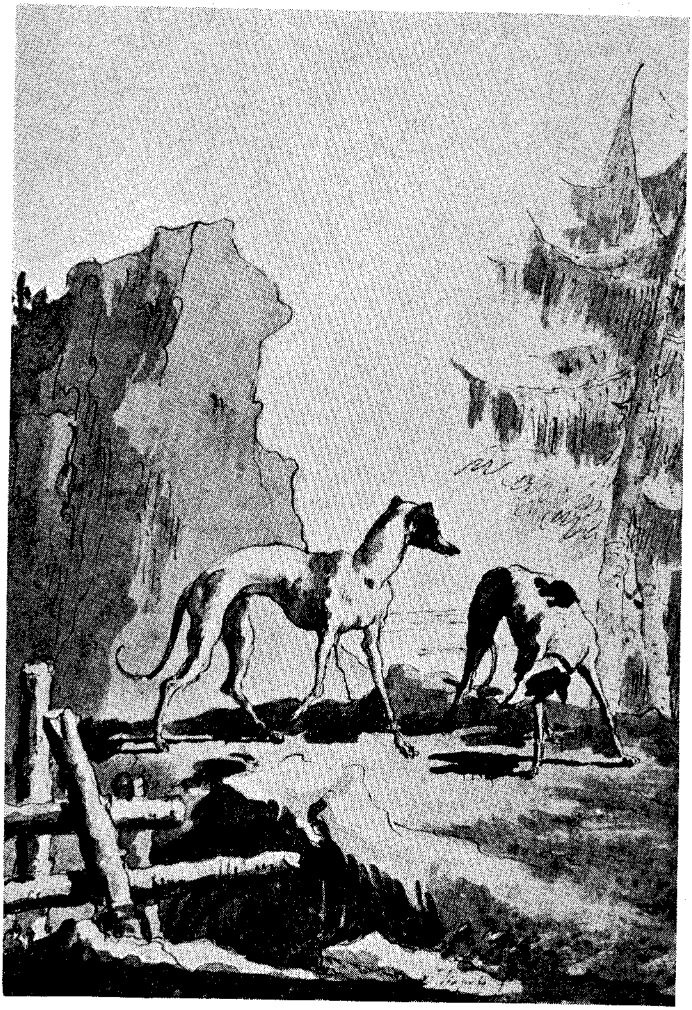
HEAD OF A BOY

By Giovanni Battista Piazzetta (1682-1754)



HEAD OF A MAN IN A TURBAN

By Giovanni Battista Tiepolo (1696-1770)



DOGS IN A LANDSCAPE

By GIOVANNI DOMENICO TIEPOLO (1727-1804)

BRAIN VERSUS BRAWN

IMMORTALIZED IN THE ANNALS OF THE THREE KINGDOMS IS KUAN KUNG'S FEAT OF STRENGTH

During the third century, for a period of forty-three years, China was divided—like Gaul—into three parts. This Middle Kingdom Tripartite is recorded in Oriental history as the San Kueh—The Three Kingdoms, 222-265 A.D.

Kuan Kung was the genius among the generals of the Shu State—that portion of China now known as Szechwan. His brilliant mind and strategy in warfare had won for his country an enviable place in the Dragon Kingdom.

Cheo Tsang, military leader of the neighboring state of Wu, was a doughty warrior of Samsonic strength. He was the greatest fighter in Wu.

History has preserved for us an interesting saga of these two Chinese worthies. It is recorded that they were constantly deriding and belittling each other. On one occasion the opposing armies of the two states were drawn up in battle array between two crumbling villages. Suddenly Kuan Kung stepped out of the ranks and suggested that instead of fighting, they permanently settle the issue by amicable means.

"By some feat of strength we will determine which of us is the stronger," he shouted across to the captain of the enemy forces. "If you prove to be stronger than I, then I will serve you. If, however, I prove to be the stronger of the two, then you shall be my servant forever."

"I could not wish for anything better," Cheo Tsang shouted back. And he smiled slyly, for he knew full well that if it came to a duel he could easily overcome his most bitter enemy.

There was a painful silence and then Kuan Kung spoke again.

"Cheo Tsang, captain of the hosts of Wu, you are constantly boasting of your strength. Bah! Such boasting is in vain. I am a hundred times stronger than you. You see that wall," and Kuan

Kung pointed to the ruins of an adjacent temple. "Why, I can fling a chicken over that wall with two fingers, while you are so weak that even with two hands you could not throw over one of its feathers."

Cheo Tsang's face turned livid.

"What words are these?" he cried angrily. "Have I not lifted five hundred catties with one hand? Bring a fowl—pluck a feather from its tail—and we will put an end to this idle talk."

The followers of Cheo Tsang regarded one another in dismay. Full well did they see through the ruse and tried desperately to persuade the simple-minded Cheo Tsang to rather challenge Kuan Kung to a duel. Their persuasions, however, fell upon deaf ears.

An orderly brought a squawking hen and plucking a feather from its tail, handed the protesting bird to his master and the feather to the scowling Cheo Tsang.

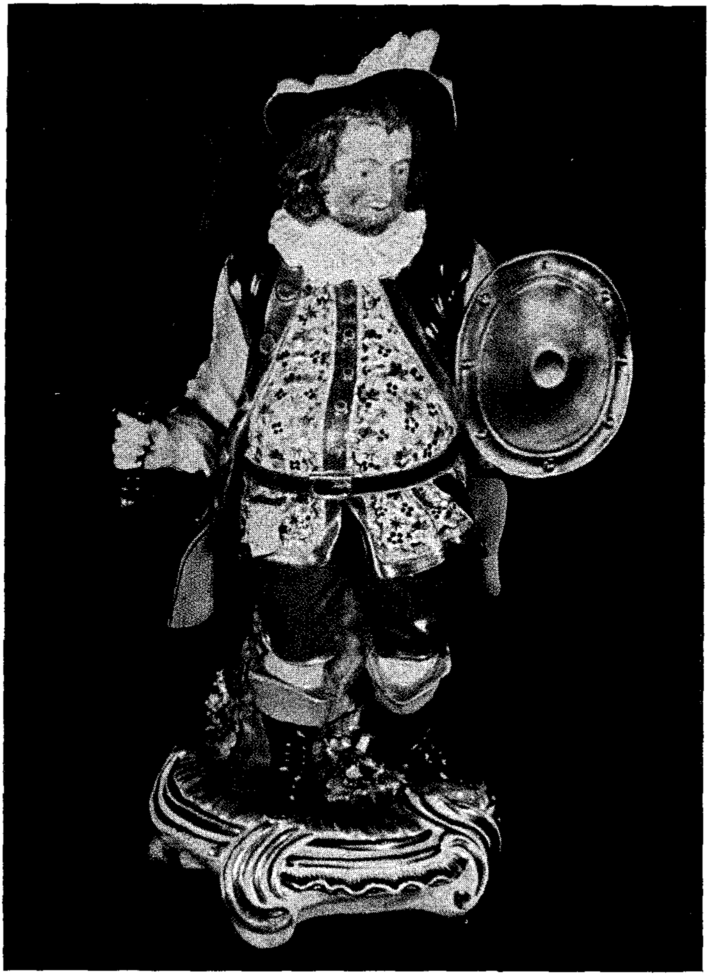
With a twinkle in his eye, Kuan Kung took the fowl by the legs and gave it a wide sweeping swing —then released his hold. The hen, taken from the yard on the opposite side of the temple wall, was only too glad to get back home! Clucking a loud farewell and with a great fluttering of wings, it sailed awkwardly over the old stone wall.

Everyone laughed—except the officers of Cheo Tsang. This worthy, used to performing feats of strength before the Emperor and court of Wu, considered the mere throwing of a feather over a wall almost beneath his dignity. With a flaunting toss of his bearded head he gave the feather a careless toss in the direction of the wall. The feather fluttered to the ground.

Cheo Tsang, his face flushed with embarrassment, tried his hand again. This time he aimed with precision. The feather fairly flew from his hand but failed to reach even halfway up the wall. His followers groaned at his puerility. Not until the seventh attempt did he realize the futility of his task.

True to his oath, he became the servant of Kuan Kung and acted as his charioteer for the remainder of his life. He lost his freedom but not his "face."

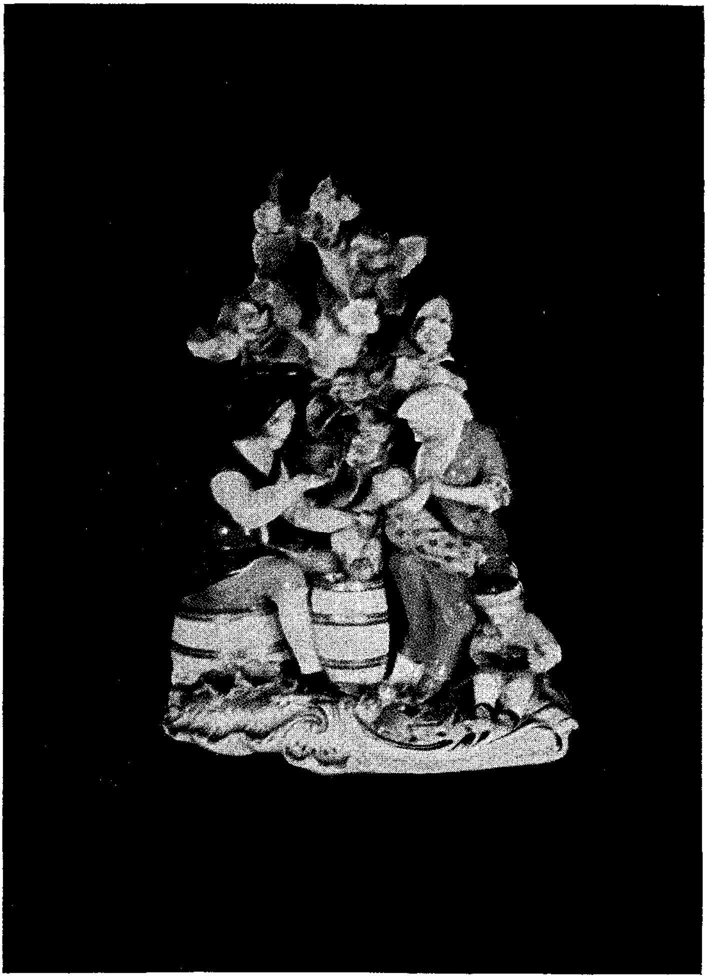
Thus today in every Temple of War throughout Cathay, Kuan Kung—now canonized as the God of War—squats in stately pomp amid his retinue of fellow idols. At his side stands a Buddha-bellied, black-faced image with an upraised sword in his hand. It is Cheo Tsang—the man who could not throw "even a feather over a wall." —GEOFFREY W. ROYALL



MUSEUM OF FINE ARTS, BOSTON

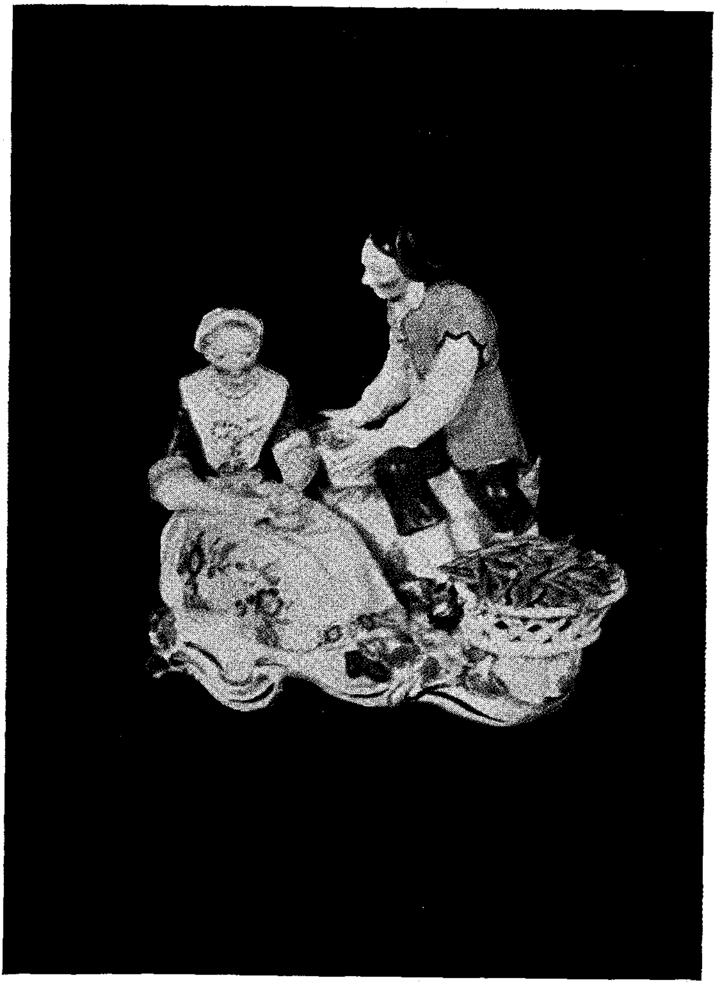
FOUR PORCELAIN FIGURINES

It was not until 1709 that Europe discovered the centuries-old Chinese secret of translucent porcelain, making possible the fabrication of such specimens as these from the English manufactory at Chelsea. Above is the actor, Quinn, in the character of Falstaff.



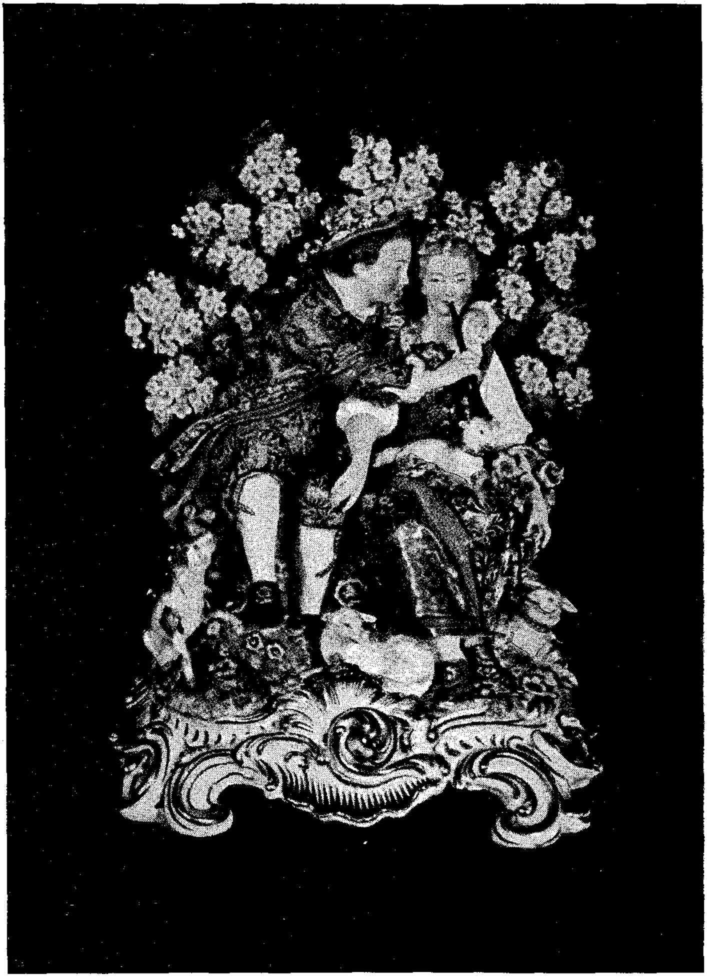
THE PICNIC

From Meissen, the site of its European discovery, the secret of hard paste porcelain was carried to Chelsea, where some of the most beautiful examples of European porcelain were produced. The figurine above carries the anchor mark of the transition period, 1759-1770.



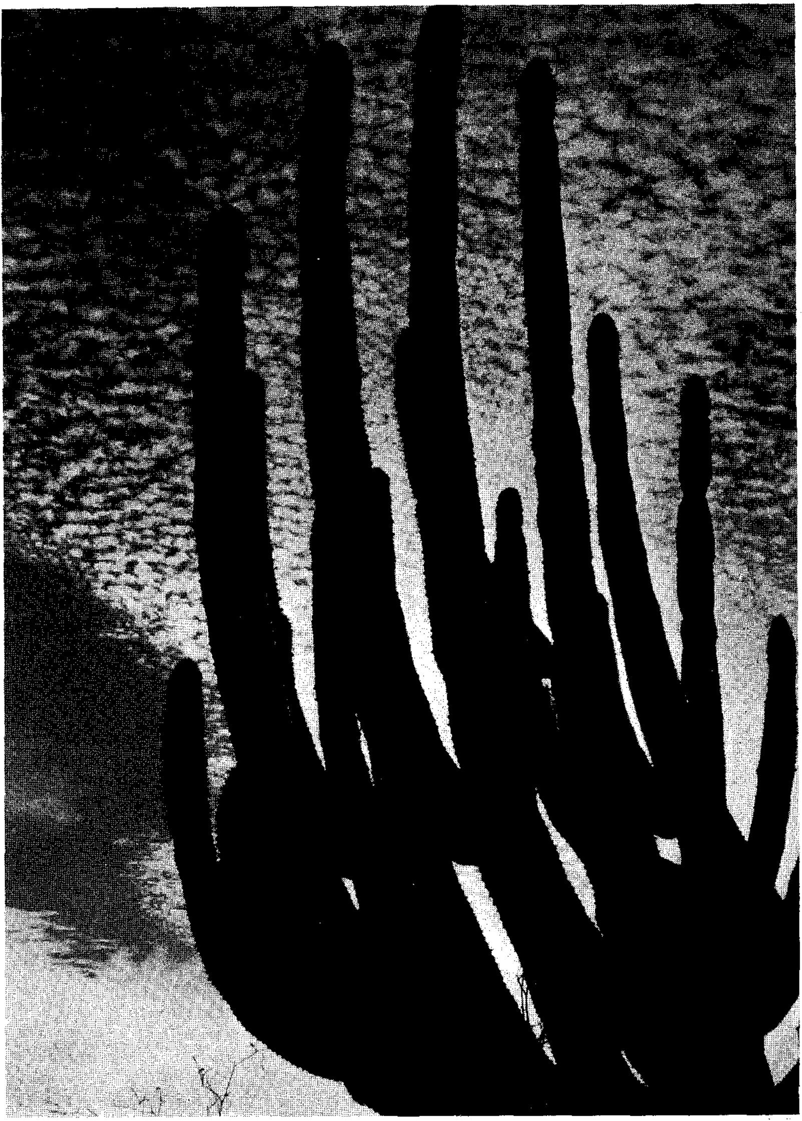
BOY AND GIRL SHELLING PEAS

Most popular subjects of the Chelsea manufactory were little figures symbolizing Faith, Hope and Charity, nymphs, fauns and other idealizations. Some of the examples, such as this half-domestic, half-romantic figurine, however, were more descriptive of everyday life.



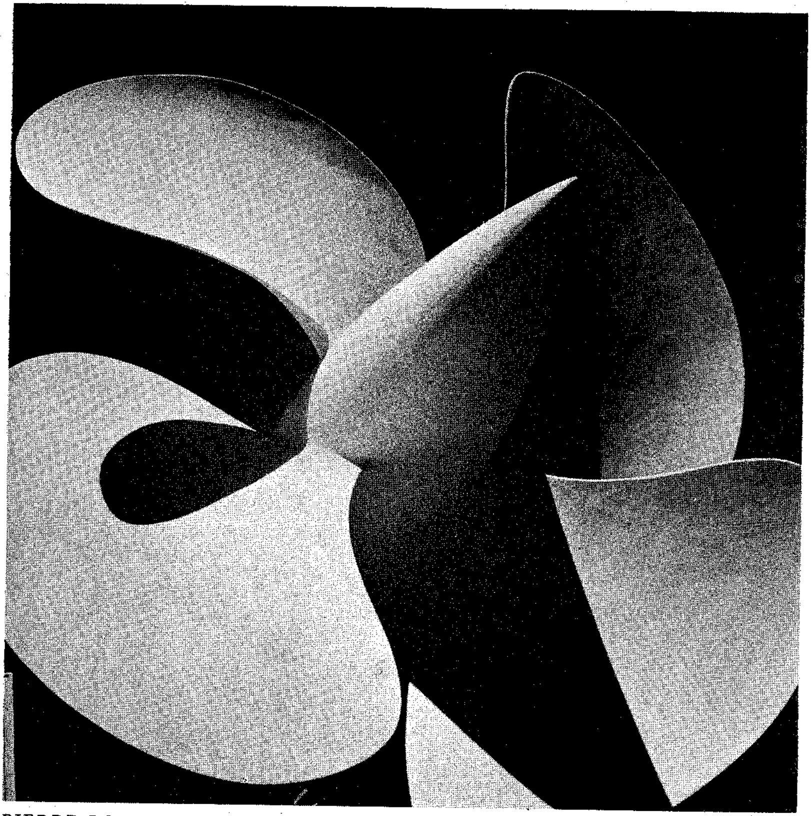
THE MUSIC LESSON

An unusual example of fine workmanship, this figurine is adapted from a painting by François Boucher. The rustic shepherd and shepherdess in Boucher's painting have characteristically been turned into an elegantly dressed young couple in pastoral masquerade.



ANDRÉ DIÈNES NEW YORK

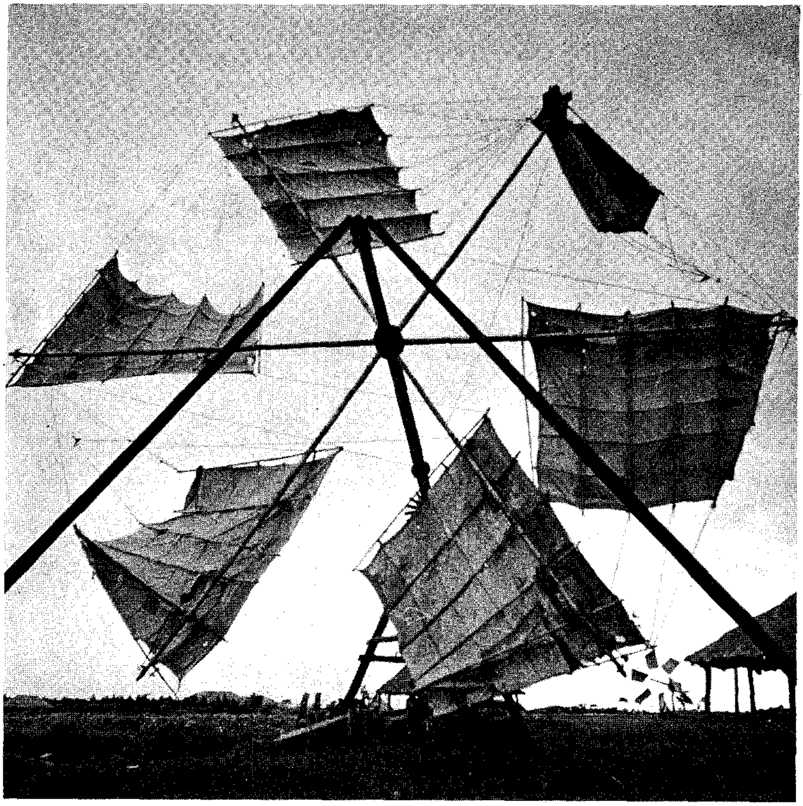
DAWN'S EARLY LIGHT



PIERRE BOUCHER

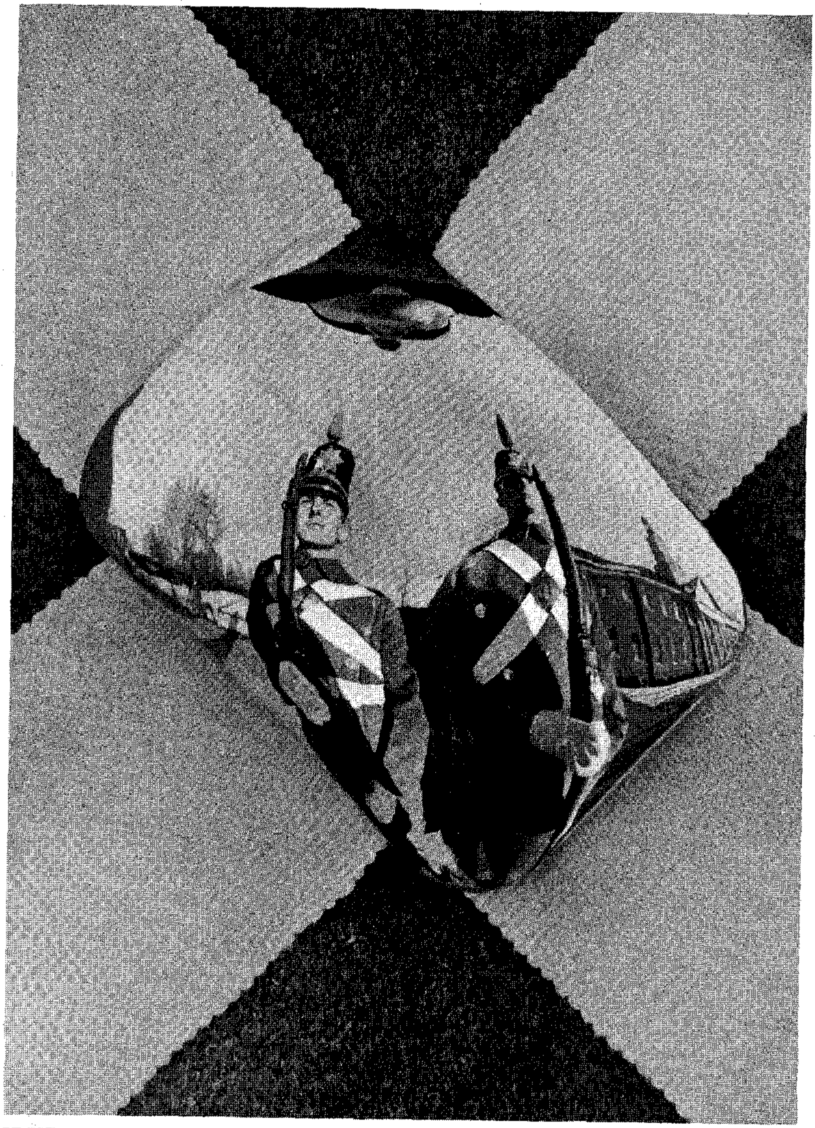
FROM C. ANDERS

PROPELLER



PIERRE BOUCHER FROM C. ANDERS

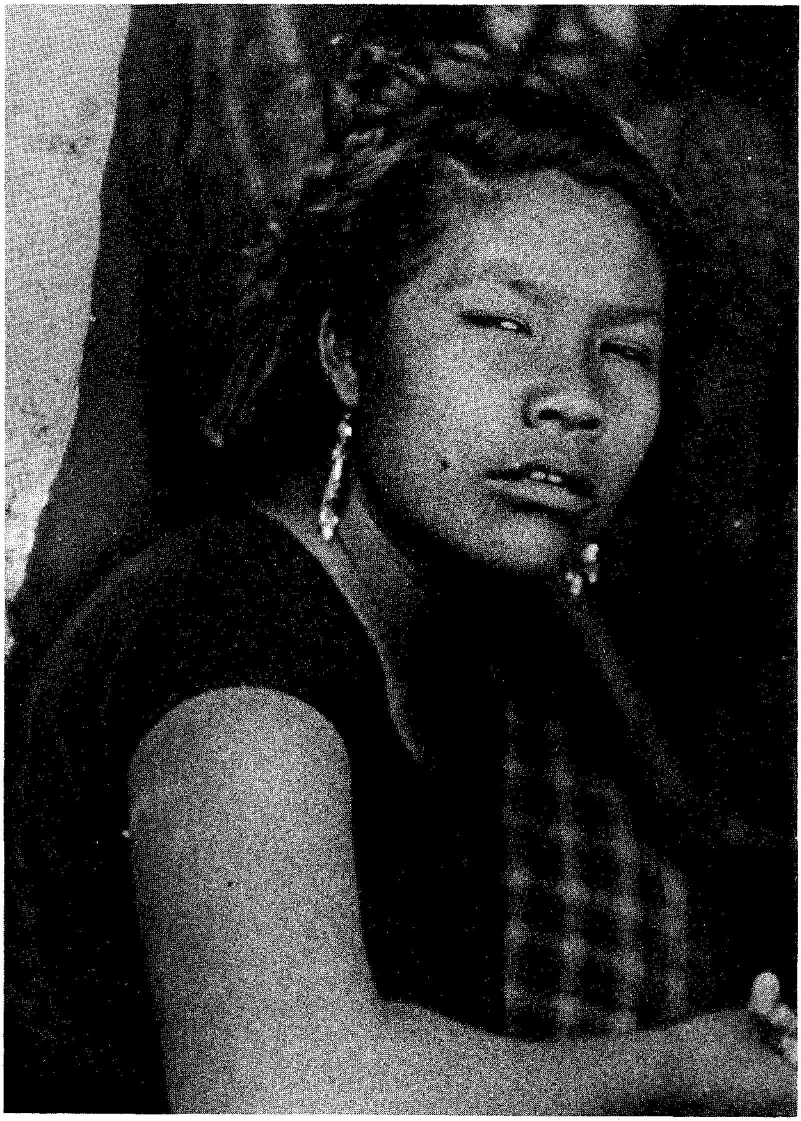
PROPELLEE



JESSE E. HARTMAN NARBERTH, PA.

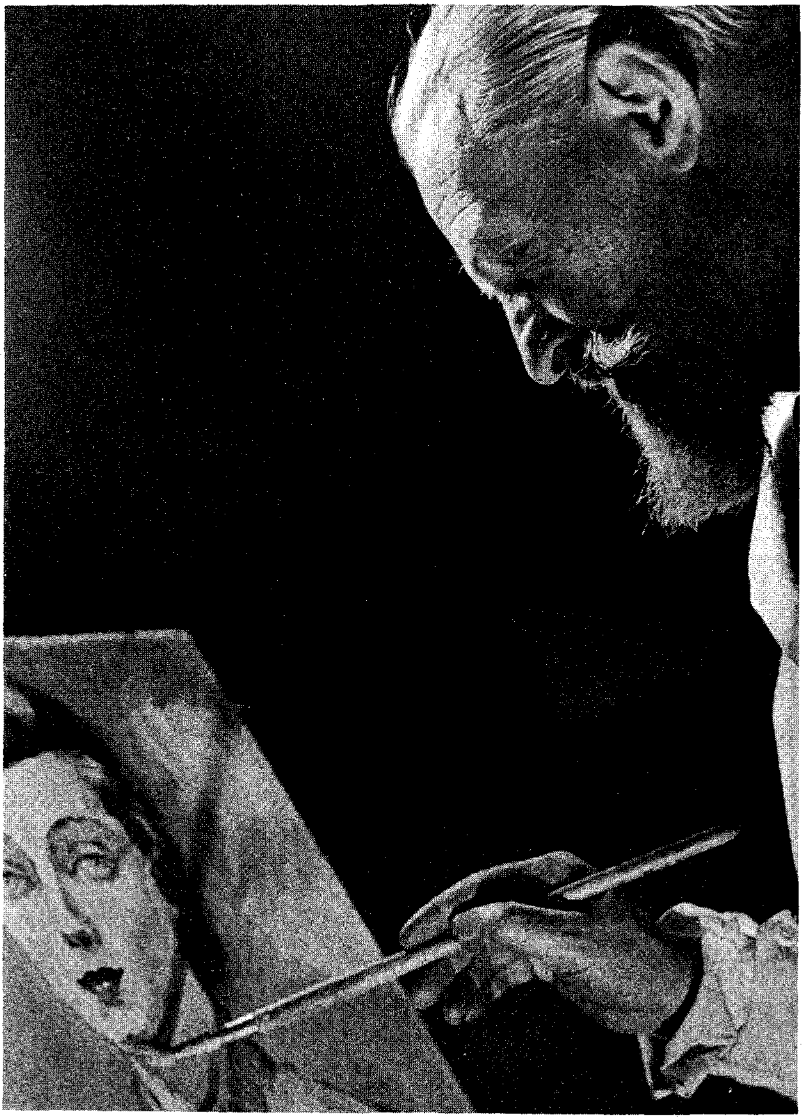
THREE CADETS

BERKÓ, BOMBAY



HENRI CARTIER PARIS

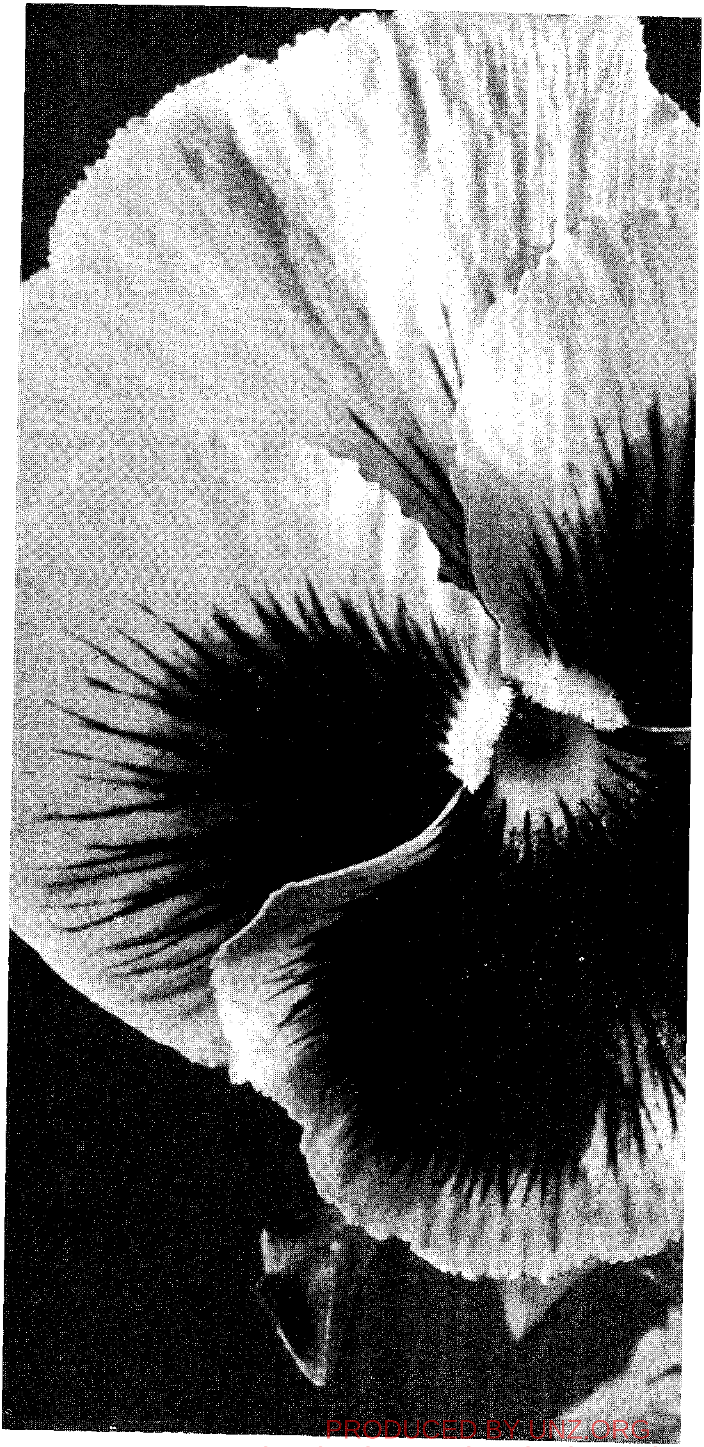
FIVE-POUND LOOK

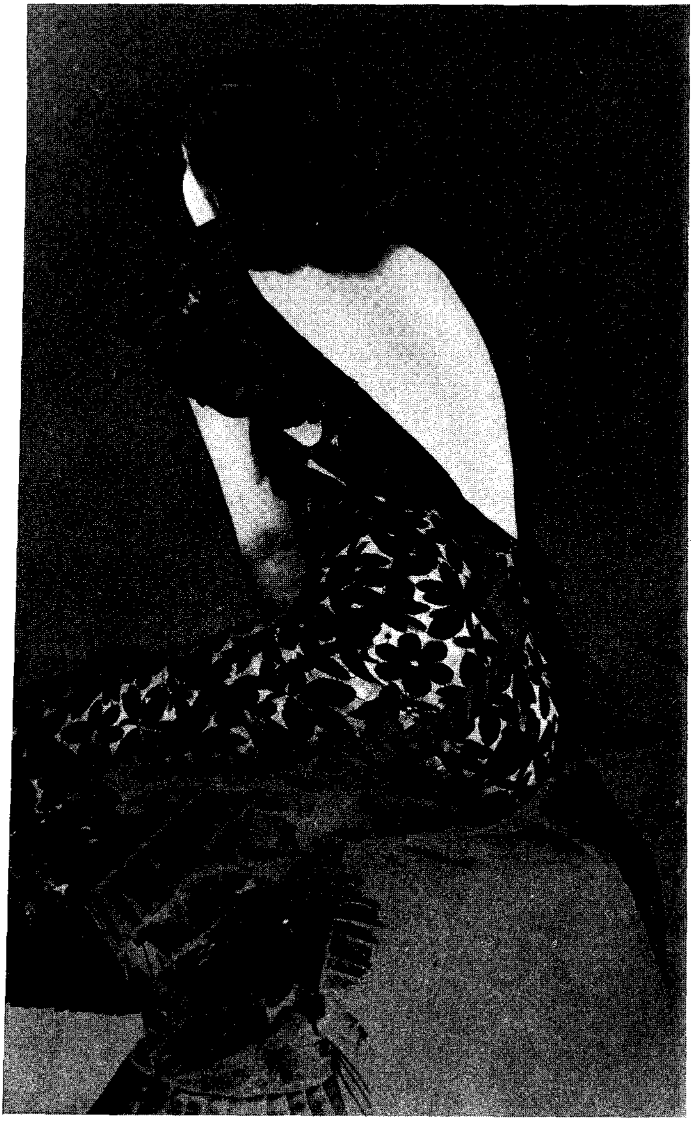


ANDRÉ STEINER PARIS

PORTRAIT BY VAN DONGEN

AUGUST, 1939



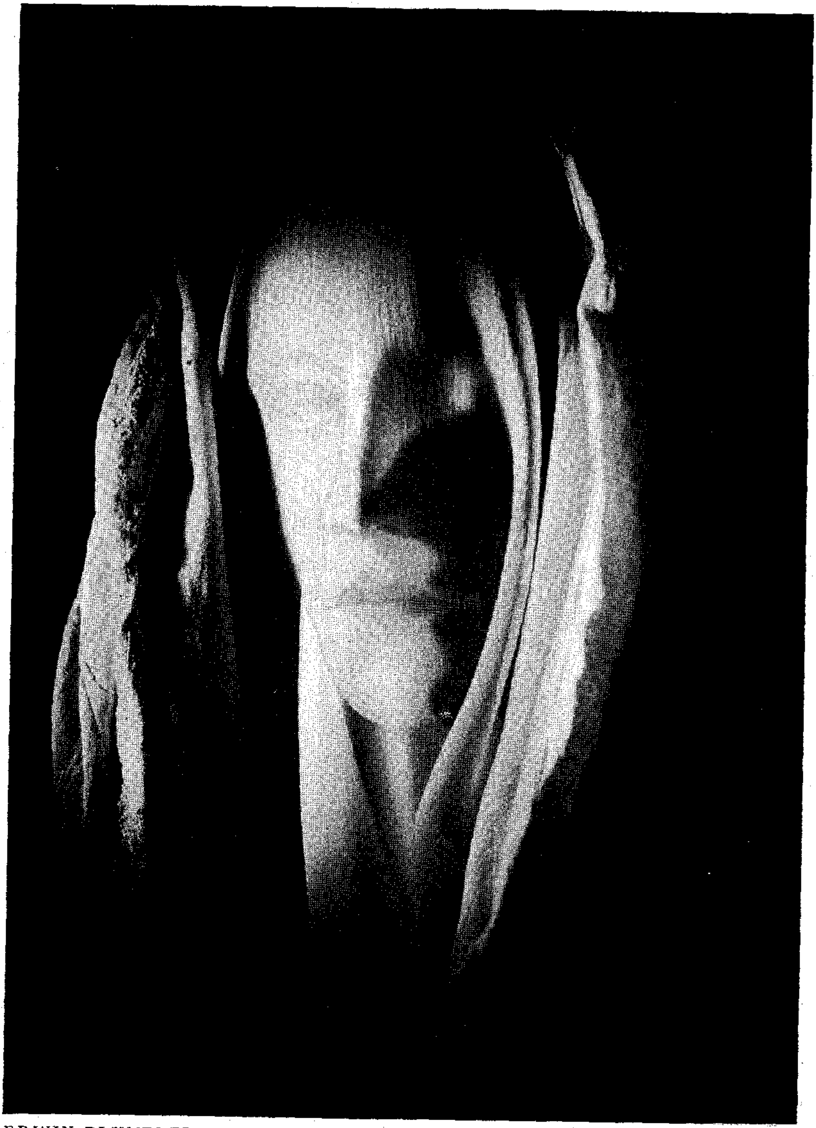


UMENFELD PARIS

PARTY DRESS

AUGUST, 1939

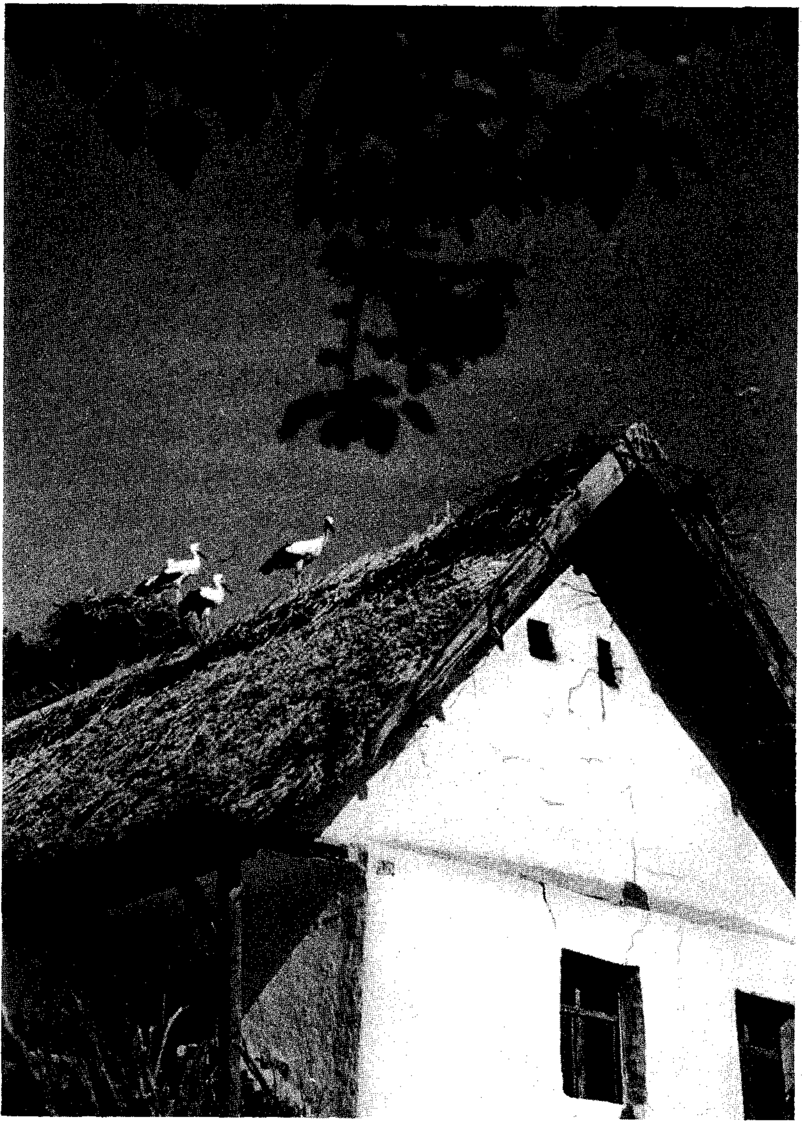
BELLON, FROM C. ANDERS



ERWIN BLUMENFELD PARIS

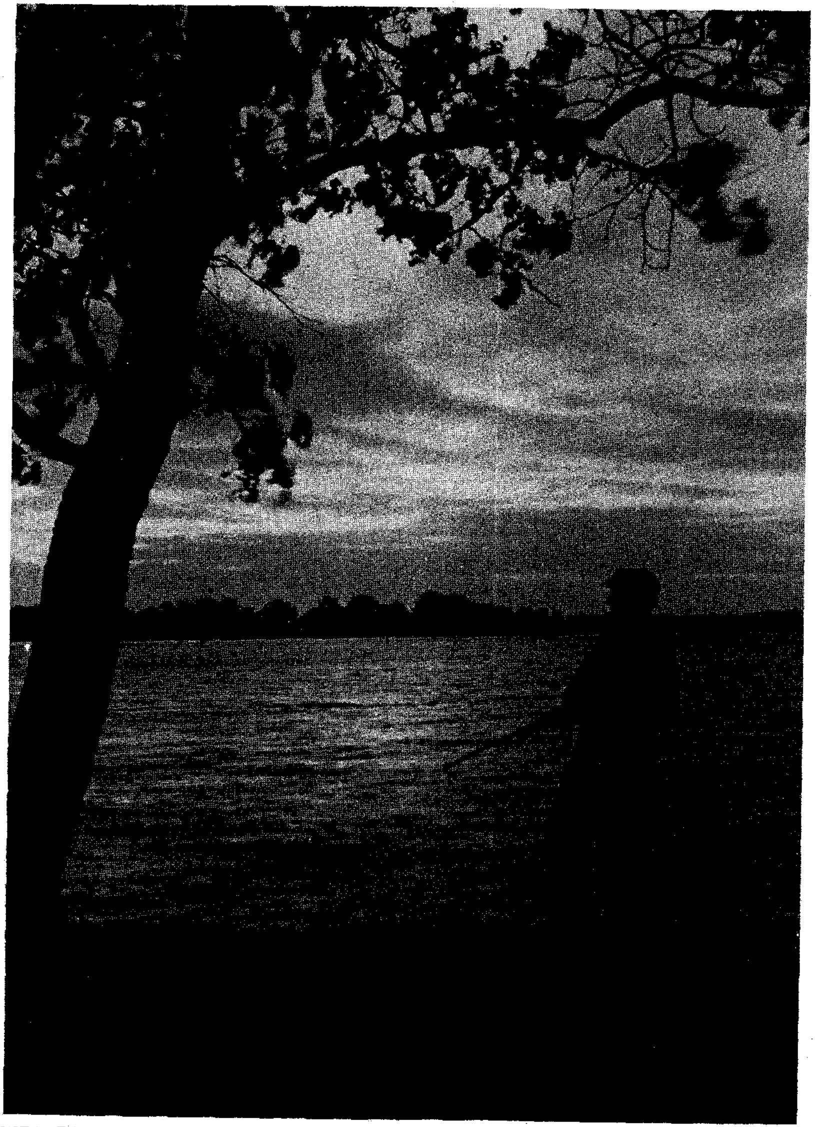
SHADOW-KISSED

AUGUST, 1939



VADAS BUDAPEST

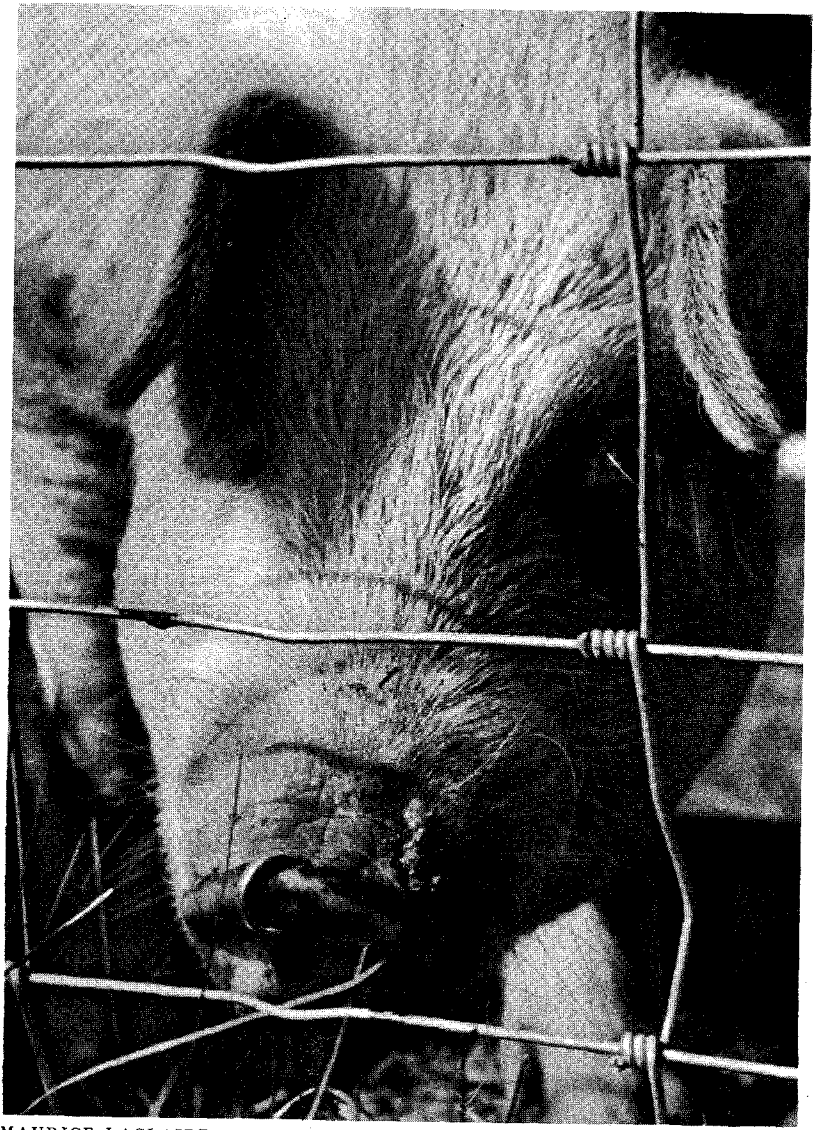
AT HOME



WESTELIN CHICAGO

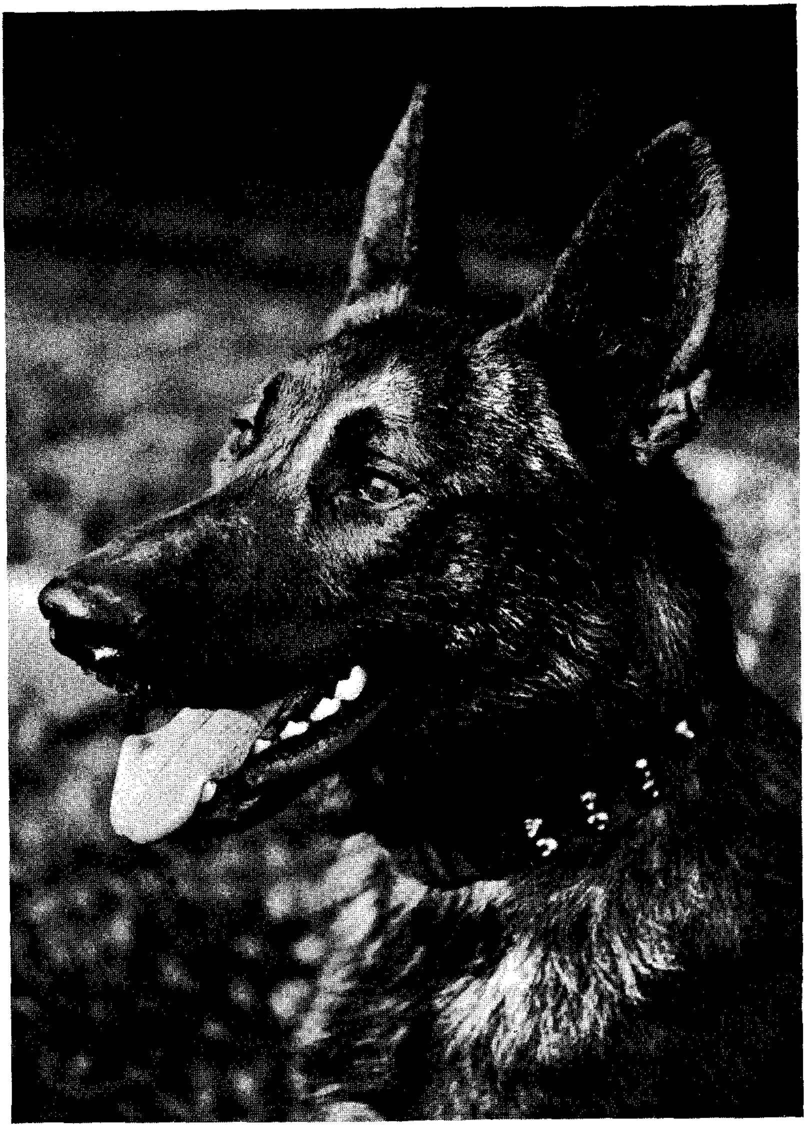
LAST SHELL

AUGUST, 1939



MAURICE LACLAIRE GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

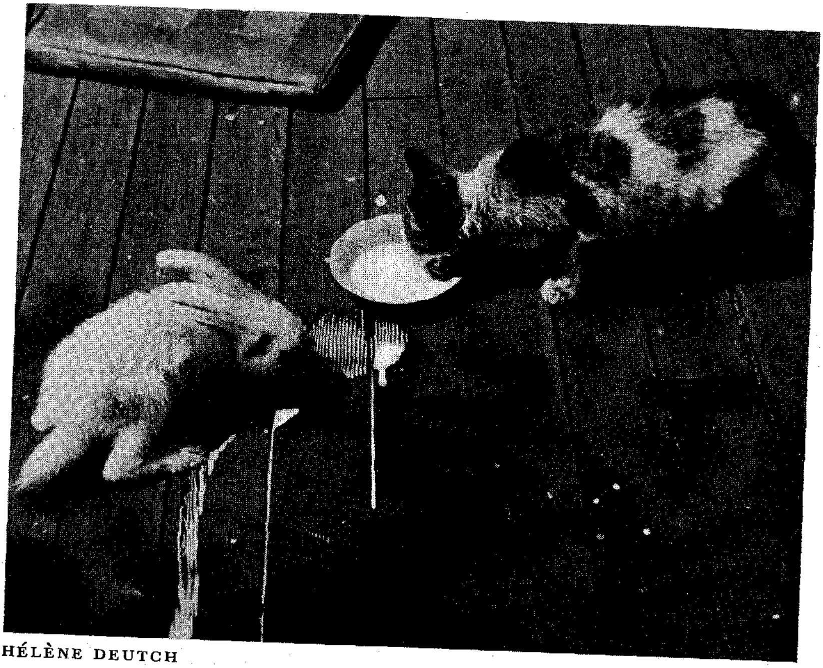
PORCINE



DR. AJTAY-HEIM BUDAPEST

SENTINEL

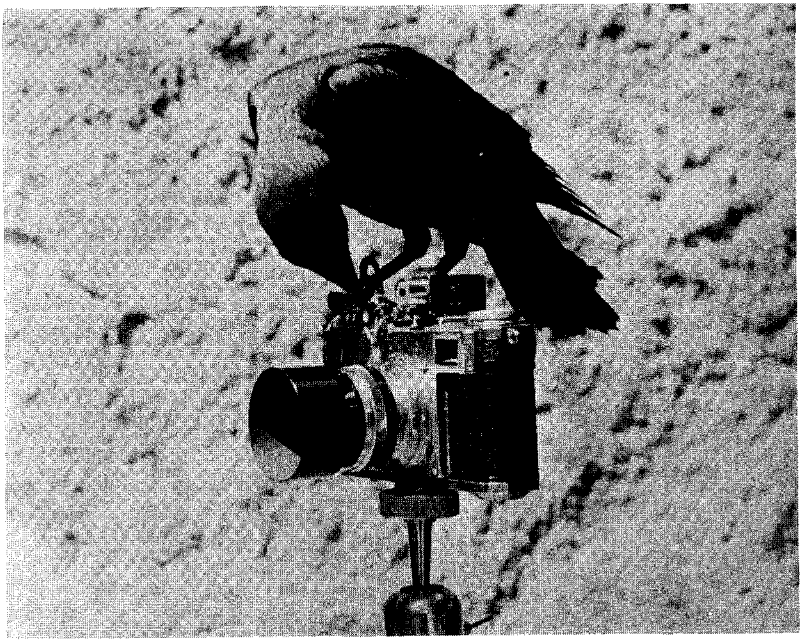
AUGUST, 1939



HÉLÈNE DEUTCH

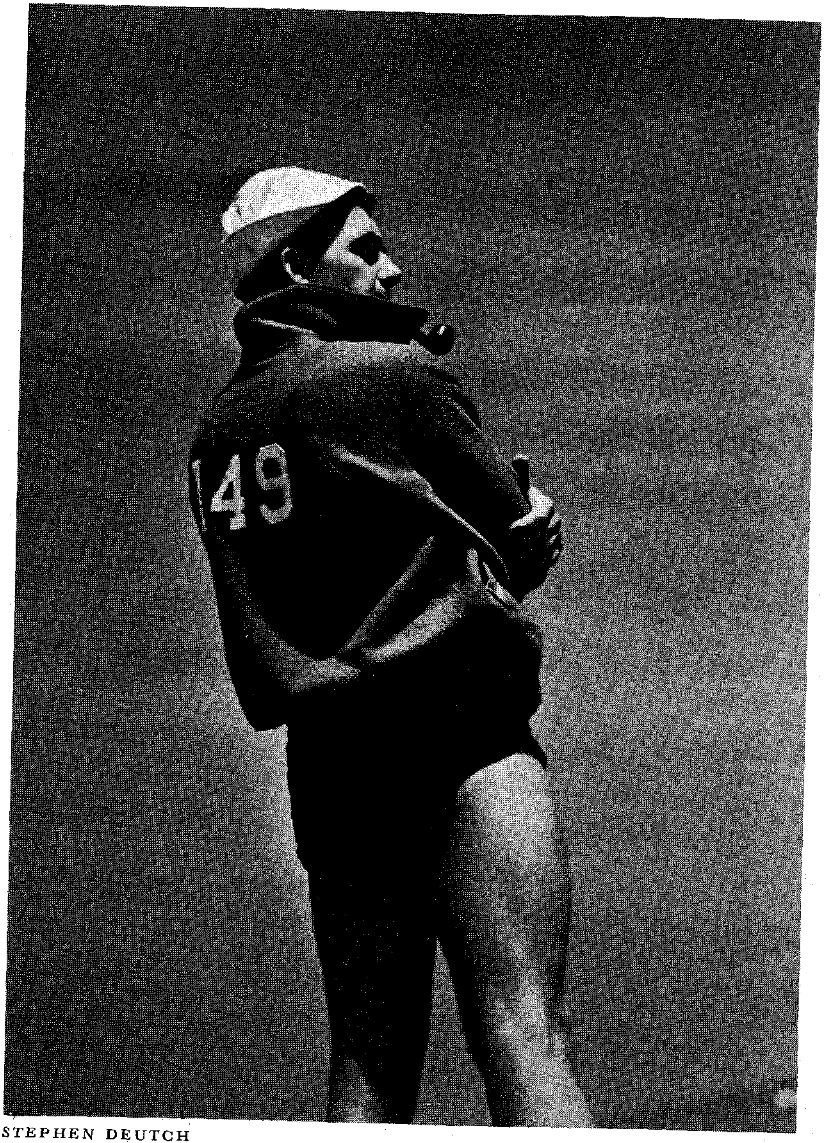
CHICAGO

THE GLEANER



ERNEST E. GOTTLIEB LOS ANGELES

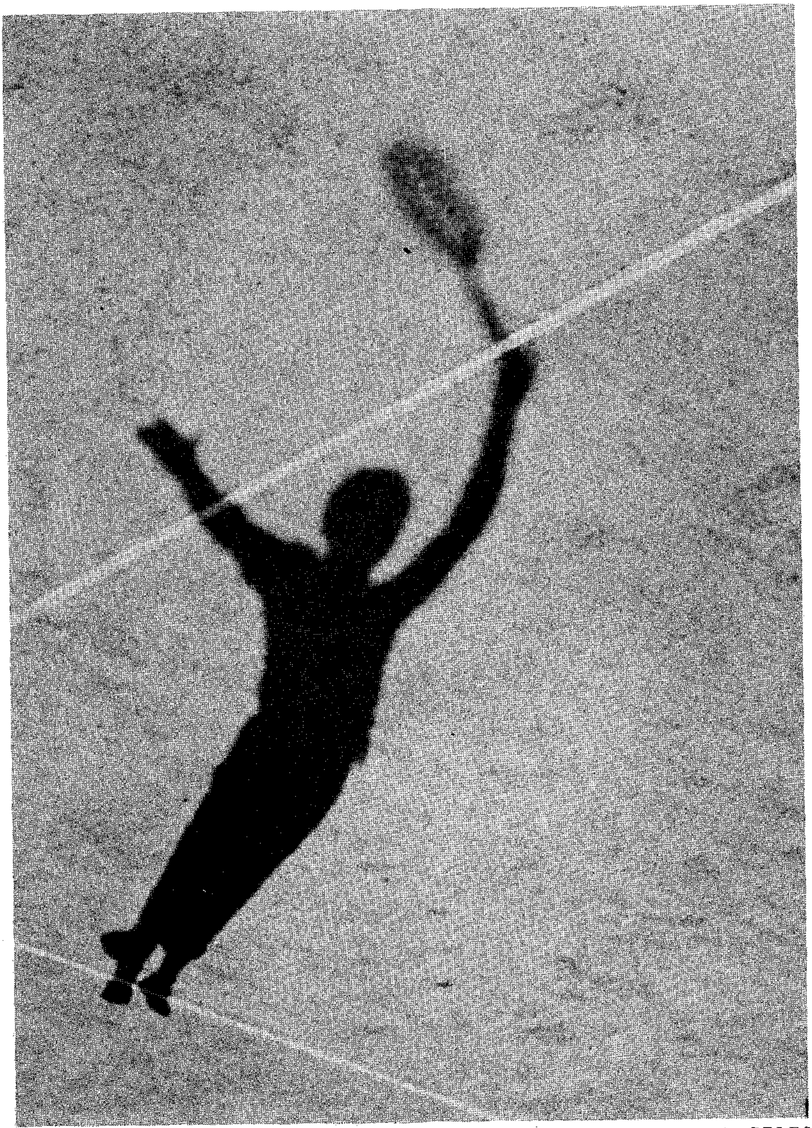
CANDID CURIOSITY



STEPHEN DEUTCH

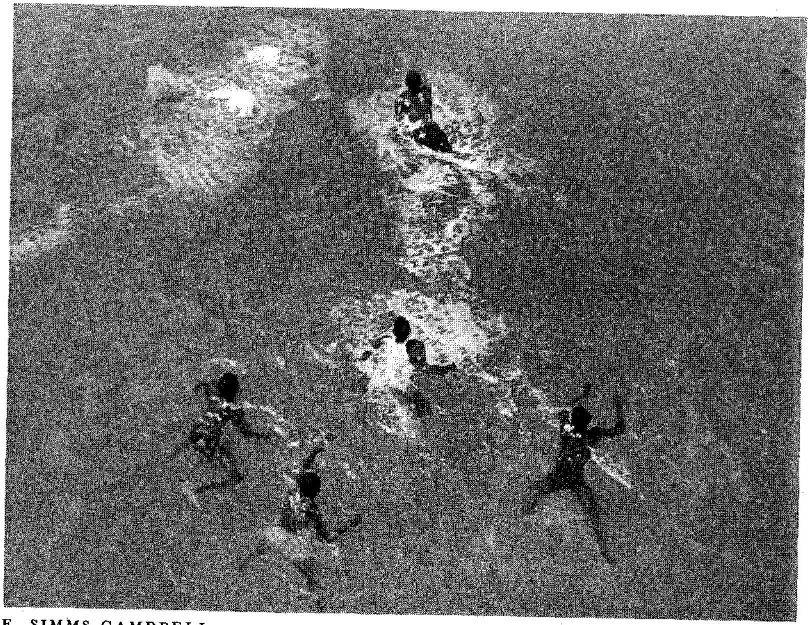
CHICAGO

HICKORY LIMB



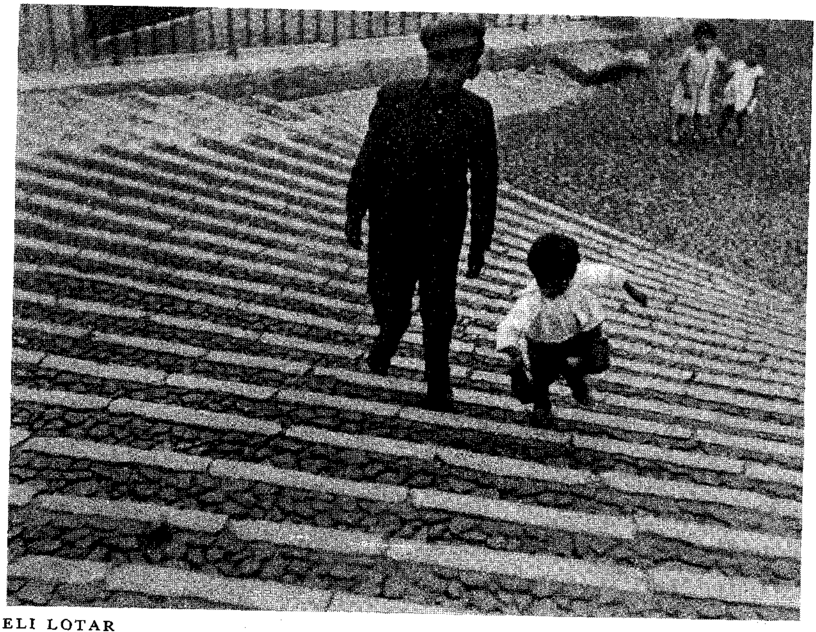
R. W. BANNER LOS ANGELES

GRANDSTANDER



E. SIMMS CAMPBELL WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

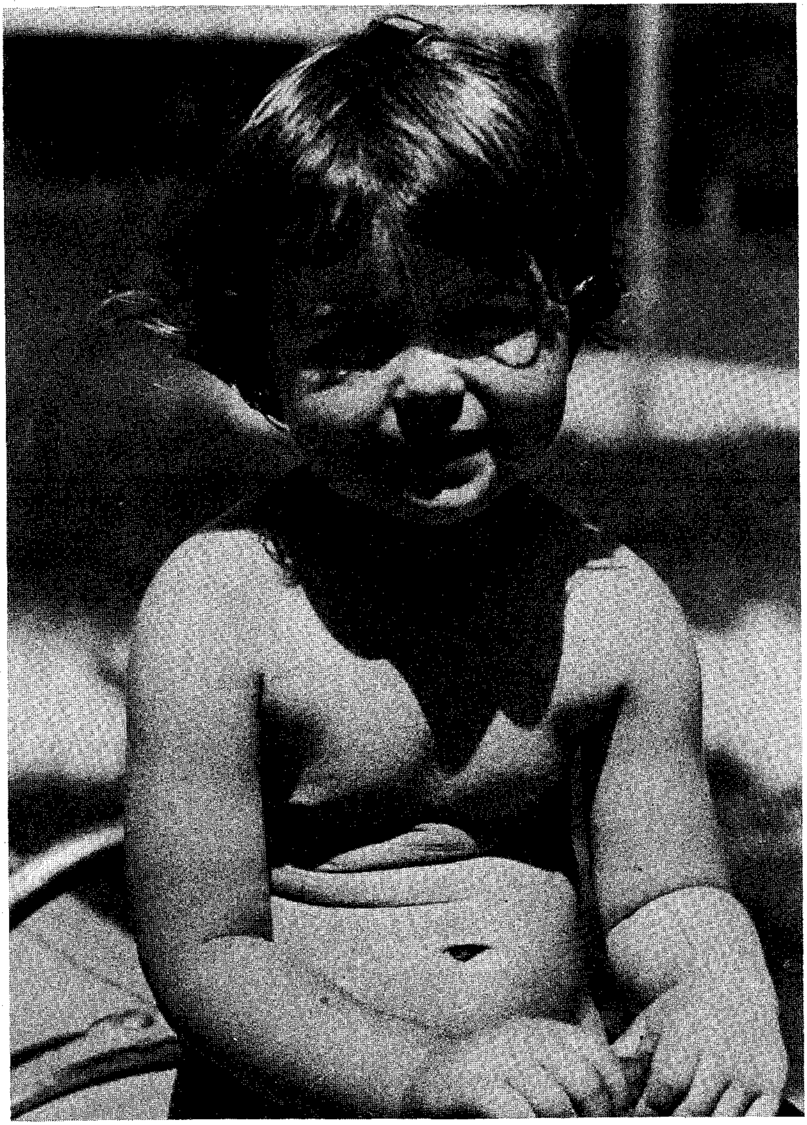
HEADS UP



ELI LOTAR

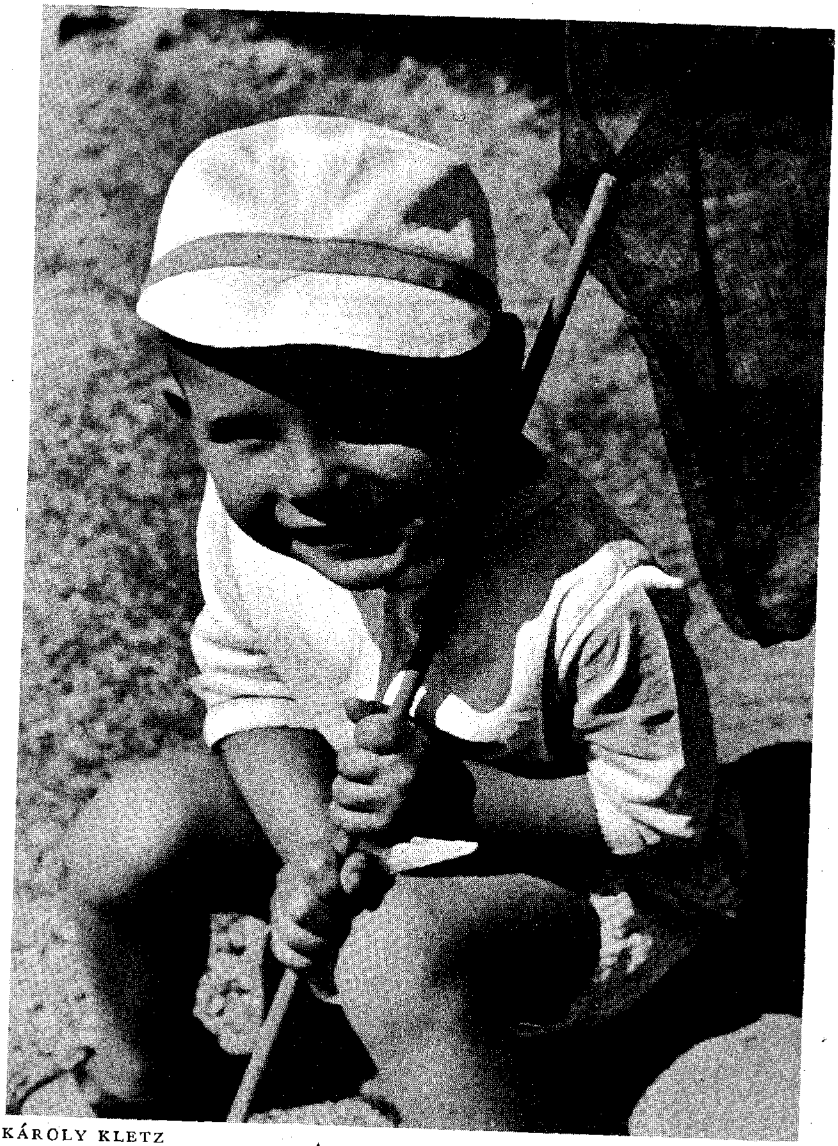
PARIS

OUTSTEPPED



KURT LUBINSKI LONDON

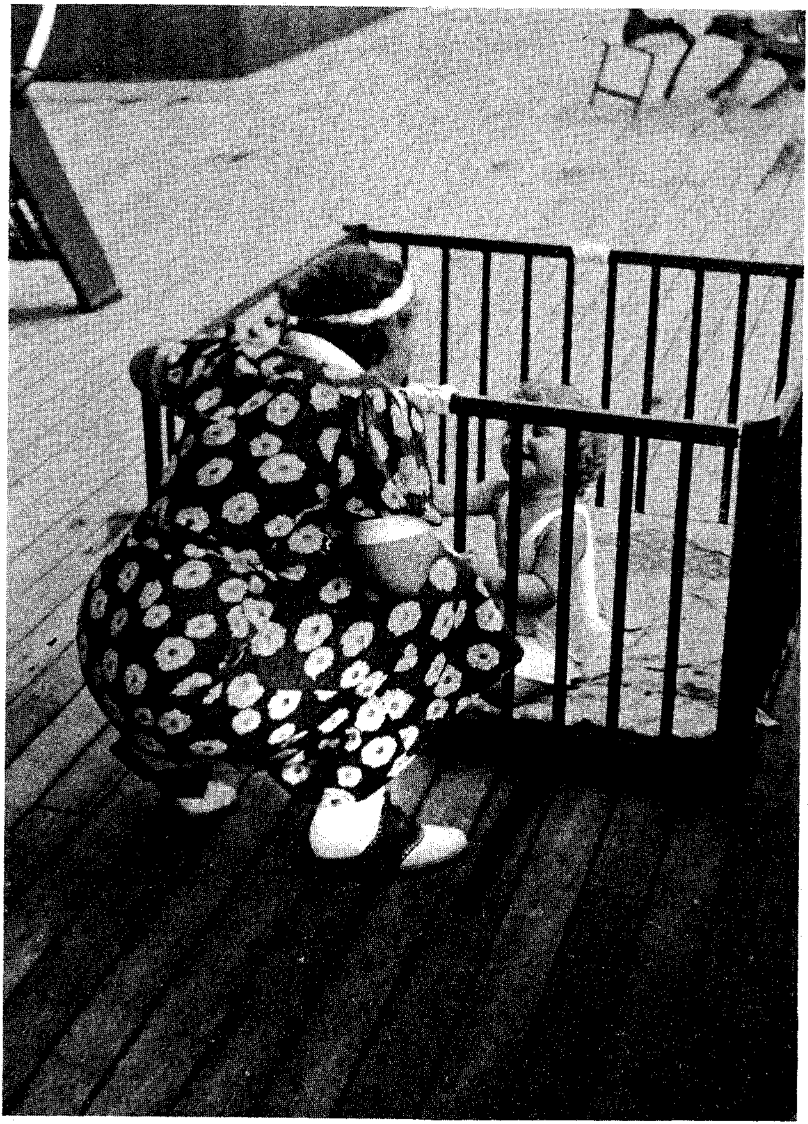
INFORMAL



KÁROLY KLETZ

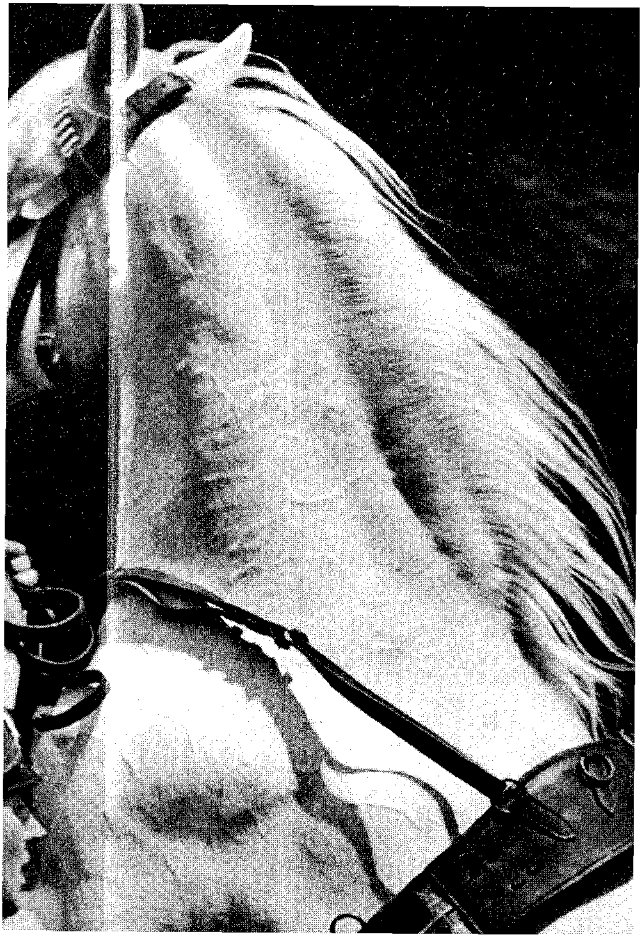
MISKOLC, HUNGARY

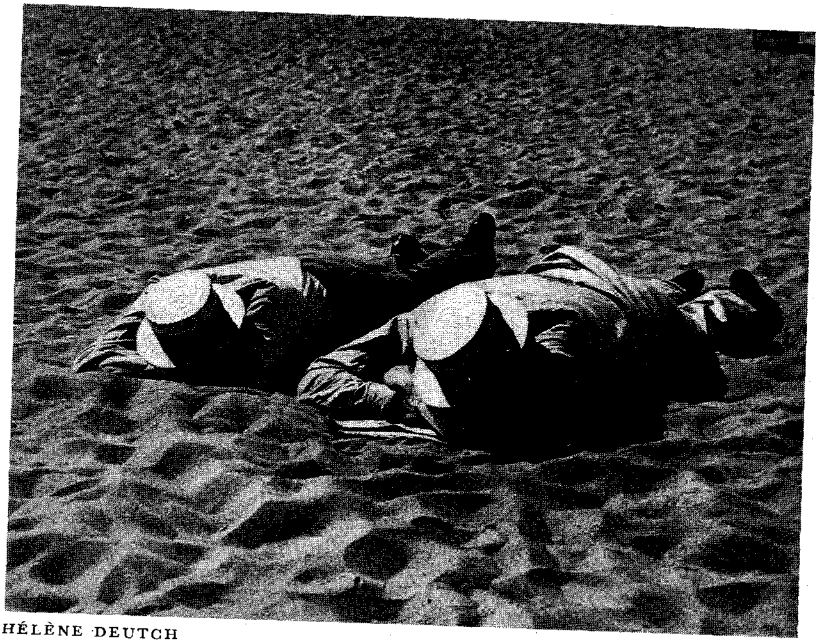
NEW TOY



STEPHEN GREENE TOLEDO, OHIO

COMPARATIVE ANATOMY

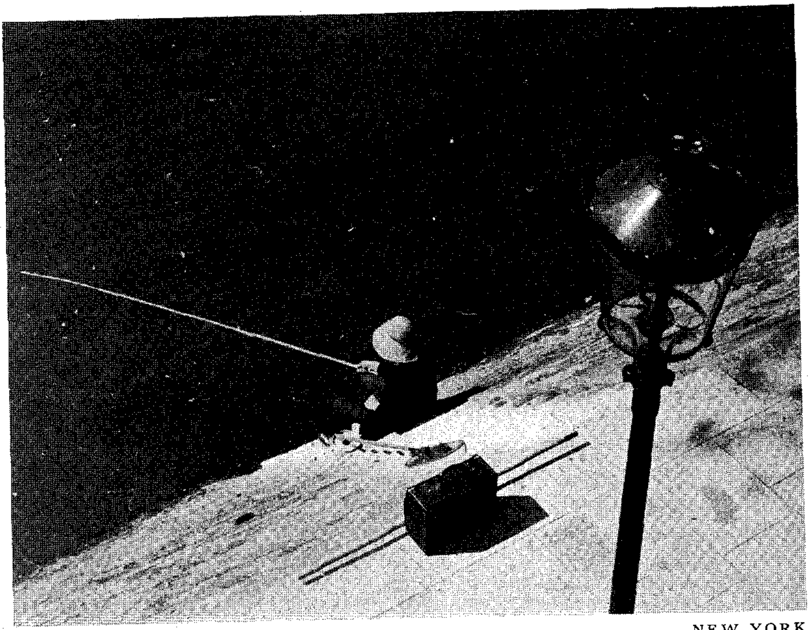




HÉLÈNE DEUTCH

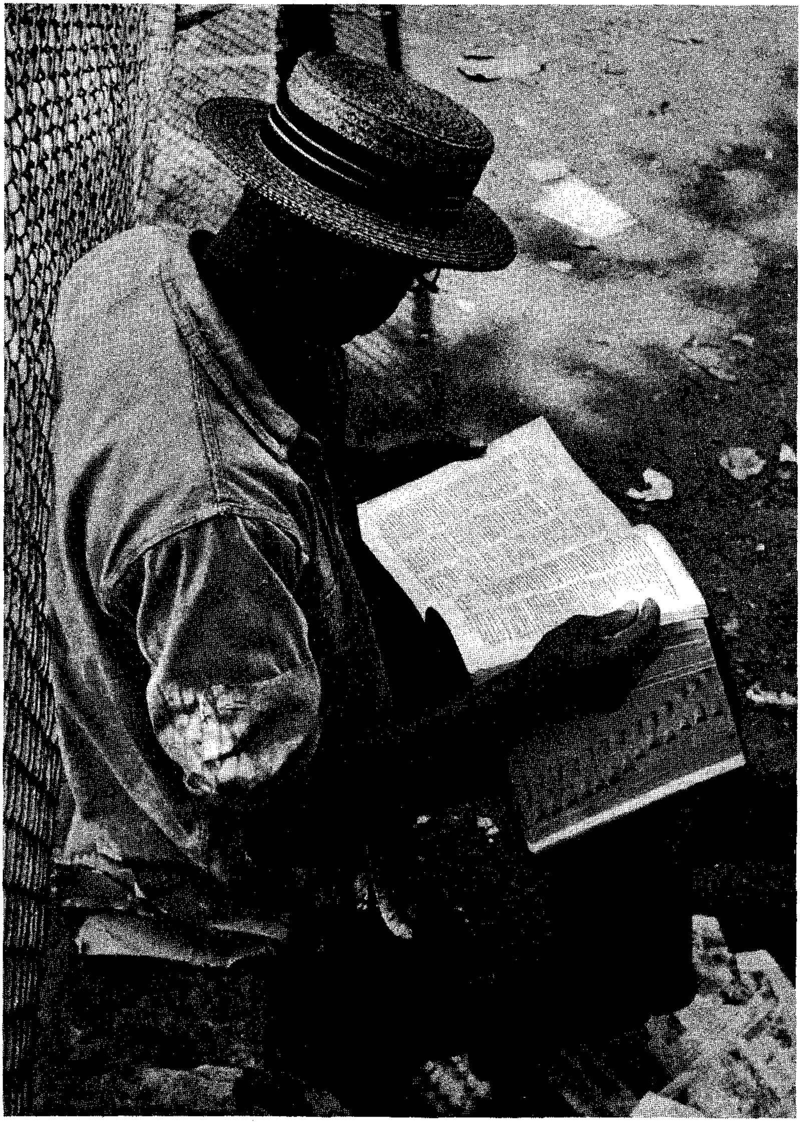
CHICAGO

EIGHTY WINKS



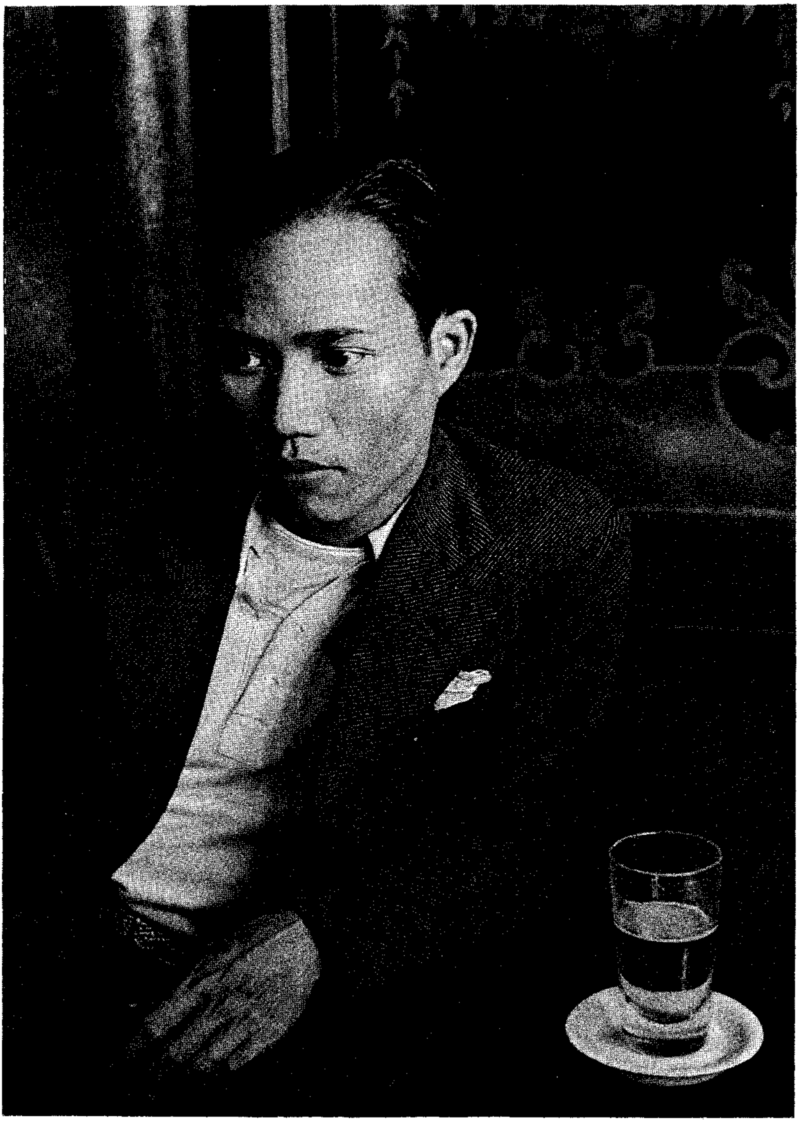
CHARLES MORGENROTH NEW YORK

RUS IN URBE



WILLIAM L. HOFFMAN BALTIMORE

EXCELSIOR



BRASSAÏ PARIS

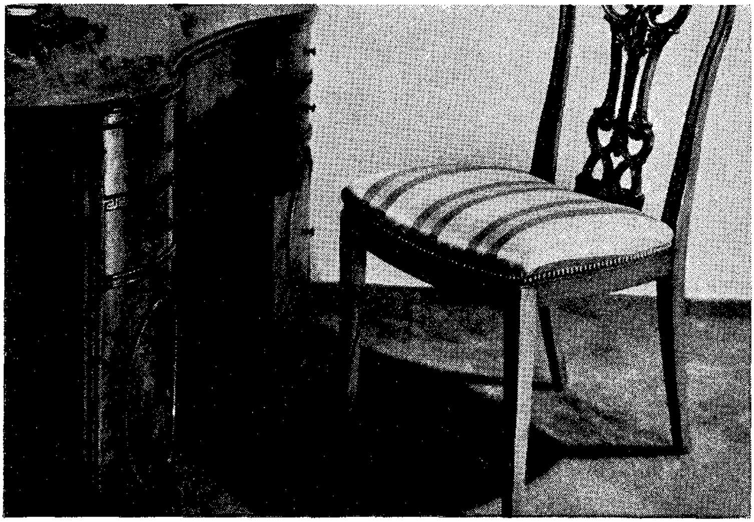
PRIMROSE PATH

AUGUST, 1939

THE GOOD TASTE TEST

Which Chair in Each Group Do You Prefer? Answers on Page 141

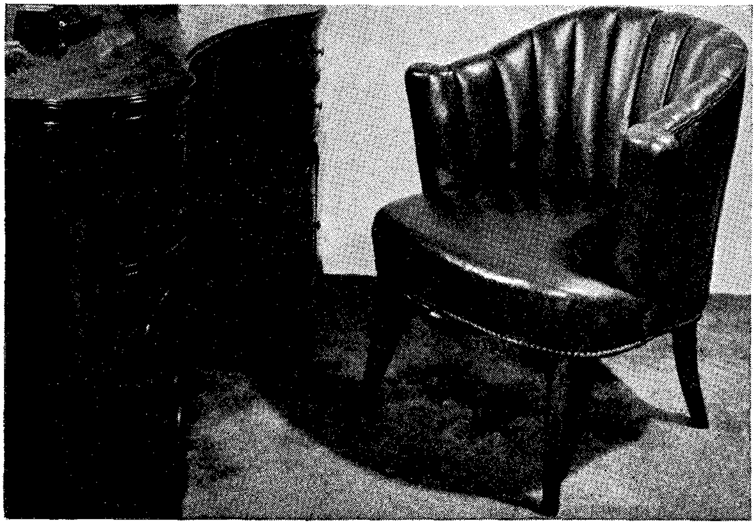
"I HAD three chairs in my house," said Henry David Thoreau, "one for solitude, two for friendship, three for society." Thoreau's sentiments were hospitable, but his household was not, at least as judged by modern standards. These days there are a hundred different *kinds* of chairs. Fundamentally, of course, they are all made for the same purpose. But modern chairs, in addition to sitting purposes, serve an important decorative function in the home. Keep in mind, therefore, two factors as you examine the chairs that appear on the following pages—comfort and suitability to surroundings. On each page is shown a pair of almost identical settings, arranged and furnished for Coronet by Chairs, Inc. Only the chairs have been changed. It's up to you to guess which chairs are preferable on the two main counts listed.



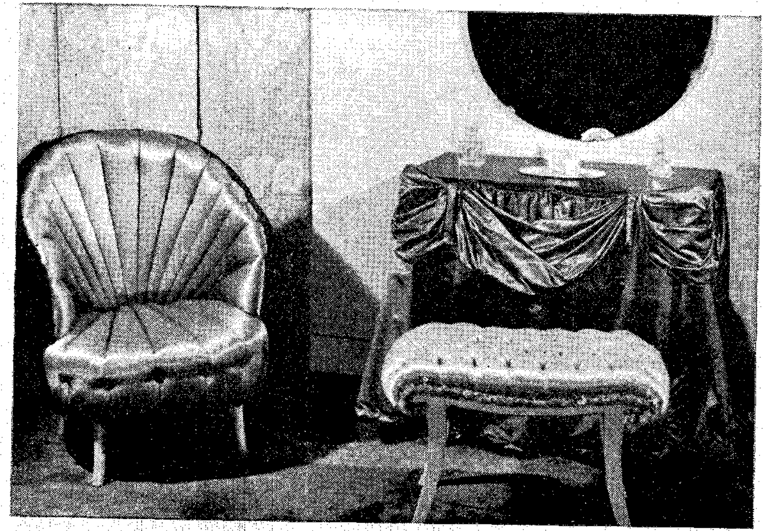
PHOTOGRAPHS BY DISRAELI

A

1 **DESK SET.** *You're pulling a chair up to this desk for a moderate siege of homework. You have your choice between these two chairs. Comfort is paramount here, but keep the esthetics of the situation also in mind.*

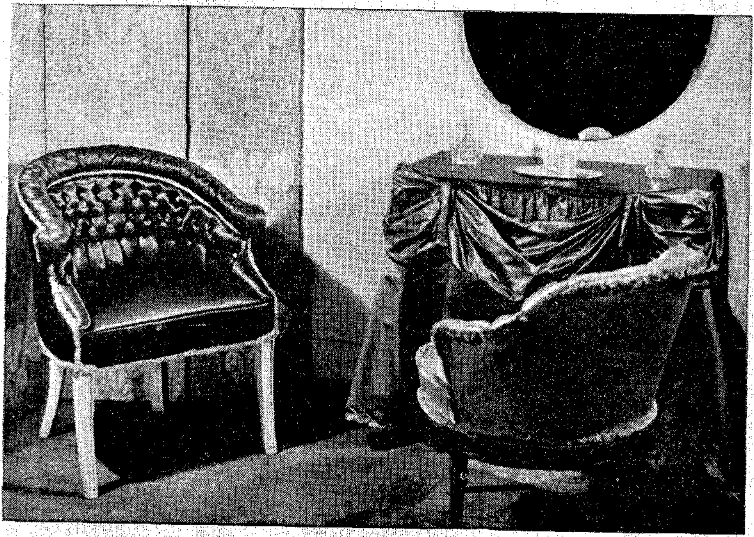


B

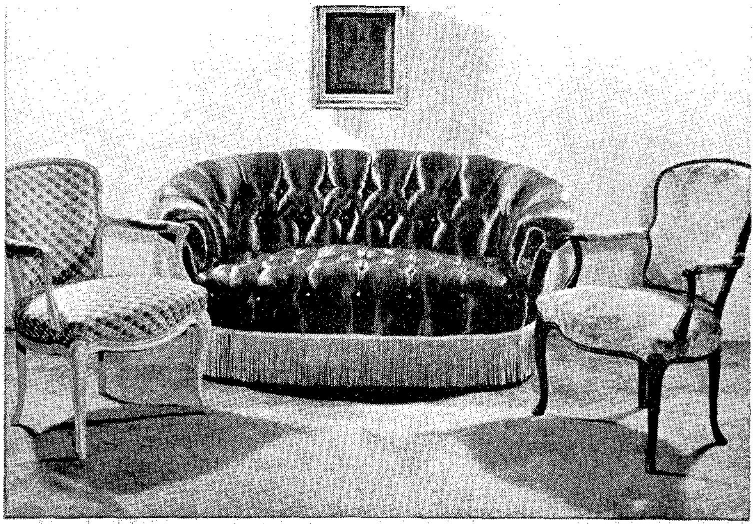


A

2 MILADY'S BOUDOIR. *This is one for the ladies alone to answer. The dressing table is the same in both pictures. Considering the purpose to which you put such chairs, which pair makes a more intelligent combination?*

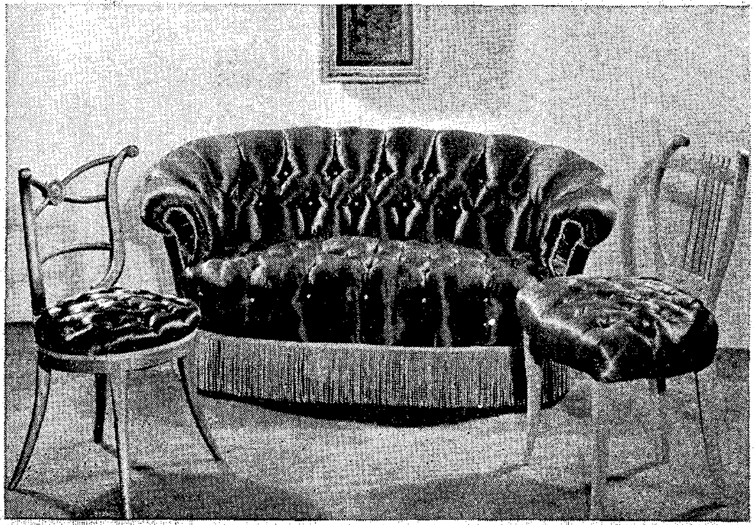


B

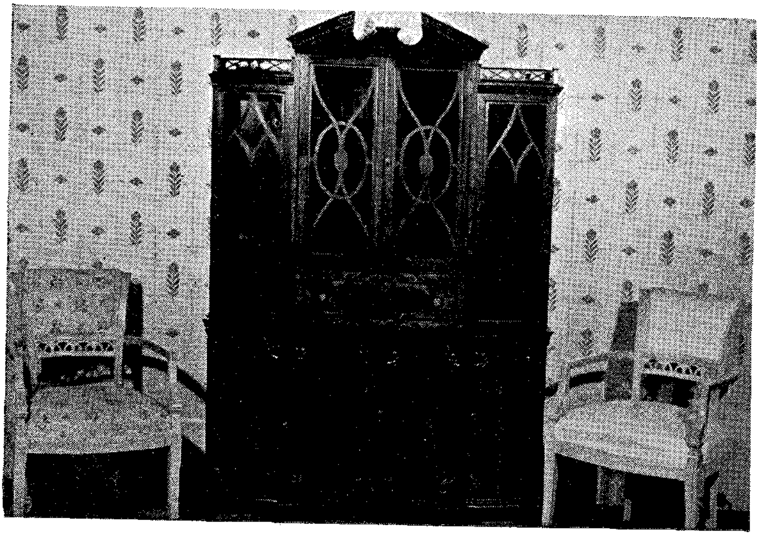


A

3 CONVERSATION GROUP. *Four of you are sitting down to after-dinner conversation. Regardless of whether you have been sufficiently adroit to get to the sofa first, which pair of chairs do you consider preferable?*

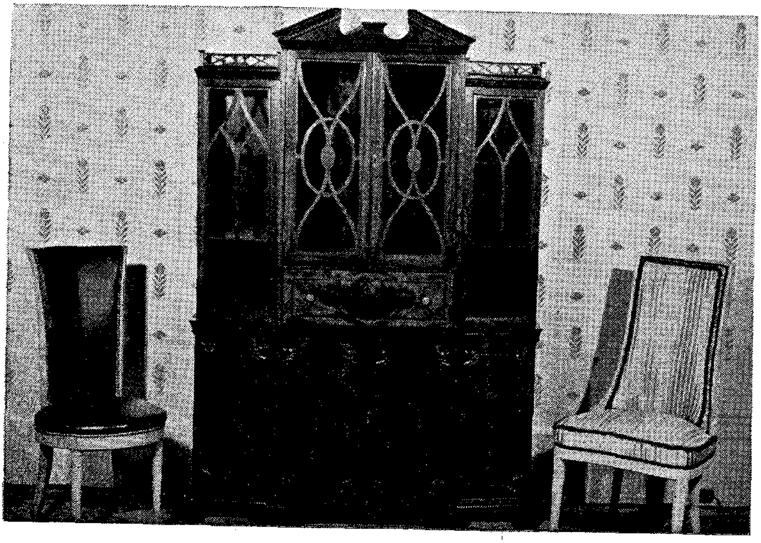


B



A

4 BREAKFRONT ARRANGEMENT. *Considering the chair design in relation to the breakfront cabinet, which pair would you purchase for this particular niche of your home? The cabinet is the type that can be opened into a desk.*



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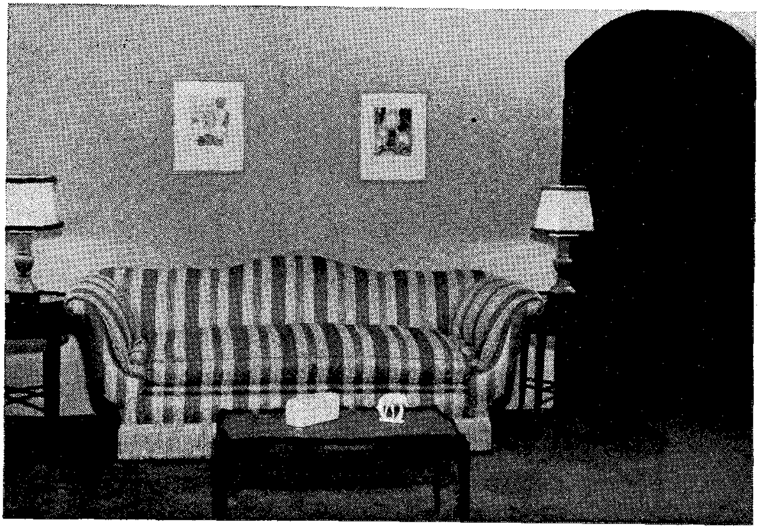
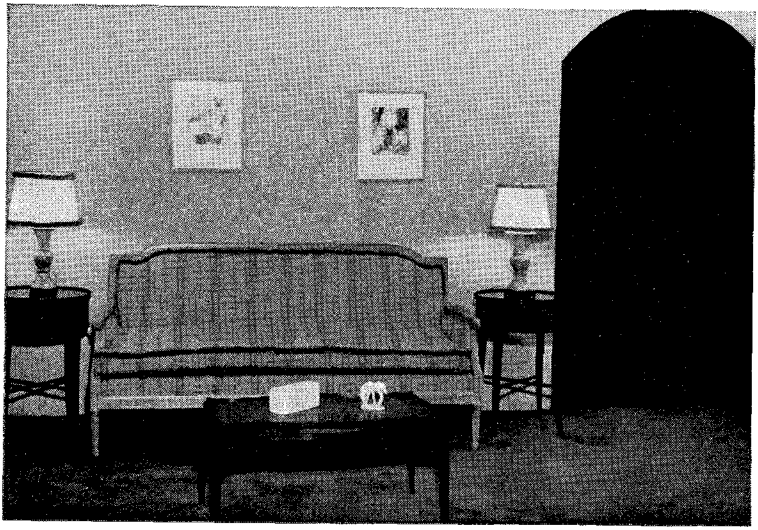
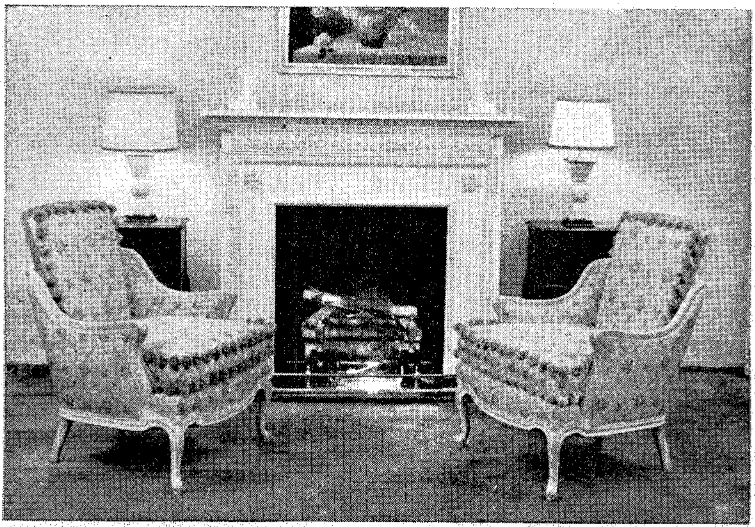


A

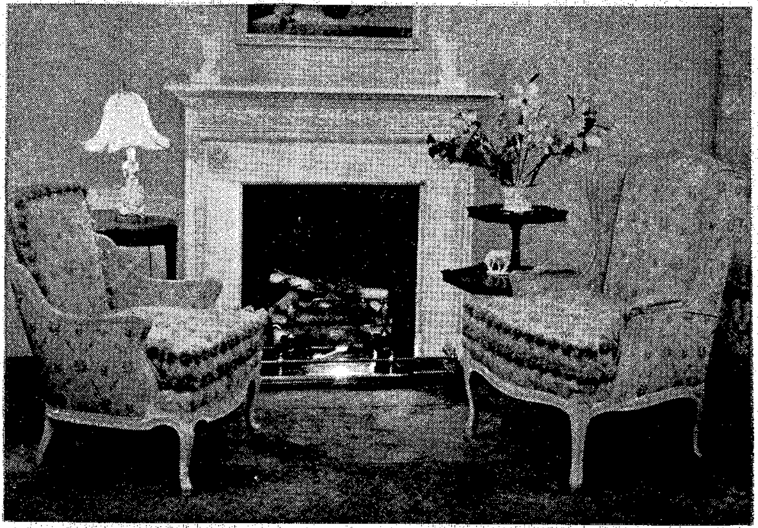
5 SOFA ARRANGEMENT. *Take the entire visible area of this room into consideration, including the wall and entrance treatment as well as the furnishings. Only the sofa is different in the two pictures. Which is better?*



B

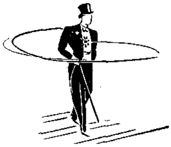


6 FIRESIDE GROUP. *In both top and bottom groups the chairs have been upholstered with the same fabric. Which pair of chairs do you consider in better taste—the twins on top or the dissimilar chairs below?*



THE ANT AND HIS UNCLE

FOR A YOUNG MAN WHO COULDN'T EVEN GET THROUGH HARVARD, NEPHEW DID ALL RIGHT



THIS ant started off on the wrong foot, but he ended on the right foot; so his history, though immoral, is instructive.

His topsy-turvy career was not altogether his own fault. He was an orphan, and he had been brought up by a rich bachelor uncle, an eccentric old man who had few social contacts.

Nephew Ant was carefully educated by tutors. Later he went to Harvard. He did very nicely until the middle of his first year, when, after flunking all his courses, he received from the Dean's office an appropriate form letter.

The most useful thing he had learned during his sojourn at Harvard was the trick of secreting a short section of a pea-shooter in his mouth and blowing peas at the professor as a way of passing the time during the more tedious lectures. This knowledge was later to become the foundation of his fortunes.

He returned to his uncle's ancient house on Washington Heights in Brooklyn, and announced that he intended to take up social work. His uncle highly approved of this humanitarian idea. Young Ant's investigations were commendably thorough. There was not a saloon, a gambling-dive, a night club or a house of doubtful fame that he did not investigate.

Then there happened what has been humorously described as "The Depression." It would be hard to describe The Depression in words of one syllable. But, to put it briefly, The Depression was an occasion when all the people in the world simultaneously pulled the chairs out from under all the other people—and then everybody sat on the floor and glared at everybody else reproachfully, and shrieked: "Why did you do that to me?"

Uncle died one evening, at a fine ripe old age. Uncle Ant was a good man: he had willed to charities two hundred thousand dollars of what he supposed to be his large fortune. For young Ant, nothing remained.

Lesser men would have crumpled under this unexpected blow. But not young Ant. He at once put from his mind any idea of honest labor, and looked about to see if there was not some way of gaining advantage from his college education.

He did. He became an inventor—the inventor of one of the neatest little devices of modern times, a form of racket that was the envy of even the professional racketeers of Bleeker Street.

It was called "The Ant Theatre Guide and Concert Encourager." Like all great inventions, it sprang from a simple idea. It sprang from what he had learned at Harvard in his pea-shooting course.

His invention was based on the idea of frightening the prospective customer into buying. But instead of scaring them into fits over the state of their hair or their teeth or their arm-pits, he attacked their most conspicuous and vulnerable point—he attacked their shirt fronts.

The procedure was simple. An operator, having filled his bulb with a fine grade of ink, would station himself in the lobby of a theatre or concert-hall. Waiting until a prosperous-looking gentleman in evening dress approached, the operator would give the bulb a sudden squeeze.

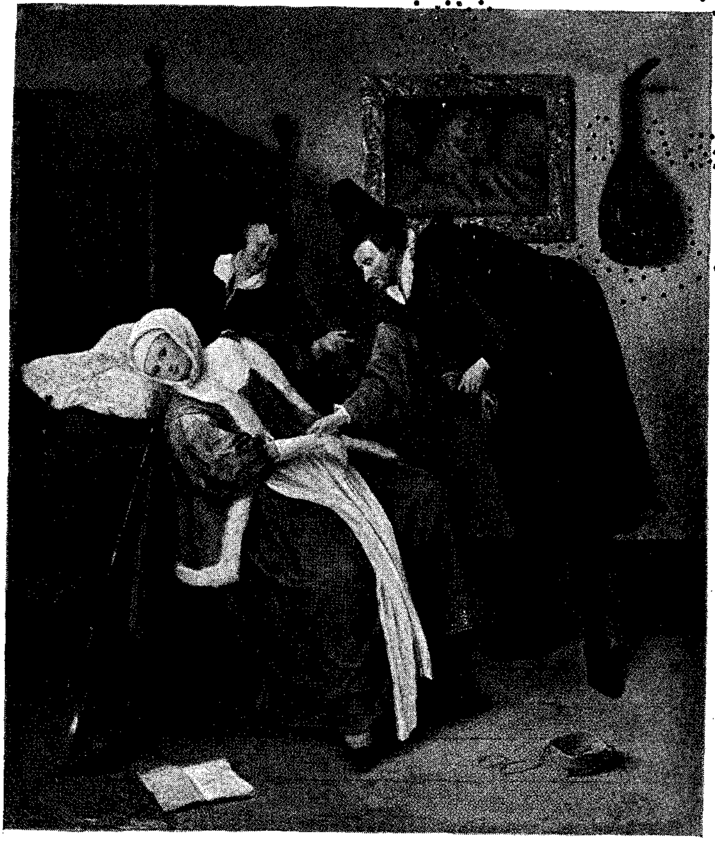
A tiny spurt of ink, moving too rapidly to be detected by the eye, would silently and painlessly land on the gentleman's gleaming white shirt front.

Within a week New York was in a furor. Night after night, half the white shirts at the principal theatres were discovered to be decorated with ink. And nobody could explain how or why.

Suddenly there appeared, in all the theatre-ticket agencies, placards advertising "The Ant Theatre Guide and Concert Encourager." These were small gold buttons, to be worn in the lapel. They sold for ten dollars—and were guaranteed to protect the wearers from felonious and inky assaults. The sale of these buttons was enormous and instantaneous. No respectable man dared go to the theatre unless he was wearing one.

Young Ant, like his uncle, lived to a great old age and died one of the richest and most respected citizens of Brooklyn. To the end of his days he always said that Harvard had been the making of him; and he bequeathed a large sum of money to that excellent university.

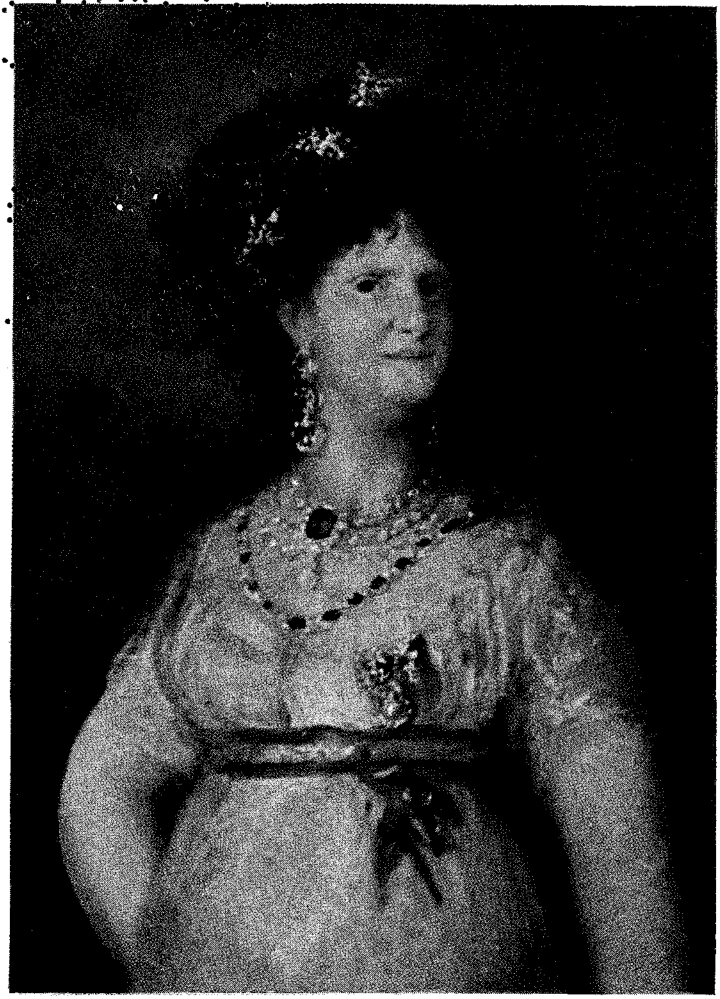
—ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE



TAFT MUSEUM, CINCINNATI

THE SICK LADY BY STEEN

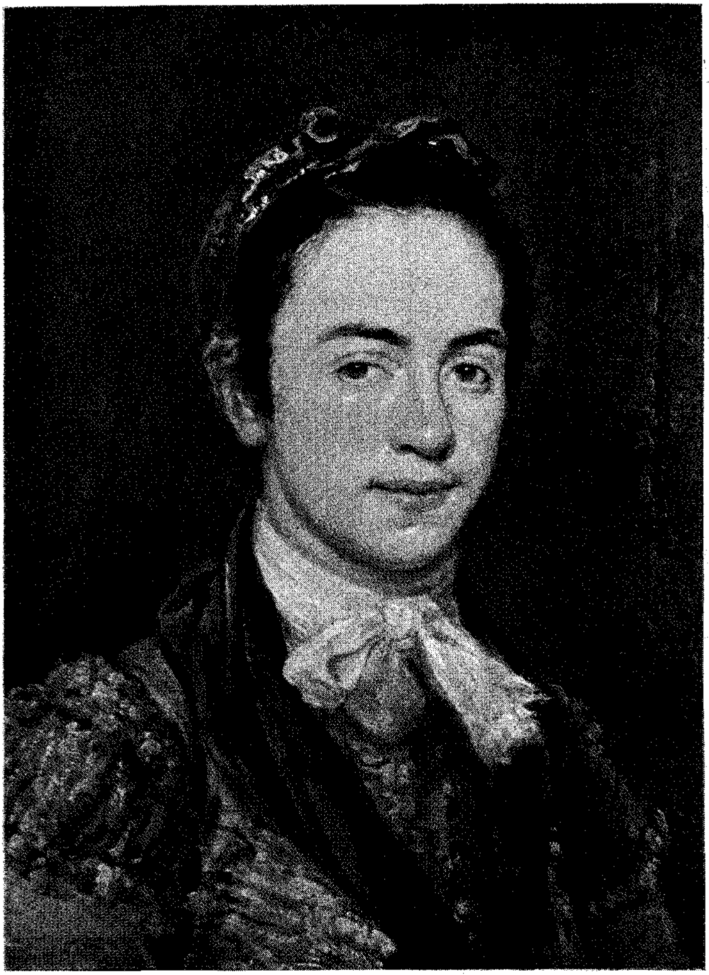
One of the liveliest of the Dutch genre painters, Jan Steen (1626-1679) was a psychologist as well as reporter of the everyday life of his people. Here he has shrewdly caught the pat chairside manner of the physician and the self-sympathetic surrender of the patient.



TAFT MUSEUM, CINCINNATI

QUEEN MARIA LUISA BY GOYA

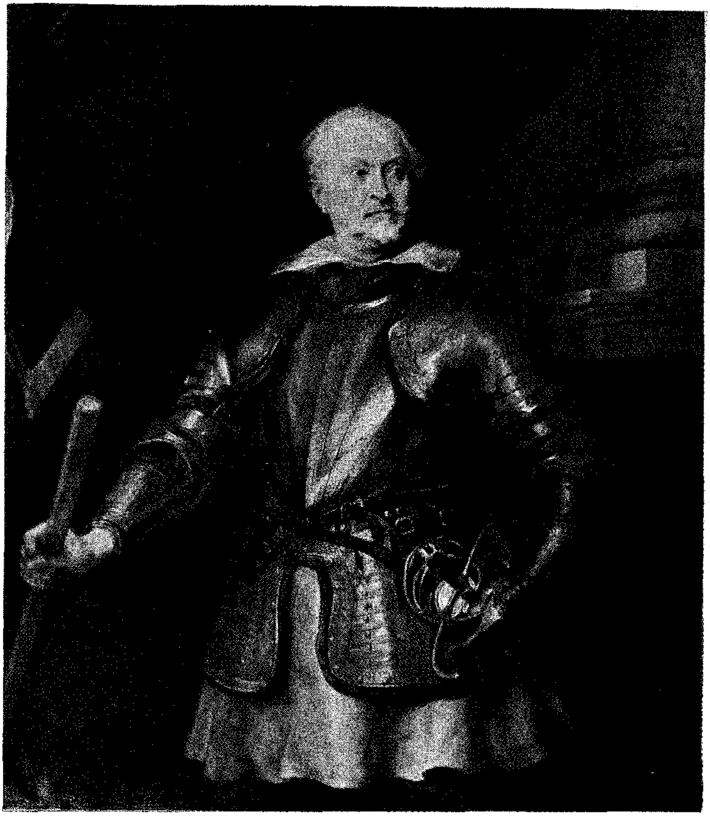
As realistic as the genre painters, and infinitely deeper, Francisco Goya (1746-1828) was a court painter but played no favorites. He painted the Spanish king as a bigoted fool, and here he exhibits the queen as she actually was—a sordid and weather-beaten courtesan.



TAFT MUSEUM, CINCINNATI

COSTILLARES BY GOYA

When Goya was nasty in his portraiture, he was very, very nasty. But he could also be pleasant. It all depended on his sitters, for he painted them as he saw them. Here, in one of his more kindly moods, he has depicted the bullfighter, Joaquin Rodriguez Costillares.



CINCINNATI MUSEUM OF ART MARY M. EMERY COLL.

MAN IN ARMOR BY VAN DYCK

Anthony Van Dyck (1599-1641) was also a court painter but, by virtue of a more flexible conscience, was much better suited to the job than Goya. He relished his artificial association with aristocrats and turned out many a solid, agreeable portrait of them.

BOOKS AND BURGLARS

SHAKESPEARE WAS NOT THE FIRST OF THE PLAGIARISTS NOR, BY ANY MEANS, THE LAST

It was an English schoolboy who once defined a plagiarist as a writer of plays. Commenting on this inspired definition, Andrew Lang suggested, as an alternative, "any successful author." There is enough truth in the gibe to furnish a fat volume with facts and figures.

It is, of course, very difficult to be original. That is a thought that is not very original to begin with, for the difficulty has been frequently remarked. Various writers are of record as believing it to be impossible. An anonymous definition of originality calls it "unconscious or undetected imitation." Emerson, in cynical mood, once wrote that an author was considered original in proportion to the amount he stole from Plato. And there is a stanza by Rudyard Kipling that appears to sum up this aspect of the matter admirably:

When 'Omer smote 'is bloomin' lyre,
He'd 'eard men sing by land and sea;
An' what he thought 'e might require,
'E went an' took—the same as me!

Obviously, it is not easy to define either word in a brief compass; and there is, I think, no law precisely covering the more delicate nuances of plagiarism. The whole philosophy of the matter is confused by such considerations as those of motivation and intention. However, the dictionary definition is very good, as far as it goes: to plagiarize, is "to adopt and reproduce as one's own, to appropriate to one's own use, and incorporate in one's own work, without acknowledgment, the ideas of others, passages from their writings, etc." The outright theft of one man's words by another, with knowledge and intent, is certainly not cricket. Still, writers guilty of the offense are more often sent to Coventry than to jail; and, in general, nothing whatever is done about the matter. In point of fact, until fairly recent times, the history of plagiarism was the history of literature.

Of the many writers of past

times who borrowed without credit, probably all at one time and another defended the practice, and on much the same grounds: they borrowed, they said, to improve. "Borrowing without beautifying is a plagiary," asserted Milton, a trifle smugly, as if there were no other point of view. And the great Mr. Pope was of the same opinion. Doctor Johnson condemned the custom mildly, but found excuses for it and practiced it himself. It is clear that some of the world's most eminent men of letters must be named among the great burglars of history. For example, the author of *Hamlet*.

Who was the author of *Hamlet?* Every schoolboy knows the answer to that question. Shakespeare, of course! Perhaps: but there was a *Hamlet* before Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and another one before that; and just possibly another one before that. But Shakespeare was the author of the only *Hamlet* we have at present; and it will do very well until the next one comes along. And this most famous of his tragedies was a revision of an earlier *Hamlet*, possibly written by Thomas Kyd, which in turn derived from a sixteenth century French work, by one Belleforest, who, for all we know to the contrary, found the story in a history of the Danes written, in Latin, by Saxo Grammaticus, about the beginning of the thirteenth century. Where Saxo Grammaticus got it, only the great scholars know; unless, indeed, they are in disagreement, which is extremely probable.

This is written not to disparage Shakespeare, but to illustrate by conspicuous example a fairly typical literary genealogy. Also to suggest that burglary of the sort under consideration was not always completely scandalous and dishonorable. For in Shakespeare's time there was no active question of right and wrong in the matter: authors and playwrights pillaged one another without compunction, helping themselves to characters, plots, and even whole passages from existing works, without so much as a by-your-leave.

In all times until our own the situation was very similar. Plagiarism was prevalent among the Greeks; some notable instances of it are found in the works of men of the importance of Demosthenes and Plutarch, Sophocles and Menander. The practice was considered to be discreditable, however, and was satirized by Aristophanes in *The Frogs*. It was the Romans, however, who had a word for it; although that too was originally Greek. The word was *plagium* and meant only kidnaping until the poet Martial began to use it in a literary sense, and gave it another connotation. His countrymen, Horace and Vergil, both complained of the practice, although neither was entirely innocent himself. Vergil's defense of his venial sin is extant: he told those who chided him that he had but taken some pearls from a dunghill.

Among the great writers of the past who unblushingly stole the ideas of others were Chaucer, Molière, Sterne, Disraeli and Dumas. Chaucer embodied whole tracts of Dante in his writings and was under obligation to Boccaccio for some of the materials of his *Canterbury Tales*. Molière, to cite only one instance, took a scene almost word for word from Cyrano de Bergerac (the bravo, not the nineteenth-century drama) and incorporated it in *Les Fourberies de Scapin*. Dr. Ferriar showed, years ago, that Sterne was one of the most unconscionable plagiarists who ever cribbed. A critic of Disraeli asserts, without qualification, "Disraeli was a perpetual plagiarist. There is hardly a clever *mot*, a quotable saying, in all his books, which can be called original." But the critic added: "Who bears him any grudge for that?" Dumas, the elder, purloined on a heroic scale and defended the practice with his customary energy.

And so on. With the advent of the eighteenth century the whole subject of literary theft was aired when the copyright act of Queen Anne called authors' attention to their rights, and compelled them to be more cautious in their borrowings. Pope raised the solemn question as to "how far the liberty of borrowing may extend," and added his own reading of the riddle: "I have defined it sometimes by saying that it seems not so much the perfection of sense to say things that had never been said before, as to express those best which have been said oftenest." And later: "Poets, like merchants, should repay with something of their own what they take from others; not, like pirates, make prize of all they meet." However, he frequently ran through his own danger signals. Not to put too fine a point on it, he pillaged right and left without scruple. "I admired Mr. Pope's *Essay on Criticism* at first, very much," wrote Lady Mary Wortley Montagu (not, it may be admitted, an entirely fair and unprejudiced witness), "but I had not then read any of the ancient critics, and I did not know that it was all stolen."

The nineteenth century saw further gains in literary sensitiveness, for while the practice of plagiarism certainly did not cease, or even greatly decline, its condemnation became more widespread and more severe. Since that time legislation in behalf of authors has helped to give their words and ideas a certain (perhaps doubtful) security; and the international copyright law has seriously hampered the wholesale piracy of literary property that once obtained on both sides of the Atlantic. But piracy is a sub-division of the subject that cannot now be discussed.

Most recent of flurries in the field of literary ethics was that inaugurated by Christopher Morley's review of a volume of Manhattan gossip by the late O. O. McIntyre. Using parallel columns to point his good-humored complaint, Morley startled admirers of the popular paragrapher by his flat charge that for fifteen years "Odd" McIntyre had been borrowing phrases and ideas already given to the world in the writings of Christopher Morley, whom he frequently flattered in his gossip. The incident was the sensation of the hour in literary circles, and for a time the atmosphere of New York crackled with impending lightnings. "Mr. McIntyre," commented the *New Yorker*, "has been caught with his lorgnette down; it is not a pretty sight." But the columnist himself only said, "If it did happen, it happened unintentionally"; and a promising *cause célèbre* faded slowly from the public mind.

Plagiarism suits were so frequent in the life of Jack London, according to Irving Stone, his biographer, that he was almost never without one. At one time he was accused of stealing a short story from one written by Frank Norris; but when a third story on the same subject appeared the situation was investigated, and it was established that the three writers had been inspired by the same news report of an incident in Seattle. He based his novel, *Before Adam*, however, on Stanley Waterloo's *Story of Ab*, and Waterloo caused an international scandal. London acknowledged his debt; but insisted nevertheless that primitive man was in the public domain.

Out of all this—and much more that could be written—arises a number of interesting questions. For example: to what extent may a writer legitimately use the work of others? Probably no exact rule can be laid down briefly; but it is obvious that without some license in the matter historians and biographers, and such-like gentlemen of letters, would be unable to write their books. In general, the cry of plagiarism is raised against writers in the fields of fiction and belles-lettres. But the number of story-plots is limited: it has been asserted that, in the last analysis, there are only six or seven in the world. So popular, along the years, has been the *Cinderella* legend that possibly half the works of fiction now published in any language are variations of that simple rags-to-riches theme. If this be true, it must be assumed that variations on a theme are permissible; nor is it necessary to believe that every writer under obligation to *Cinderella* is aware of his borrowing. Coincidences are inevitable; men constantly reach the same idea after hours or years of thought. Even the same phrases. "Fools!" said Tennyson, when he was accused of stealing "the moanings of the homeless sea" from Horace: "as if no one had heard the sea moan except Horace."

Some remarkable instances of coincidence and unconscious plagiarism are of record. Let me tell a story.

A number of years ago—late in the evening of what had been a hot summer day—a well-known writer of short tales for the English magazines sat by an open window, with a lighted candle on a table beside him, and searched his brain for an idea for a story that he had promised to turn out the following day. Almost at once a large moth flew into the room, circled for some moments in the candle-light; then, lured perhaps by the same glory that beckoned the troubled author, dashed into the flame and extinguished it. Immediately the author got up and went to bed, saying to his wife as he did so: "Well, I've got it! The main incident is a man left tied to a chair in a solitary hut, with a lighted candle stuck in an open barrel of gunpowder. When the flame reaches the powder the situation will no longer interest him. Just as this is about to occur a moth flies in out of the darkness and extinguishes the candle, and the man's life is saved."

"That's very clever," admitted his wife; "but would a moth do that?"

"A moth just did it," said the author; and he went to sleep very happily, with a smile on his lips.

At his breakfast table the next morning, just before he got to work, he ran through a number of letters that had come in the first mail and glanced idly at a copy of the magazine for which his new story was to be written; it, too, had just come in. Then, suddenly, he screamed and handed the journal to his wife; and there prominently displayed was a clever short story, written by another author, about a man tied to a chair in a hut, with a lighted candle stuck in an open barrel of gunpowder. In the story, just as the flame was about to reach the powder, a moth flew in out of the darkness and extinguished the candle.

This extraordinary coincidence is vouched for by H. Greenhough Smith, for many years editor of the *Strand Magazine*, who has told it in his little volume, *What I Think*. Had the second tale got into print, its author might quite reasonably have been accused of plagiarism; yet there was not the slightest hint of theft. Two practicing writers had independently hit on the same idea. In innumerable instances, perhaps, readers have cried plagiarism on heads as innocent of criminal intent as this.

There is a wide gulf, of course, between inevitable coincidence and willful appropriation, between unconscious plagiarism and outright theft. At the last, it becomes a question of knowledge and intent. However, these are difficult things to prove on anybody's front teeth. In the main, the history of literature would appear to indicate that most cases of apparent plagiarism were in fact plagiarism, whether of the "legitimate" sort as practiced—one hopes—by Shakespeare or the more dubious kind as practiced by, let us say, Dumas and the Rev. Laurence Sterne.

There is perhaps no final answer to the questions raised by the cry of theft in literature, human nature being what it is, and literature being what human nature has made of it; and indeed the whole business of living is fairly complicated and obscure, as one comes to think of it. Plagiarism has always been practiced, possibly it always will be practiced; and when it is willful and deliberate and odorous of fraud—when, in brief, it stinks—it is heartily to be condemned. However, each case must be judged on its own merits, if any; it is always possible that there are extenuating circumstances. Only the thief, himself, knows how guilty he is; only the plagiarist how fraudulent his intent. And in his heart the literary burglar or brainpicker—who snitches, it is to be remembered, where he most admires—probably is considerably ashamed of himself.

VINCENT STARRETT

HOW TO CHOOSE A CAMERA

THERE ARE NO RULES, BUT IT DOES NO HARM TO EXERCISE SOME COMMON SENSE

THE old-timers were looking for a camera that could paint. The modern dabbler is looking for a camera that can cook, wash dishes, and develop its own pictures.

No camera can take the place of a mother; and the amateur seeking for an instrument that is all things to all men had better face reality. He is not cut out for the dark room; he needs a dimly-lit room with a couch and an analyst.

It is advisable, before the newcomer invests his own, or somebody else's money in a camera, that he go into the problems of psycho-therapy and vocational guidance. After all, why should anyone want to go around taking pictures?

On the other hand, if he should only skim the problems, as most persons do, he will probably conclude that he is a latent artist, an unrevealed genius, who at last has found a medium for giving the world a new way of looking at things.

Having scanned a few photographic magazines, he has come to the obvious conclusion that a snapshot enlarged ten diameters and cocked at an angle automatically becomes a work of art. It has "impact."

He is now ready to go out and throw his money away.

When this stage is reached, a choice must be made. Several hundred cameras stand in the Pantheon, each advertised as an Aladdin's lamp. Which should he rub?

★ ★ ★

Cameras fall roughly into four classes: miniatures, medium size, news cameras, studio or view cameras. Each has a specific function to perform.

Regardless of all the gadgets and converting devices that are merchandised, no one type camera takes the place of the others. A draft horse plus a bus certainly does not produce a race horse.

It is advisable, of course, to own at least four cameras. But since a good camera involves an investment of from $50 to $250, exclusive of accessories, some choice is generally made.

The tyro must decide whether he wants to take nudes, or children and dogs; whether he wants landscapes and still lifes, or a play by play record of his West Indian cruise; whether he wants to steal shots at the burlesque, or get flash scoops of men jumping out of eighteen-story buildings.

The most fashionable cameras, at present, are the miniatures — particularly the Leica and Contax.

When equipped with the faster lenses — f:2 or f:1.5 — the miniature can take pictures in almost any kind of light. Larger cameras can of course do the same thing— if time is allowed for sufficient exposure. The fast lens miniature, however, permits shutter speeds fast enough to stop average motion. Further, the short focal length of the lens makes it possible to keep sharp detail in a large part of the background.

Even when fast lenses are attached to larger cameras, the longer focal length necessary blurs the background. Sometimes it blurs the features of every person in a group except the one actually focused on.

Pictures made with miniatures are too small to have any value in negative size, and consequently are enlarged. Here is where the Purist's quarrel begins.

The "Purist" argues that 8x10 or 11x14 enlargements from 35 mm. film lose both sharpness of detail and realistic texture. Further, that since enlarging bromide paper has a shorter range of tones than contact-printing chloride paper, the resulting print is chemically handicapped.

On the other hand, it is not written in the script that every hair in the subject's beard must stand out like Cleopatra's needle. Nor is it written that every print must analyze texture. Cézanne is not necessarily the inferior artist because he lacked the cataloging precision of Detaille and Messonier.

The best arguments in favor of the miniature are practicability and low film cost. It can be tucked away in a pocket, fished out at the theatre, in the subway, or in a department store. And at a penny or so a throw, the operator can click away indefinitely.

Many artists and illustrators, of whom Reginald Marsh and "Metropolitan Movie" Wortman are good examples, carry a Leica or Contax in their pockets and snap away at interesting scenes. In this fashion they build up an expanding morgue of subject material.

* * *

Serious amateurs who started in with miniatures are gradually shifting to the medium size cameras like the Rolleiflex, the Zeiss Super Ikontas, and the 2¼ x 3¼ Speed Graphic.

The films put on the market during the last year have jacked up emulsion speed by as much as 400 per cent. This means that a larger camera using a lens one-fourth the speed of the fast Contax lens can be, today, just as fast as the Contax was with the old film.

In other words, the medium-size cameras are now fast enough to work satisfactorily in theatres and other vague-light spots—and at the same time retain the marked advantages of larger negative size.

For amateurs who propose doing their own developing and enlarging, handling a larger negative is like driving a car . . . instead of a motorcycle. Half the old problems vanish—and few new ones crop up.

First, you can blow up to a much greater size without having the silver grains of the emulsion make your subject look like a small-pox victim.

This is vital when you are using only a small section of the original negative. Again, there is the possible victory over "Vitamin K"—dust. On the miniature negative, a blob of dust can enlarge up as big as your subject's ear.

For normal shooting, pictorial work, documentary records, and snapshots, this type of camera is ideal. Contact prints from the negative are large enough for ordinary purposes—enlarging, while always pleasant, is not essential. And film cost is still low enough to permit shooting away until fingers blister. A roll of twelve to sixteen potential pictures costs around thirty cents.

* * *

For press work—and where fast-moving subjects have to be caught under unpredictable conditions—no camera is more flexible or efficient than the Speed Graphic.

The adult negative size puts the "grain" problem to a class with the problem of the number of angels on the head of a pin.

An easily attached range finder provides as rapid and accurate focusing as the Contax or Leica.

A focal plane shutter, in the rear, gives speeds that will stop the fastest motions that are faced in the ordinary events of our life.

A Compur shutter, between the lens elements, synchronizes with a flash gun on all speeds up to 200th of a second. And in the smallest model, synchronization is possible at much greater speeds — a synchronizing switch being part of the focal plane shutter.

These are important factors to be considered when every shot must register a usable picture. Nobody is going to run a race over because the photographer slipped.

The intensity of the new flash bulbs, multiplied by the efficiency of the new press films, make it possible to stop down the lens of the Speed Graphic — in flashlight work—to the point where the field behind the subject will be sharp up to the edge of the light.

Further, the composition can be seen on the ground glass—checking all possibilities of error in arrangement. Plates can be used, cut film, or film pack.

For those who want the acme of print quality—and are willing to sacrifice speed, portability, and economy to get it—there can be nothing but a "view" camera.

Technically, a "view" camera —or "studio" camera— is a throwback to the middle of the last century. It is nothing more than lens, bellows, and plate-holder. And you have to throw a hangman's hood over your head to focus.

Cameras, like public buildings, have not improved with time and technicality. Edward Steichen recently took Daguerre's original camera, inserted a fresh plate, and turned out as fine a portrait as any streamlined, hyper-dynamic instrument could make today.

Accommodating large size plates or film, the view camera eliminates the enlarging problem. Contact prints, on chloride paper—or the now-defunct platinum paper — have a sparkle and tonal range far above prints made by enlargement.

For landscape work, portraiture, and general studio photography, this type of machine is indispensable. Photographers like Stieglitz, or Berenice Abbott, who insist on detail, clarity, and perfect texture, stick to it almost exclusively.

Other workers, like Margaret Bourke-White, whose field is more varied, use everything.

Dr. Arnold Genthe uses a view camera, an English reflex of the Graflex type, and a Kodak Bantam for color film. Anton Bruehl sticks to studio cameras and a Rolleiflex.

The press boys hold on to their

Speed Graphics, although many fill in, in the tight spots, with a Leica or Contax. Sometimes, when open-air action has to be followed closely, they switch to a Graflex.

Still, there are no all-embracing rules. Genthe took one of his best shots with a Brownie. Most amateurs would be better off with no camera at all. —TYCHO BRAHE

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS ON PAGES 37-39

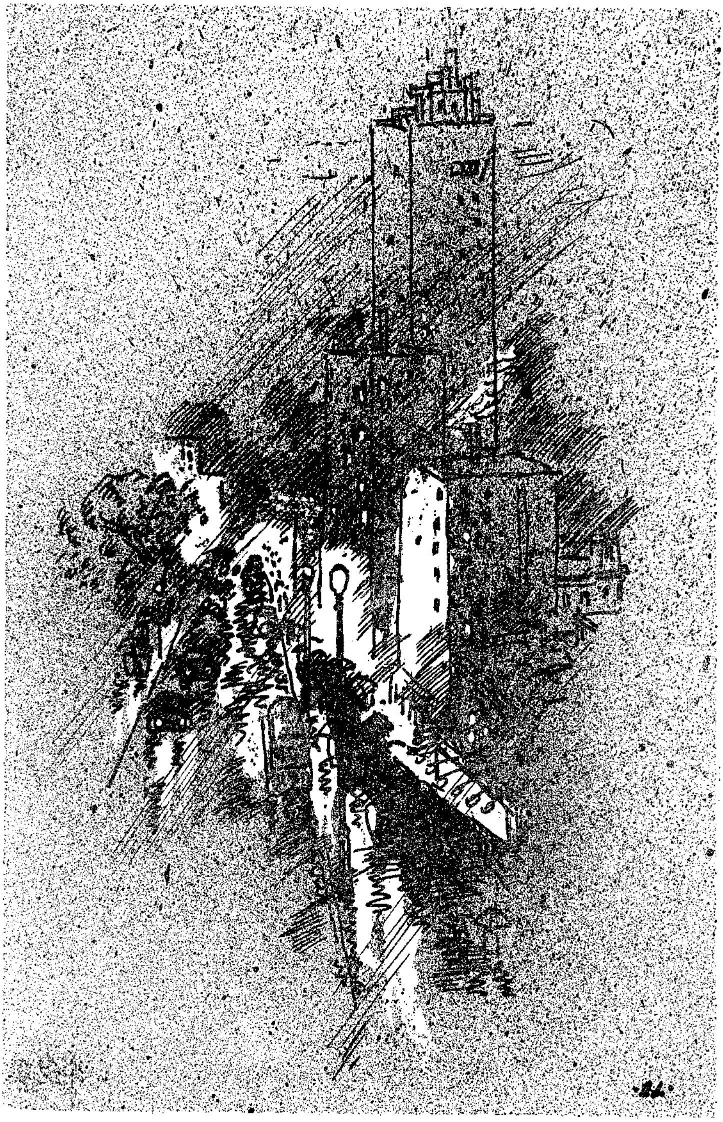
1. Wesleyan. 2. M.F.H. (Master of Fox Hounds); Sus. per coll. (legal Latin for "hanged"); L.S.D. (pounds, shillings, pence); B.P.O.E. (Benevolent & Protective Order of Elks). 3. College men, 21; non-college, 10. 4 Colgate. 5. Amherst, after Lord Jeffrey Amherst. 6. Thomas G. Masaryk of Czechoslovakia. 7. Rutgers-Princeton, in 1869. 8. U. of Lima, Peru; U. of Mexico. 9. Loyola, Lafayette, Columbia. 10. Notre Dame.

11. Chess, bridge. 12. Swimming. 13. Herbert and Mrs. Hoover. 14. Northwestern, Northeastern, or University of the South. 15. Dartmouth, Hamilton. 16. Honorary M.D. 17. Harvard—the Yard. 18. Polo. 19. Lacrosse. 20. Football, cricket, and a form of rounders (baseball).

21. Carlisle Indian School. 22. Indian—Jim Thorpe. 23. Duke, formerly Trinity. 24. University of Virginia. 25. Harvard—two Adamses, two Roosevelts. 26. Phi Beta Kappa, 1776. 27. University of Virginia. 28. Columbia. 29. World War. 30. Union College.

31. (1) Taft, (2) Coolidge, (3) Grant. 32. (1) Mrs. Coolidge, (2) Mrs. Cleveland, (3) Mrs. Hoover. 33. University of Virginia, University of Wisconsin, Columbia. 34. Yale—*Bright College Years*, because music was that of *Die Wacht am Rhein*. 35. University of the Philippines. 36. Hebrew (Aleph Yodh He); English (Order of the Coif). 37. Vanderbilt. 38. Yale's "Brek-ek-ek-kex, co-ax, co-ax" from the Frog Chorus in Aristophanes' comedy. 39. Holders of honorary degrees and undergraduates (cf. Webster: "Alumnus; a pupil"). 40. Murder of Morgan, attributed to the Masons, aroused so much anti-secret feeling Phi Beta Kappa abandoned secrecy, became a purely scholastic fraternity.

41. Lotteries, by Dartmouth, Union, Hamilton and other early colleges to raise endowments. 42. Harvard's *Fair Harvard*, Pennsylvania's *Hail Pennsylvania*. 43. Dartmouth, Princeton, Columbia. 44. Elmira College, chartered 1853. 45. (1) Pennsylvania, (2) University of California, (3) Holy Cross, (4) Notre Dame. 46. Mark Hopkins. 47. Quail—a co-ed; droop—a person undesirable socially; blood—a perfect recitation. 48. William and Mary: Jefferson, Monroe and Tyler. Princeton: Madison and Wilson. 49. Leland Stanford, after Leland Stanford, Jr. 50. Alfred Noyes—*The Bells of Old Nassau*.



CITY AFTER RAIN AT NIGHT

The pavements gleam like mirrors,
and the car-wheels turn
all night with seething sound on wet asphalt,
and paired lamp-eyes are focused
on the street ahead
in a continuous beam that stripes the dark.

The street lamps gleam like candles,
and the trees stand pale,
each lighted twig fringed with the buds of leaves.

There is no rest or darkness
on this midnight street;
the rain we saw and felt but never heard
above the din of man-made
and continuous noise
has stopped, and still the night is loud, and gleams
with rows of light that hold the darkness back.

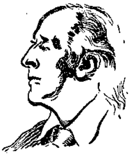
The moon gleams like a discus
that was flung in slow
sure rhythm in an arch through tattered rags
left by the fleeing rain-cloud.

We will also run,
like clouds, where we can see, in country silence,
the disk flung in slow motion
through the tattered sky,
illumining a house where sleep awaits.

—Irma Wassall

A NOTE ON DELIUS

NOT FOR EVERYBODY, HIS MUSIC REQUIRES THE COMPLEMENT OF A DISCRIMINATING EAR



On May 25, 1935, the Associated Press cabled from London: Flickering oil lamps affixed to crosses and other tombs lit an eerie scene for the midnight burial of Frederick Delius, composer, who was brought home from France to be laid in the grave his widow chose in a small, rustic churchyard at Limps Field, Surrey. The only mourner was Eric Fenby, secretary to Delius. A verger held a hurricane lantern, by the light of which the vicar read the words of the Committal Service. The grave, lined with laurel leaves and resting under an oak more than a thousand years old, will be reopened tomorrow for a second Service, attended by Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra, who will play the dead composer's music: *Summer Night on the River* and *On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring*.

* * *

Six years before, in October of 1929, a helpless, bowed, blind figure in an invalid chair was wheeled into the Circle at the Queens Hall. Hysterical, frenzied people stretched their necks to get a glimpse of him. For six days they had listened to his music, seen his head sway with its subtle rhythms, gazed on his pallid, hollow cheeks, his stark, unseeing eyes, and watched him acknowledge the applause by the feeble raising of one hand. At the end of the Festival when he spoke, their tears flowed unashamedly. One newspaper witness likened the scene to that of the deaf Beethoven being turned around to acknowledge the applause for his *Ninth Symphony*.

Thousands outside, unable to gain admittance, crowded the doors and climbed the railings. The police had to make a path so that he could be carried to his hotel across the street. Admirers stood in the way of his chair, endeavored to touch his clothes, to hand him flowers. Never before in the history of London had an English composer been thus acclaimed.

From the beginning, sentinels in the watchtower had acclaimed him. "The greatest composer since Wagner," said Sir Thomas Beecham. "The most gifted English music-maker since Purcell," wrote Lawrence Gilman. "What Wagner was to Weber, Delius is to Debussy," reflected a Continental critic. "I never dreamt," blurted Richard Strauss, "that anybody except myself was writing such good music."

But the public had little chance to know Delius or his music. He went his own way in lonely splendor. Unlike other English musicians, he was not connected with any academies. Nor would he accept any official position. He lived in France nearly five decades, yet he cultivated no one, gave no concerts, played no instrument, conducted no orchestra. To this day his name is a blank among ordinary concert-goers and a curiosity among musicians of the French capital.

Publicity he avoided. On the few occasions when he saw reporters, he pulled their leg, telling them what they wanted to hear: that he was "born of poor but honest parents" . . . and that he had "climbed a good many times over the piles of coal and played in all the nooks and corners of Bradford." As a matter of fact, he did anything but. According to his sister, he was always quite fastidious.

His aptitude for music developed early. After playing stock pieces for company, he would "make up something." He listened wide-eyed to tales told him by a young sailor of the neighborhood and then rushed back to the piano to turn all those adventures into music. "That's a wood hanging on the shore of a coral island . . . that's where the river meets the sea . . . that's a bird!" he would play. "And this is sunset in the tropics . . . this, the dawn!"

His father, somewhat of a domestic Hitler, shortly put a stop to all this. Music he considered a degrading pursuit, unfit for a gentleman and certainly not for his son. He sent young Delius off to barter wool, first in the West of England and then to Chemnitz in Saxony. Here, music proved a great temptation and his father immediately sent for him. Later he went to Scandinavia and France—where he tried Monte Carlo to secure temporary independence from parental tyranny. Finally, he gathered courage and told his father he was going to Florida to become an orange planter.

Why an orange planter? Well, his brother had gone to New Zealand to a sheep farm and he wanted to plant oranges in Florida. Of course he had no intention of planting oranges. He read that they grew of their own accord where the sun was always shining and he decided to let nature do her work while he devoted himself to his.

He arrived in New York in the spring of 1884, en route to Solano Grove, Florida. "It was an old Spanish plantation. All about it were acres and acres of semi-tropical vegetation. The river and the barrier of forests shut him off from the world outside. It was an ideal situation for Fred. He wanted time to dream and think," his sister writes in her biography, and here he had "for the first time in his life, the peace and seclusion in which his musical genius could blossom. There was no distraction; here he could forget everything except his pursuit of an imagined beauty of capturable sound."

He was as far removed from Victorian England as if he had landed in the middle of Africa. Surrounded by bronzed skins, Negro spirituals, and the plangent twang of the banjo, he succumbed to the sensual languor of life about him. For months he saw no white man. Having only a violin and needing a piano, he finally roused himself to make the three days' journey to Jacksonville. He was trying them out in the only music store in that part of the State, when in rushed a visiting organist, Tom Ward of Brooklyn, an accomplished professional, anxious to find out what music he was playing.

"Why—er—it's nothing. Just some tunes I was making," replied Delius.

The two became fast friends and Ward, nine years Delius' senior, went back to the plantation and taught him everything he knew. Not long after, Delius made his way North to Danville, Virginia, where he arrived with less than a dollar in his pocket. He taught in the old Roanoke Female Institute (now a hotel) and performed "with conspicuous success" one movement from the Mendelssohn Violin Concerto at a concert given by the Young Ladies' Baptist College. It is thought now that parts of *Appalachia*, his "Swamp Opus," were written there.

Toward the end of June, 1886, he sailed for Liverpool, bound, with his father's blessing, for Leipzig and its conservatory. For two years he lived music, heard it, played it, wrote it. Brahms and Tchaikovsky conducted their own works, Nikisch and Mahler performed Wagner's music-dramas. But aside from these performances and a friendship with Grieg, Leipzig was, in his own words, "a complete waste of time." His uncle invited him to spend a summer in Paris and from then on, France became for all practical purposes his refuge and his home.

Delius, the man—his ideas on life and art—are best fathomed through his letters. He was an iconoclast, courageous and outspoken with his friends, but not one to waste himself on those who did not understand.

Palestrina he called mathematics. The classics he considered a waste of time. He would not look at Cecil Gray's chapter on Gregorians. He thought Bach "dull," jeered at Beethoven's "banality and fillings," Mozart's "naïveté." He was bored by Debussy and Richard Strauss. New music on the radio he always switched on, but only for a moment. Of Bartok's fourth quartet he said: "I'm sick to death of this labored writing, unnecessary complications, harsh, brutal, uncouth noises." Chopin, Wagner, Grieg, he could stand; but, like Sibelius, he really enjoyed no one's music but his own. In the last years of his life Delius listened over and over to Beecham's recordings.

For great music, one quality alone was needed, and that was emotion. British composers, he said, "when sincere are usually dull, and when they seek to be original, they end up by imitating the latest Continental fashion." He preached hard work and continued his own composing, with the help of his friend, Fenby, even after he was blind and paralyzed. "Concentrate!" was his advice to young composers. "Do not diffuse your energies in too many things." He warned Fenby against marriage; a man should wed his art.

"The essence of music," he said, "is a sense of flow." His own music—if you penetrate through the externals of his language—has that flow. On the surface it appears static . . . at first it leaves you with a blurred, pleasant memory. But as soon as you have sensed its inner tissue and timbre, you hear that it has something quite definite to say.

His is an art of reflection, of contemplation, of intensification. It is impersonal but intimate. Hear, for example, his *Nocturne: Paris*. As Philip Heseltine suggests, it is "not so much the cry of a great city as a corner of his own soul, a chapter of his own memories." The drama is in Delius' reactions to the city, not in his description of a panorama. The emotion is one felt by a spectator rather than by a participant in a drama.

The casual listener finds one of Delius' works like another. The same rhythms, the same harmonies, the same characteristic "washes of color" occur again and again. His music has been likened to ten fabrics in blue. To the unskilled eye, they look alike. But to the discriminating they have tints and shadings and an individual character of their own. If Delius did not attain much variety in his musical idiom, he reflected an astonishing number of its facets. Form, to him, was merely the imparting of spiritual unity to his thoughts: the form was contained in the thought itself. And as intensified feelings are the basis of this music, he is not interested in external structure, in logical "working out," in architectural "building up." He never develops a naked theme into a grand peroration. He concentrates on an intensive exploration of his own inner world rather than on spatial enlargement of that world . . .

Delius is not everybody's composer. His music is not hard to listen to, but forty years ago it was thought barbaric. The members of the town council at Elberfeld, where *Over the Hills and Far Away* was first played, threatened to dismiss the conductor if he performed any such music again. When Alfred Hertz once tried his opera, a soloist sang all the rehearsals with his fingers in his ears.

Even today, there are those for whom the saturation point with Delius is reached quickly. Listeners who try to snatch a sensation from him hastily are doomed to disappointment. He never makes a contrast for effect's sake. He never splashes about with colors to arrest attention. What he has to say is best "recollected in tranquillity."

Since he did not receive his promptings from external phenomena (his is not the kind of music in which it is helpful to listen for the cuckoo), and since he adhered to no school and is not derivative, his compositions require intensive exploration. Fortunately, that can be done readily, as six albums of his records and numerous single discs are available. He may not be for you, but he is worth a hearing. Like Keats, he "loads every rift with ore," is possessed by nostalgia for a beauty that is fast vanishing from the earth, and often sings "the still, sad music of humanity."

—CARLETON SMITH

WHEN YOU GET UP TO TALK

SOONER OR LATER YOU WILL BE ROPED INTO MAKING A SPEECH: A FEW WORDS BEFOREHAND

EVEN those of us who are most cagey about maintaining our status of innocent bystanders sometimes find ourselves in a situation where it is not easy to wriggle out of having to make a public speech. It may be on the radio, at a reunion, or only at a committee meeting. But sooner or later there is danger of having to express ourselves before a group; and unless we have at least a rough idea of how the trick is done we're in for an experience not less painful than that of our listeners.

Right at the start we can make up our minds that no matter how interesting a tale we have to tell it will distress everyone compelled to listen unless we can talk without fuzz on our words: "I-uh-wish to talk-uh-this evening-about-mm-the-er-uh-nebular-uh-hypothesis."

Anyone in the slightest danger of interpolating those little grunting pauses between words should resort to whatever drastic means are necessary, short of arson or murder, to stay off any speaking program. Statistics show—surely they *must* show—that more worthy causes have been lost because of that kind of speeches, and more listeners driven to drink, than by any other form of declamatory annoyance.

Yet this fault of fuzzy talk can easily be corrected. When it persists it is because a speaker does it unconsciously. Richard Borden, for several years head of the department of public speaking at New York University, used to have little groups of students talk, one at a time, extemporaneously, on some easy topic while the others kept score on the number of times he said "uh" or made other needless sounds. After three or four one-hour sessions of that sort the habit in most of the students was broken. It isn't necessary, though, to work in a group to overcome the habit. Anyone can practice in the privacy of his own room and note when he utters a sound that is neither a word nor a syllable.

Talking distinctly, however, and sticking to words, may still leave a person with an annoying manner of speaking. He may talk too rapidly, too slowly, or with too much monotony. Tests and studies have shown that an average of 150 words a minute is about right if a speaker would please his audience. Listeners don't like to be under a strain trying to keep up with the speaker, nor do they care to be wearied by thinking of the next word before he does. But even though a speaker averages 150 words a minute, it isn't desirable that he should stick to that rate on every sentence. Unless he slows down and speeds up now and then for special emphasis, members of his audience become bored by the deadly regularity—and begin to examine their hangnails. Moreover, a speaker, like a singer, must run up and down the scale a little, and the tune must have variety. Listening to invariable repetition of the same pattern, whether in a speech or music, is tiring.

Even if all these requirements are met, a speaker's delivery may be annoying if the whole thing seems artificial. His talk must be conversational—in a little louder voice, perhaps, to fill the auditorium, but as natural as if he were talking to only one or two persons. Failure to do this is what makes the average radio announcer so irritating, so poisonous. Every listener knows the fellow's throaty tones are artificial, much worse than he would use in conversation. He is trying to "put on"; he seems to fancy those gagging, pompous tones. When you listen to a radio announcer, ask yourself what would happen to the poor devil if he used that same kind of utterance in a cigar store, when buying groceries, or in chatting with neighbors. How long would he escape being a victim of homicide?

Another prime necessity is that your tone and whole manner carry conviction of sincerity. You can't hold interest if your audience thinks you don't believe what you're saying.

The reason Mr. Roosevelt has been so effective on the radio is that he makes none of the mistakes we have mentioned. He talks at about the right average speed, but with variety, and with naturalness. You have the feeling that his delivery would be the same if he were talking only to *you* in a sitting-room.

No matter how good your voice

and delivery, however, the important thing is what you have to say. Your audience, whether large or small, is prejudiced against having to sit through *any* speech. They have often heard other speakers and been bored by them and probably fear the worst. The speaker who starts out with "I am not a speechmaker and did not come prepared to make a speech, but it is a -uh-great pleasure to be here," and then rambles on in that vein for the first few minutes, confirms the audience's prejudices and he is sure to have a tough time getting their interest no matter what startling thing he finally has to tell. They continue to ask themselves, "Who let this fellow in?"

The time to catch a listener's attention is right away. I recall hearing an experienced speaker one evening toward the end of a long program at a dinner meeting of a bankers' association. The bankers, a fairly dull lot to begin with, had eaten much food, preceded by cocktails, and were ready to call it a day. But the speaker knew his business. He looked sternly at the audience, waited long enough before saying a word to have everyone wondering why he didn't start, and then remarked: "This is the largest number of bankers I've seen in one place since I was a visitor at the Atlanta penitentiary."

From then on they listened. They were indignant, but if the man should make another insulting remark they didn't want to miss it. He ended up by giving them to understand that they were probably not a bad lot and sent them away in good humor.

Even when a speaker gets off to a good start, he can't hold his crowd unless he gives them enough surprises and enough sops to their curiosity to keep them on their toes. I heard a speaker say to a group: "I'm not going to try to tell you anything new, because I know you'd rather hear about something you already know." That seemed a bit surprising and the listeners were incredulous. They thought to themselves: Why listen to what we already know? What do you mean, we'd rather hear about that than something new? For instance?

The speaker continued: "Many of you went to the baseball game yesterday and bought baseball extras on the way home. Wasn't the first thing you read in the paper an account of the very game you had just seen and knew all about, rather than about some other game?"

Without a concrete example of

what he is saying, a speaker cannot hold his crowd. In this respect the street-corner, soap-box orators are by no means the worst speakers. They cite plenty of examples out of the day's news or recent events.

But a crowd can still lose interest if the speaker doesn't show a good reason why his subject concerns *them*. They'll be thinking: What you say is probably true, but what of it?

The experienced speaker, talking about the cruelties of Franco in Spain, is likely to get in something like this: "You think Spain is a long way off—but the situation in Spain influences South America and that brings it a little nearer home. Would you feel safer to have pals of Hitler and Mussolini setting the styles for governments in this hemisphere?"

Still the listeners may become wearied by hearing of events they can do nothing about. I heard a speaker talking about corruption in the city government. Many in the audience were thinking: So what? The speaker knew they would think that and ended up by asking:

"Have you noticed that the local papers support this corrupt administration? If you and every subscriber wrote to the editor and complained, do you suppose that they would continue to think that their policy is a popular one?"

There was something concrete and definite for the audience to think over. If anyone asked them later what the speech was about, they could hardly reply: "He didn't say."

One trouble with many speeches is that the audience is not quite sure who the speaker is—and the fault is with the man who introduced him. An inexperienced chairman says:

"And now I take great pleasure in presenting"—this in a loud enough voice—then, turning away from the audience toward the speaker, and in a much lower tone: "Mr. Lemuel P. Fudge." Maybe the audience get the name and maybe they don't.

No one in making a speech needs to worry about feeling a touch of nervousness or stage fright over facing a crowd. I once asked William Jennings Bryan, who had made more public addresses than any man living, how long he had been making speeches before he became immune to stage fright.

"I *never have* got over it," he replied. "Never yet have I made a speech that I didn't think during the first two or three minutes—'this is the time I can't do it.' A little nervousness is often a good stimulant." —FRED C. KELLY

BOOSTER, EARLY AMERICAN

GEORGE CROGHAN DEALT IN REAL ESTATE WHEN ALL OF AMERICA WAS AN EMPTY LOT

THERE may be a "judgment of history," but history itself exercises no judgment. Circumstances dictate what shall go down in the records and it is left for posterity to filter and rectify and achieve some approach to the truth of the past. Legends and sensations make the deepest impress on the contemporary mind; quiet achievements have to be pointed up or remain forever lost. Thus history has always had its unknown soldiers—and that not only on the battlefield—forgotten men whose deeds are worthy of song but are, nevertheless, not sung.

George Croghan, eighteenth century fur-trader, Indian agent, diplomatist and land speculator, one of the earliest to see the value of the region across the Appalachian Mountains, is such a forgotten character. No portrait of him is known. The exact date and place of his birth are not established. Even allegedly comprehensive encyclopedias pass him over, substituting for the man who helped win the new west Colonel George Croghan, who fought in the War of 1812 but was no relation to the frontiersman.

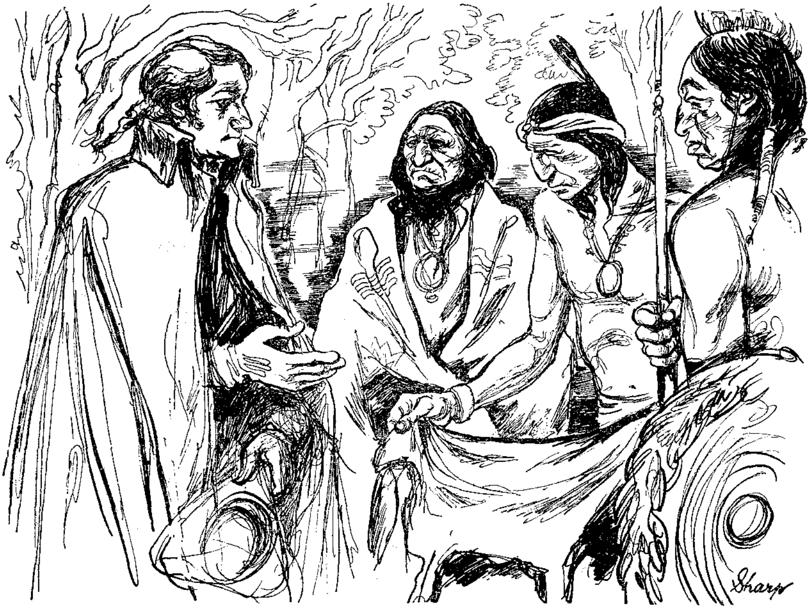
Our George Croghan, as important to the growth of this country as Daniel Boone, George Rogers Clark or John Sevier, was born about the year 1718 and was apparently raised in Dublin, Ireland where he received only a meager education. He came to the British Colonies in America about the year 1741 when he was in his early twenties and somehow immediately penetrated to the Pennsylvania frontier. With probably a slender capital he became an Indian trader, bartering a miscellany of goods such as needles, thread, cloth, blankets, lead, powder and baubles for the Indians' peltries and furs.

He must have been an enterprising and industrious worker as well as a man of considerable courage, for the business in which he engaged, since it brought him into contact with hostile as well as friendly Indians, and into competition with the French who at this time still held Canada and the Great Lakes region, was not without perilous hazards. He early believed in the future of the "west" —that term referring to any and all of the lands beyond the mountains—and was soon purchasing land in the lower Condogwinet Valley, not far from the present site of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

In five years Croghan became one of the most successful traders in Pennsylvania. His packhorse trains, carrying goods for the Indians and bringing back the valuable skins and furs, were constantly crossing the mountains. To facilitate his business, Croghan established smaller trading-houses on the main trails. By 1747 he was not only known as a trader to the Indians on Lake Erie but the French complained bitterly that this audacious fellow was carrying on his barter almost within gunshot of Fort Miami and had even dared to trade under their very noses at Detroit.

What hurt the French, of course, was the fact that here for the first time was a British trader shrewd enough to draw away from them their Indian allies by offering the redmen better terms for their furs. Hitherto the traders in general had been a rascally lot; the British traders, in particular, conducted a cold business with the Indians, failing signally to win their friendship. Croghan, however, seemed to feel warmly toward the savages, made friends with many of their chiefs, learned the Delaware and Iroquois languages, and above all never conducted himself as a superior, but as one who considered the redmen on equal terms with himself. To the Indians, accustomed as they were to the aloofness of the British trader, Croghan must have come as a welcome surprise. No wonder Croghan's influence with them extended over the period of the next thirty years.

Once across the mountains, Croghan ventured deep into the wilderness, often with other backwoodsmen, occasionally by himself. He made friends with new tribes. He scouted new trading routes. He went down the Ohio as far as what is today West Virginia. He was in the Kentucky region long before Daniel Boone set eyes upon this land. As far as the Wabash River, Croghan pushed forward, no doubt one of the first Americans to penetrate that far, about five hundred miles west of the westernmost settlements of



Pennsylvania, then an outpost.

He sought trade and what trade he got was, naturally, thus diverted from the French, who by discovery and exploration were the masters of the region. It may be said that Croghan's penetration was without a doubt one of the chief causes for the beginning of the last struggle between the French and the British in America, one destined to end with the French removed from Canada and the British masters of the eastern half of the continent. Croghan may even have had considerable to do with the Indian plot of 1747, in which the tribes planned to drive out the French, much as Chief Pontiac sixteen years later attempted to drive out the British. Later the French offered a thousand dollars for Croghan's scalp but no Indian tried to lift it.

Other traders, as well as the merchants of Philadelphia and London, profited from the exploitation of the new fur-trading routes which Croghan discovered. Many Philadelphia merchants invested with him, for the returns from his ventures were unusually high, although the risks, and often the losses, were large. It was the success of these Pennsylvanians that inspired the Virginians to organize the Ohio Company to get a share of the wealth of the west.

Croghan also became deeply interested in land speculation and in western colonizing projects, but it was more than self-interest that made him the first great booster for the trans-Allegheny regions. As early as 1748 he had William Franklin with him on a trip into the wilderness and it was doubtless William's experiences that influenced both him and Benjamin Franklin, his father, to an interest in the new west, then unknown to the people of the seaboard. Christopher Gist, agent of the Ohio Company, also accompanied Croghan on one of these trips. It was Gist whom George Washington accompanied on his surveying trip into the upper Ohio valley. Later Franklin and Washington, too, became heavily interested in western land speculation.

Directly and indirectly Croghan influenced the men who a generation later would be shaping the destiny of the American colonies.

* * *

Croghan's success over a period of years meant profits to himself, too, for Croghan associated in business deals with the largest Quaker and Jewish trading houses of Philadelphia and, together with his land speculations, must have accumulated a sizable fortune for those days. In 1766 he went down the Ohio all the way to the Mississippi on an important journey. He continued down the Mississippi and, following the coast from New Orleans to get back to the Atlantic, arrived in New York early the next year.

After 1767 Croghan became more and more involved in land speculations. He had the land fever and bought tracts wherever he could. Through his influence the Indians were persuaded to sell large acreages. With every penetration by settlers there was new friction with the Indians and Croghan had to proceed to iron out the difficulties. His hunger for land and his desire to see the west developed were in sharp conflict with his attempt to deal fairly with his Indian friends.

Then the royal dissatisfaction with the colonies led to the abandonment of those forts, Detroit, Niagare, Michilimackinac and the others, which had been won with such difficulty. The empire had failed in its attempt to tax the colonies; let the colonies defend themselves against the Indians. But this shortsightedness was to teach the colonies to get along without the supervision and protection of the mother country.

Throughout New York and Pennsylvania, Croghan bought and sold thousands of acres of land. To secure large grants, he entered into association with others. At one time he owned 250,000 acres in the Cherry Valley region in New York. He helped organize such land firms as the Illinois Company and the Indiana Company and associated with the Grand Ohio Company. Benjamin Franklin and Sir William Johnson were both interested in his land ventures. Washington was also interested in numerous land purchases and indeed became one of Croghan's rivals to many land grants.

Croghan became absorbed in the establishment of the colony of Vandalia, west of Virginia and south of the Ohio River. So convinced was he of the future of Vandalia that he mortgaged and sold other tracts to raise capital for this project. Then the Vandalia scheme collapsed and Croghan saw his dream castles vanish, one after another. The choicest of his lands were sold to pay the mortgages and other debts.

Lord Dunmore's War brought Croghan back as a negotiator and peacemaker, but his fortunes were not improved in those years. In the bitter border dispute between Pennsylvania and Virginia in the early years of the Revolutionary War, Croghan sided with Virginia and that colony would have backed many of his claims; but new leaders rose and Croghan lost out again.

He took little part in the revolt against the Crown, although his sympathies were clearly with the colonies. Many of his friends and relations remained loyal to the king and again it was Croghan's fate to be suspect. His lands gone, his loyalties questioned, Croghan left the west and after 1778 lived in Lancaster in great poverty, depending on old friends for food and clothing. He died in 1782 in Philadelphia, leaving an estate knotted with mortgages and debts. Then, to complete the amazing record, he was buried no one knows where, for apparently no stone or tablet was left to mark the place. The development of the west was being promoted energetically by settlers and more successful land speculators. But George Croghan, whose courage, vision and faith had been instrumental in opening the trans-Allegheny lands, was forgotten.

—Philip Paul Daniels

CRAWSHAY'S ELEPHANT

CHANCE MAKES A TALL STORY MUCH TALLER, TO THE EMBARRASSMENT OF THE CLUB BORE

"CRAWSHAY's back," said Harrington, coming one evening into the lounge of the British Club at Bangkok. "I expect he'll be along here presently."

There were about a dozen men in the room, and this news was met with several dry but good-humored comments.

"Seen him?" asked someone.

"Not to speak to."

"Only to listen to, eh?" observed a barrister, sliding his horn-rimmed glasses down his nose and peering over them. Whereat there was laughter, because the remark was such a neat snapshot of Crawshay.

He was a talker. Had he been able to ride his imagination without spurs, he would have done better as a fictionist than a railway engineer, which — though none, and Crawshay least of all, knew why—he had chosen as his profession.

When Crawshay had been up-country he would return with the most remarkable tales of his exploits, and since these, for their effect, depended usually on some superhuman prowess with a rifle or a revolver, they were therefore the more amusing to his listeners, who knew very well that Crawshay was incapable (except by mischance) of dropping a cow at ten paces.

Towards six o'clock Crawshay turned up at the club, after his three months' absence from Bangkok, and was cheerily greeted. The very English representative of the Sumatra Company drawled: "Good old Crawshay!"—a particularly inapt remark, because Crawshay was just under forty and neither intellectually nor morally good. He was just average, like a military member of a Piccadilly club.

After the ebb and flow of his reception had subsided, Crawshay said it was good to be back, and took up his favorite position on a window sill, one leg lying along the ledge and the other stretched out to rest with the edge of the heel on the floor.

"Where've you been, Cray?" asked a Bombay-Burmah man, using the nickname by which Crawshay was generally known.

"Ban Mai," replied Crawshay, sipping his two fingers of whisky and one of water.

The barrister peered over his glasses. "What've you shot *this* time?" he queried.

This provoked laughter, and such suggestions as were unbecoming to Crawshay's dignity. At length the Sumatra Company's representative drawled: "Old Cray's probably going to tell us he's bagged an elephant."

This, and the drawl, annoyed Crawshay. "So I have," he said curtly, and drained his glass.

There was a general exchange of winks, followed by the restless solemnity of subdued mirth.

"What, a white one?" asked Harrington.

"Not any whiter than you, Harrington," replied Crawshay, and that stung Harrington, because the sun was not wholly responsible for the tan on his skin. Crawshay continued: "I've got the tusks at home. A hundred and seventy-eight pounds the pair. You'll all want to see them, of course. Distrustful devils, most of you. Anyway, I'll tell you about it."

He paused to order drinks all round; a cunning habit, because it put everyone under an obligation to listen to him. By the time they had been brought, he was well into his story.

" . . . Out there by myself," he said, filling a pipe. "Must have been three miles from Ban Mai. I had only my revolver. Most of you know the sort of country. Foothills. Scrub. Bamboo forest. Pretty isolated. I was in the bush, stalkin'. Then I found I'd got into the forest, without noticin' it." He paused to pull at his pipe. "So I started to go back. Suddenly, quite near, there was a mighty crashin' noise and the hell of a trumpetin'. There was I, with only a revolver. Some damned elephant had got my wind."

"Still," remarked the barrister, polishing his glasses, "you seem to have got it back all right."

More laughter. Crawshay impatiently rattled the stem of his pipe between his teeth. "Well, I knew it was no use runnin'. I turned, and saw it smashin' towards me. I realized at once that it was a rogue. Could tell by the way it was trumpetin'."

"How was it trumpetin'?" asked Bartlett.

"You'd know," retorted Crawshay irritably, "if you'd been up-country sometimes instead of always lickin' stamps in the Communications. Well, as I was sayin', I had no chance to get away. The brute charged. I dodged behind a small tree. Managed to shin up to the top before it came back. I was out of reach there, but the brute got hold of the lower branches with his trunk. Then it just bent the tree down—devilish clever animals, you know—bent the tree down, let go, and ran to where it thought I would drop. You see, I was flicked away like a stone in a catapult, and . . . what's that, Harper?"

"Oh, nothing. I was just saying that I knew a man who had a similar experience. Only before the elephant let go, it winked at him. Wonderful things, elephants. Go on, Cray."

"Thanks," said Crawshay, "if I may." He gave an order to a passing boy. "Well, luckily I landed in the branches of another tree. Was able to cling on. The brute altered its tactics. It charged the tree. Was goin' to uproot it. I was pretty desperate. The first charge nearly shook me down. I heard all the roots crack. The tree went over at an angle of about sixty degrees. Thought I was finished."

"And did you live to tell the tale?" solemnly asked the barrister.

"If you'd been treed by a rogue elephant, Stevens, you'd realize it's no joke." Crawshay turned to Blayne, the doctor. "You know what it's like, Blayne. You told me you once got put up a tree by an elephant at Sawan."

"Ah, yes," said Blayne, "but that was different. I had my hypodermic syringe with me, and injected the brute with morphine as it rushed past. It was asleep in two minutes."

This aroused considerable merriment. At last someone said: "Go on, Cray." Then it was found that Crawshay, quite undaunted, had been continuing his tale to those nearest him.

" . . . so I took careful aim as it charged for the third time, and by good luck rather than good judgment . . ."

"No, no," protested Bartlett.

"Yes, it was good luck," said Crawshay seriously. "With successive shots I plugged it through both eyes."

There was a dead silence.

"What, with a revolver?" asked Bartlett.

"Yes," said Crawshay proudly.

"Oh, that's nothing," was the rejoinder. "I thought you said something about a catapult."

"I don't care a damn if you think it's funny or not," exclaimed Crawshay heatedly. "You talk as if I'd done the impossible. I've got the tusks—anyone can see 'em."

Well, no one believed for a moment that Crawshay had really bagged an elephant, but when in due course members of the club visited him, and were actually shown the tusks, they became less skeptical.

Someone suggested that Crawshay had bought them, but this was most unlikely. A man such as he would never have spent money to lend conviction to a story when, without the expenditure of a penny, he could have made up a much more remarkable tale.

So it was generally conceded that Crawshay had indeed shot an elephant, but not in the almost impossible way he had related. Later, however, it was learnt from the most reliable sources of information that Crawshay had taken only a revolver with him on this particular trip, so it certainly did seem that he had pulled off a chance in ten thousand.

"Of course," said Bartlett one day, "you know there's a pretty stiff fine in this country for potting an elephant, Cray. So you'd better not tell it to the authorities."

But the story of his exploit eventually reached official ears. The Government caused inquiries to be made, and as a result there came a report stating that the carcass of an elephant had been found about three miles from Ban Mai, just inside the bamboo forest.

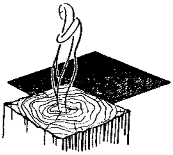
Certainly the elephant in each case was the same elephant and certainly its tusks were those which Crawshay had so proudly displayed. Some time later, however, Bartlett was discussing the affair with one of the authorities who had examined the elephant and asked naturally if the beast had been shot through the eyes.

The reply was that there were indeed bullet holes dead through each eye just as there were bullet holes peppered over the whole front of the elephant, and further, the local official who had dropped by during the examination told the committee about some blasted idiot a few weeks before putting shots through both living room windows in his place a quarter-mile away.

The only portion of the front end of that elephant, it came out, which had been completely spared by the revolver was the lower half of the left leg. That had been underground, securely wedged in an old trap. —Anthony Gittins

FOREST SPIRITS

IT WAS CHARLES HAAG'S AIM TO EXPRESS THE SPIRIT OF THE MEDIUM IN WHICH HE WORKED



"A RED bearded, blue-eyed bit of animated rotundity, laughing yet serious-minded from behind a child-like shyness"—that was Charles Haag, the transplanted Swedish sculptor.

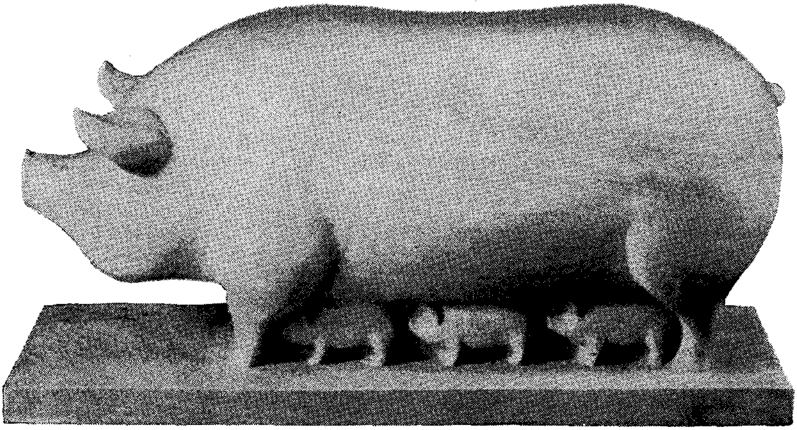
Toil and industry were his birthright. He was born of humble stock December 16, 1867 in Norrkoping, Sweden. With the death of his mother when he was but seven, he forsook childhood's games for the stark drudgery of labor at the workbench in a large factory.

Apprenticeship to a potter at the age of fifteen gave him his first chance for self-expression. Studying pottery and the allied trades, his talents, heretofore latent, began to assert themselves. The first crude effort was a head of his master, modeled in clay during unobserved moments.

There followed in quick succession a term in night school studying modeling, a year in Paris, and several months in Switzerland, where he found a friend and sponsor. Back in Paris, center of the art world and golden vision to most aspiring young artists, Haag attained the maturity which was to flavor his works thereafter. The next stage in the transplanting of Charles Haag was America—or rather Greenwich Village. In the Village but not of it, he scorned the studied affectations of Bohemianism, eschewing the company of self-conscious, smocked neophytes and the pseudo-artists, of whom there were droves in the Village. Sincere and hardworking, he was independent and sometimes lonely.

But he loved America—this new country which seemed to suggest an unpolished, savage child, just entering an ungainly, brawling adolescence.

Charles Haag the man was a totally different person from Haag the artist. Egotistical, selfish at times, whimsical to the point of distraction, his friends were often



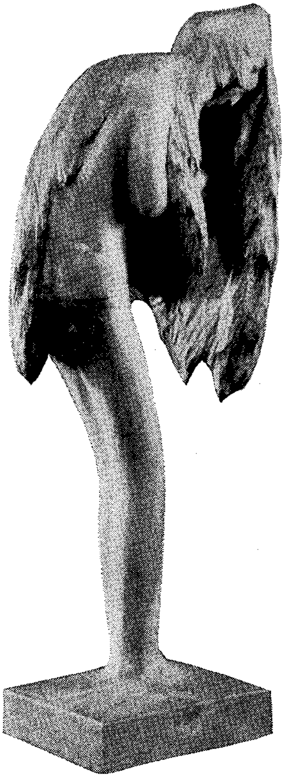
RURAL FERTILITY

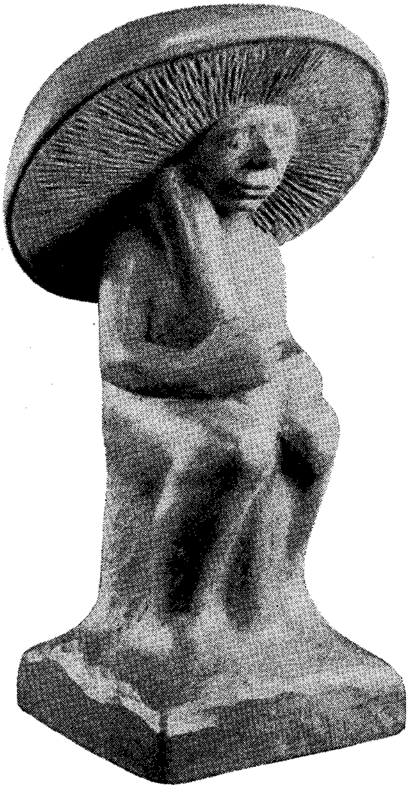
hard put to humor him. Exhibition managers threw up their hands when it came to dealing with him. He had practically no business ability and could, upon occasion, be stubborn to a remarkable degree. He was jealously proud of his creations and always feared someone would steal his art if it were put on public exhibition. Never would he consent to the sale of a single piece of his work, unless it was a case of real necessity; and then it was his wife, Sofia, who attended to the actual transaction.

Not content with the East, he traveled to the Middle West. In Winnetka, Illinois, on the wooded shores of Lake Michigan, he built his home, and settled to his work.

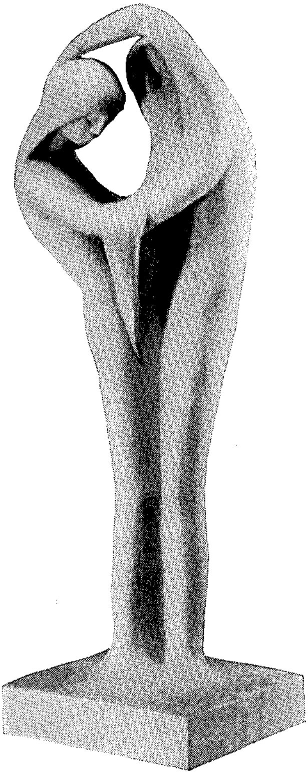
Soon discovering his best medium to be wood, he hit upon the idea of attempting to express the true spirits of the woods with which he worked. Thus was born the collection of figure carvings that he called "The Spirits of the Forests." Haag loved the natural woods of this country, and as his eyes sought out the beauty hidden beneath the bark, he felt that he must perpetuate their spirit. The representative figures seem literally to grow out of the wood itself, following the grain in their twisted contours. Some critics feel that he did not attain his aim, in a full sense, since the figures are not, anatomically, in correct or true proportion. Stressing spirit rather than physical and facial detail has resulted in grotesquerie. The Spirits of the Forests are symbols of the trees. They suggest the saga cf the forest and the battle of nature.

Nature's deathlessness intrigued Haag as he observed the transition from winter to spring. In *Winter Sleep*, the lithe Figure of Spring, a young girl, slumbers gently, leaning against grizzled Winter for support and shelter. Winter's beard flows over her arms like a blanket, and one patriarchial hand covers her tresses, as the snow shelters dormant flowers soon to bloom.


WEEPING WILLOW


THE MUSHROOM

Slender as a young goddess stands the *Weeping Willow*. Drooping feathery branches sweep down from the head, rippling over sat-



WINTER SLEEP

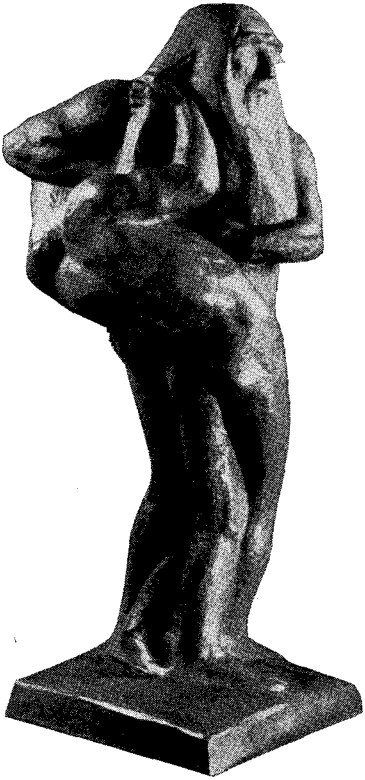
iny shoulders and arms, simulating the patron tree of sorrow beside a placid stream.

The age-old struggle for survival is vividly portrayed by the bold slashes of Haag's knife in his *Nature Struggle*, as two figures wrestle for the right to exist. *The Mushroom* finds its reincarnation as a lively, impish rogue, crouched beneath the protecting umbrella-like fungus.

Surrounded by his creations, each containing an integral part of himself, Haag died September 19, 1933.

The world lost one of its most whimsical and, at the same time, most penetrating contributors.

—Ben Earle Fillis



NATURE STRUGGLE

THE FIRST LABOR REVOLT

THERE WAS A MOMENT IN ENGLAND CENTURIES AGO WHEN A LABORER COMMANDED THE KING

AN ARMY of rustics in rags stood solemnly in the red glow of the setting sun. The stone walls of London Tower were on the other river bank. One-half the draw was already conquered but the high chains of London Bridge held up the other half. The Thames, a liquid thread, flowed between.

"Lower, lower, lower!" they cried.

They sang out these words repeatedly, a whole chorus of Kentish voices. But the guards cried: "No!"

Bare-headed these men of the soil with a few wretched apron-men among them cried out again and again: "Lower, lower, lower!"

A mile across, along the battlements of the dark Tower in the evening light walked the fourteen-year-old king, Richard, and as his head turned and swayed the glint of the gold of his heavily hammered crown caught the light of the setting sun.

The protest of a few had grown to the indignation of many. What began as a gathering was soon a crowd—a crowd that took on the temper of a rustic band. The band quickly grew to an army with cudgels and heavy fists and coarse throats. These barefooted, disheveled sons of toil, several thousand strong, marched from Brentwood in Essex to Wartford and then to Rochester where the nobles abandoned the castle and fled into the forest. Wat Tyler, the bold laborer with hairy arms, now became their leader and all Kent joined with this rustic band.

Soon Canterbury with its old Gothic towers pointing skyward fell before this soil-plowing army. The palace of the chancellor was sacked and ruined. More nobles fled to the forest and no good English Robin Hood came forward to save them.

At Blackheath they burnt the prison, drove the Archbishop from his palace at Lambeth, and absorbed the great crowd that had come forward from Essex to meet them. They marched. Wat Tyler led them to London.

And now they stood on the Bridge with the flowing open Thames between them.

"Lower, lower, lower!"

But ten thousand voices could not melt the chains of London Bridge. The red sun set and darkness softened the cry until it sounded as an echo, a mummer's chant.

During the night thousands of London apprentices, laborers and artisans came down to the opposite river edge and stood by the open bridge. They heard the simple words and soon they replied by taking up this monotonous chant. In the misty morning dawn the chains could no longer hold up the great timbered planks of the bridge. Slowly the draw lowered, no captain of the guard was to be seen and the soldiers themselves, common privates, turned the windlass. Down, down, down and the sun crept higher in the sky of a new day.

Those from the soil now moved across the bridge and joined the city laborers. In a spirited march they set fire to the palace of Savoy and rammed open the iron gates of the prisons of Newgate and Fleet; prisoners swelled the ranks.

Now was the nation of labor assembled, and the assembly moved as a wave that swept all before it. A nation with a clear voice of protest, bold, a nation without gloved nobles, they stood only in coarse, hooded smocks.

The young King Richard with the firm conviction and vanity that he could never be deposed and that all creatures must bend a humble knee before his regal splendor, this young dandy rode out boldly to meet the laborer Wat Tyler at the city wall.

Tyler was there with his commoners, rebels bold and hungry, serfs tied by feudal law, some armed with scythes, forks and with nature's mace, the knotted club; they stood erect, a human wall and no knee bent. Too long had they bowed to lords and squires. Their backs had bent to the plow, in reaping and in threshing, and now . . .

"The King! The King! Let him pass. We will meet him as man to man, fairly and squarely."

The youthful Richard carried his crown in his arm. That golden ornament with its great spikes each holding its metal rose, was too heavy to remain on his brow while riding his charger.

Two knights in chain-armor followed behind and on a green lawn before the whole multitude they dismounted. Richard was for placing the crown on his brow as he walked forward but, according to one record of this troubled time, the bold Wat Tyler called to him: "Hold, my lad!" Thus he prevented him from placing the crown of authority on his head.

Tyler speaks words ordinary and plain. These cannot be replied to in French or Latin. Clear are the demands. Serfdom to end and all feudal services also. Man's right to labor and trade for all. Also pardon for all rebels now encamped before London. All simple.

Yes, the King is the friend of his people, their protector. He says so himself. He will do everything for them. The demands will be written out by the proper scribes and the parchment signed.

That night Tyler and his honest rustics sang their songs as they roasted their meat over the fires that cast flickering lights up against the walls of London. Great joy was in the air. But dark shadows moved behind the walls.

History, that poppycock parade of bad conscience before a bar of justice, records that during the interval between Richard's meeting with Tyler and his second interview, people of property and those who held law and order close to their hearts organized themselves, and with the courage of St. George went forward to meet the many-headed unwashed dragon. But this is probably far from the truth, for the interval did not give time for such organized display. Those high courtyard aristocrats had gone suddenly into hiding and had little time to put their heads together.

In the morning, Richard rode out to Smithfield with the scribes who carried the parchments, with men who carried tables and benches and a personal bodyguard of gloved archers. These archers were dark and powerful.

When the tables were set down some distance from the lines of serfs, the young, gallant king dismounted and then, to draw Tyler apart from his fellows, he offered him his open hand. This was the hand of peace and good-will. A king and his subject joined in a clasp of Biblical brotherhood. The scribes unrolled their parchments and all was made ready, but at a secret signal the archers bent their bows and sent their arrows into the breast of the rebel leader, Wat Tyler. Richard mounted his horse and rode off, followed by his men.

So suddenly, so quickly, so underhand and so unforeseen did all happen that the masses stood astonished and not one offered resistance to the fleeing King and treacherous archers. There were shouts and calls, confusion, demands, threats, but no leader rose up to move the people to protest.

By trick upon trick the parley was extended. Soft words were added to more promises. Soon the armed forces were made stronger and the human sheep in their coarse, hooded smocks were herded together in a meadow. Armed forces surrounded them. And soon, very soon, came the end. Red blood covered green grass about London in that far-away year of 1381. —MANUEL KOMROFF

ANSWERS TO TASTE-TEST ON PAGES 90-96

1. B is the better chair for the purpose. Its design more closely approximates the design of the desk. And from the point of view of comfort, this leather-upholstered chair is preferable for desk work.

2. The chairs in A are better. The flat chair in front of the dressing table allows more freedom in the arduous business of *poudré*. The armchair in A is also more practical because its seat is closer to the floor, alleviating the task of putting on shoes. Note, too, that from an upholsterer's point of view, the chairs in A are in closer harmony than those in B.

3. A is preferable. Comfort is more important than appearance in a conversational group. Although the chairs in B match the upholstery of the sofa, they are too much the "incidental" type—intended more for decorative than for conversational purposes.

4. Partially because the chairs in this group may be used for desk purposes, those in A are more suitable. But the triumph is not only one of efficiency. The chairs in A are easier on the eye alongside such a large piece of furniture and harmonize with it less ostentatiously.

5. The arch in the entrance is the clue here. Notice how the bouncing curves of the sofa in A imitate the lines of that arch—and make for better harmony all through the grouping.

6. Note how the very similarity of the chairs in A makes the fireplace seem more comfortable and inviting. There seems to be less warmth in B, more confusion of line. The dissimilar chairs in B, since they are made of the same fabric, look as though their owner had tried to purchase two identical chairs and couldn't quite succeed.

GODS OF THE STICK

A CLOSE-UP IN PHOTOGRAPHS AND TEXT, OF SOME OF OUR OUTSTANDING WIELDERS OF THE BATON

THE conductor as we know him is a comparatively recent innovation. A century ago he did not exist. In Haydn's and Mozart's time, in the heyday of classical music, whatever direction was needed was supplied by the harpsichordist, later by the first violinist. Music-making, then, was more casual than it is now.

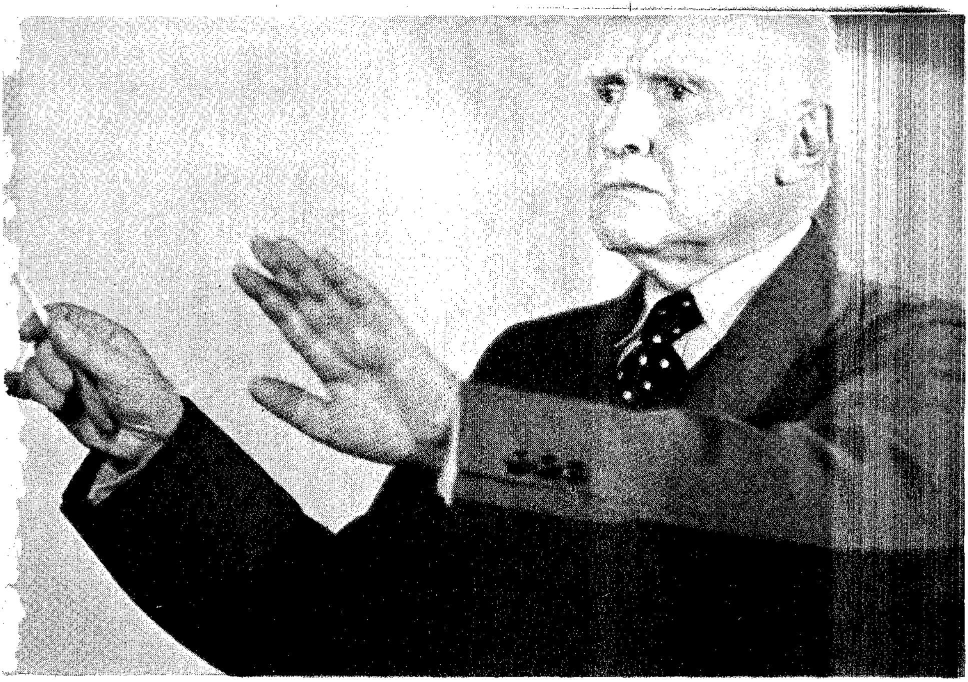
It remained for imperious, self-willed Immortals of the Stick to change all this. From mere time-beaters, they developed into musical czars. They policed the audience, shushed and cowed it, frightened the players, cursed and browbeat them, and even turned composers into satellites. They played at will upon the largest and mightiest musical instruments in history.

Skeptics have long debated their worth. How much of their gesturing, their theatrics, their tailoring are actually for the benefit of the musicians and the music, and how much for the benefit of the audience? Do they not simply dramatize the music for those who listen with their eyes? Do not good orchestras lead their conductors?

Obviously, no conductor can be better than his orchestra. Yet, in time, a conductor often makes a bad orchestra good.

Still is that a reason for treating the conductor as though he were a Master of the Occult, a Houdini of the concert-hall? They are all separate personalities. Some are flashy; others, conservative. Some are sensible; some, not. Some have cold heads and hot hearts; others, hot heads and cold hearts.

In this portfolio are glimpses of fourteen conductors—not by any means representative—who today work in America. One, probably, is your favorite. None, unfortunately, performs all kinds of music equally well. But all, by virtue of the positions they hold, exercise an influence over our tastes, our musical experiences and our spiritual growth. —C. S.



ER

Damrosch

"Papa" Damrosch, at 77 the dean of American conductors, is a barnstorming propagandist who has brought symphonic music to communities from coast to coast that never before heard such sounds. Saint-Saens, Paderewski and Kreisler made their first American orchestral appearances under his baton. He introduced Gluck's *Orpheus*, Wagner's *Parsifal*, Brahms' Fourth and Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique* Symphonies. Eventually radio claimed him, or perhaps it was the other way around, and he made a lasting contribution with his broadcasts of music appreciation courses. His listeners now write, "My great-grandmother heard you when you conducted in Fargo." His hospitality is a tradition: the Damrosches never dine alone. He adores dressing up in costume, frequents auction sales, enjoys having carpenters and decorators around. His life spans the history of symphonic music in this country. Among conductors today, he is the best known voice in America.

FMAN

KEHL

Toscanini

Ormandy

Arturo Toscanini, 72, genius and consummate craftsman, most famous and highest paid living conductor, is still in search of unattainable ideals. Starting with a new supply of dollar watches (the gift of NBC's John Royal, marked "for rehearsals only"), he alternately runs his nose up and down the score, stamps his feet and flings a watch to the floor, shouting: "*Ignoranti! Ignoranti!*" Indefatigable, fanatical, filled with contagious enthusiasm, vigor and fire, he is bending and blending the NBC orchestra to his will at an age when lesser men have retired. Not happy unless working, he flies from one country to another, was unable to understand the lamentable lack of a transatlantic airplane service.

Eugene Ormandy, at 40 the successor to Stokowski, is director of one of the world's great orchestras and the envy of dozens of his colleagues. He attributes his rise to blind luck, good breaks and continuous work. Eighteen years ago he was sitting in the last stand of the second violin section in Roxy's Capitol Theatre Orchestra, having arrived shortly before from his native Budapest. Ten years later he scored his first success at Robin Hood Dell. Same season he substituted for Toscanini, against the advice of his friends, "simply because I felt I knew my job." After five years in Minneapolis he was called back to Philadelphia—this time as regular conductor.

ELI

Barbirolli

DISRAELI

Koussevitzky

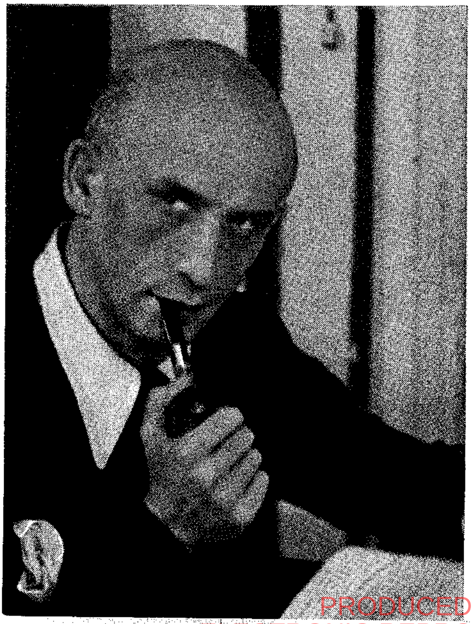
John Barbirolli, at 39, is the likable, much-debated occupant of what, under Toscanini, was the nation's most spotlighted conductorial post. In the three winters he has been conducting the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, Barbirolli has developed considerably, made good programs and many friends. With his men he tries to secure in a friendly, companionable way the end he desires. He is enthusiastic and vital about everything he does. His creed: "Integrity and sincerity to yourself, and loyalty to the man whose music you are seeking to interpret. Never think, 'What can I make of this piece?' but try to discover what the composer meant to say."

Serge Koussevitzky, at 65, is top man among regular conductors of U. S. symphony orchestras and the only conductor who consistently "sells out" Carnegie Hall. Fifteen years ago he came to Boston, unloosed a flock of novelties, fired old stand-bys from the orchestra. "I vant yungk blott!" he cried. "If dose oldt chentlemen vant to sleep, let dem sleep at home!" And the same went for Beacon Hill and Back Bay dowagers. Protest as they might, they heard what Koussevitzky thought good for them. At performances, Koussevitzky strides in like a Boyer, bows imperiously—no actor could do it as well—and lets loose his excellent version of what music should be.

Stock

Frederick Stock (*right*), at 66, holds the nation's record of having been in his job 34 years. Thorough, sincere, musicianly, Chicago's veteran is no sensationalist. But sensations don't last, and Doctor Stock does nothing better than last. He has maintained a balanced diet, satisfied his customers and has never found it necessary to be flashy. His views are sound: "People should not forget that a good leader is heard more and seen less, which is just the opposite of what we expect. Players must be made to realize that above all it is their task to play music and not merely notes, while the conductor seeks to unravel all mysteries and solve for the players those riddles of which the notes are but an outward symbol."

CHASE



Mitropoulos

Dimitri Mitropoulos (*left*), 43, is slated for bigger and better things, say the NBC orchestra men who insist that, next to Toscanini, they prefer him. Minneapolis has a precedent for developing and ripening conductors—and tall, bald, ascetic, introspective Mitropoulos seems likely to continue in the tradition. Shunning publicity and press agents, he concentrates on music, abandons score and baton, and infuses whatever he touches with vitality. If the audience applauds loudly enough, he repeats. He came to Minneapolis via Boston, where his debut was sponsored by Koussevitzky. He once taught at the Athens Conservatory. Music critics think the Greeks have reason to feel proud of him today, will have even more cause in the future.

SCHAAL FROM PIX

Walter

Bruno Walter, 63, enormously enhanced his reputation among younger American music-lovers through his guest conductorship of the NBC Symphony, which ended last April 8th. Gentle and sensitive, Mr. Walter is one of the conductors whom an orchestra does not obey, but to whom it responds. At his best, he is a leader of infinite tenderness, full of feeling. Occasionally he exaggerates and becomes sentimental. In earlier visits, when he was among those estimable gentlemen of the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, who thought themselves worthy of greatest consideration (at least a Toscanini) and worked against rather than with him, he did not secure good results. His musicianship and knowledge are indisputable and, when his flair for exhibitionism does not overcome him, he brings a unique quality to his music. "Real music," he says, "has a life of its own, and an interpreter can only develop it."

Stokowski

Leopold Stokowski, 57, is only incidentally a symphony conductor. Experimenter, innovator, disciple of the novel, confrere of Mickey Mouse and Snow White, he is a world celebrity. Primarily concerned with sounds and sound effects, he built the finest virtuoso orchestra in existence. Curious mixture of medicine man and genius, he created sounds that, before him, didn't exist—and used them for his own rather than for the composer's glorification. Always tense, electric, vibrant, he puts passion into *St. Anthony's Chorale*. His Tchaikovsky has been called "a tour of the musical red-light district." His hobby: designing cupboards. In California he built a house with his own hands, grows all varieties of fruit. Hollywood claims he has ears on three sides of his head and a fascinating profile for the fourth. He recently recorded for a Disney film excerpts from Beethoven's *Pastorale* Symphony and other classics.

Rodzinski

Artur Rodzinski, 45, has scored signal success wherever he has conducted. Trained to be a lawyer, he deserted for music. Discovered directing a performance of *Die Meistersinger* in Warsaw, he was brought to Philadelphia by Leopold Stokowski. Since then he has conducted the Los Angeles, Cleveland, New York Philharmonic-Symphony, and NBC orchestras. He introduced to New York Shostakovich's Fifth Symphony and *Lady Macbeth of Mzensk,* and centered attention on Rosa Pauly and Strauss's *Elektra.* Always a thorough worker, he is master of every detail, a first-class drill sergeant. Moreover, he infuses orchestras with excitement and enthusiasm and brings forth a wealth of tonal splendor. He has become noted for his intelligent and sympathetic conducting of modern works. Gadgets of all kinds are his hobby. The first time he used an electric shaver, he was in despair because his beard wouldn't grow quickly enough to allow him to use it again the same day.

Reiner

Fritz Reiner, at 50, is known by orchestra men the world over. He has conducted concerts in more cities than any other man living, and his highly descriptive stick technique is reckoned as the best. He brandishes a long baton as if it were a whip, lashes it about in a wide, lion-tamer's arc, glowers at his men with hypnotic eyes and insists that they watch his every gesture. Woe to the man who doesn't!

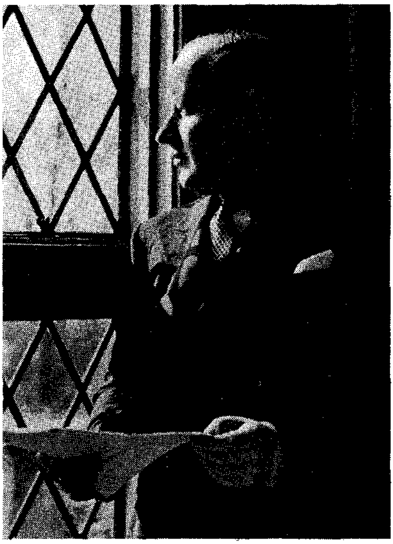
Golschmann

Vladimir Golschmann, 46, was born of Russian parents in Paris. He burst into prominence in French musical circles with the *Concerts Golschmann* and was an immediate success in this country as guest conductor of the New York Symphony in the season of 1924-25. An artist of acute sensibilities, capable of making fine distinctions, he is ideally suited to interpret the subtleties of French scores. But his taste encompasses all styles. He believes that "in art, 95 per cent of everything is a gift. You must have more than knowledge and experience." Vladimir Golschmann definitely has.

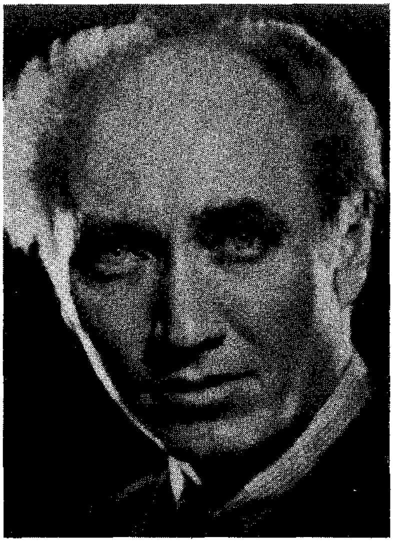
DISRAELI

Goossens

Eugene Goossens, at 46, is the musical mainspring of Cincinnati and its famous May Festivals. Among the truly sophisticated of living conductors, this British-born scion of a distinguished musical family has long been an important figure on the American musical scene. Unyielding, reserved, taciturn on the podium, his manner belies his inner feeling and warmth. Master of the art of understatement, he is nevertheless cosmopolitan in approach. Sounds from his orchestra never fall on the ear with the effect of that spontaneous and wild order that reigns in nature, but rather with the considered and accomplished effect of a Carlyle essay. His orchestra men, and other friends, adore him.



KNOOP

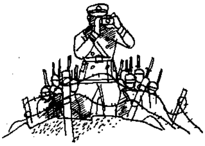


Krueger

Karl Krueger, in his forties, returned to his native state after intensive study and conducting in Vienna, to give Kansas City its first successful orchestra. Beginning at the depth of the depression, he whipped a ragged orchestra into shape and developed it to its present estate. Thorough and sincere, with an appreciation of *melos* and all that it implies, his interpretations have the quality of indisputable logic and at the same time afford release from the thralldom of method. He is opening up a new musical richness to the Middle West. "For us," says William Allen White, "his orchestra stands as a monument to appreciation of music in this prairie region. It is our orchestra."

PORTRAIT OF EISENSTAEDT

CANDID IS A TRITE WORD BY NOW, BUT IT'S THE ONE THAT BEST DESCRIBES HIS PHOTOGRAPHS



ALFRED EISENSTAEDT is one of the world's pioneers in *reportage*—photographic journalism. Long before the photo-reportorial magazines were born, in this country, he was covering the world scene with a candid camera. The world spun faster and faster—and Eisenstaedt became an arch-documentarian.

He tracked down Haile Selassie in his Ethiopian lair, he went yachting with kings, he shot up at dictators, he sat in the solemn conclaves of the ill-fated League of Nations.

Today, he is perhaps the best-known miniature cameraman in America; an ardent champion of fast lens technique, shunner of the flash, the studio and the posed.

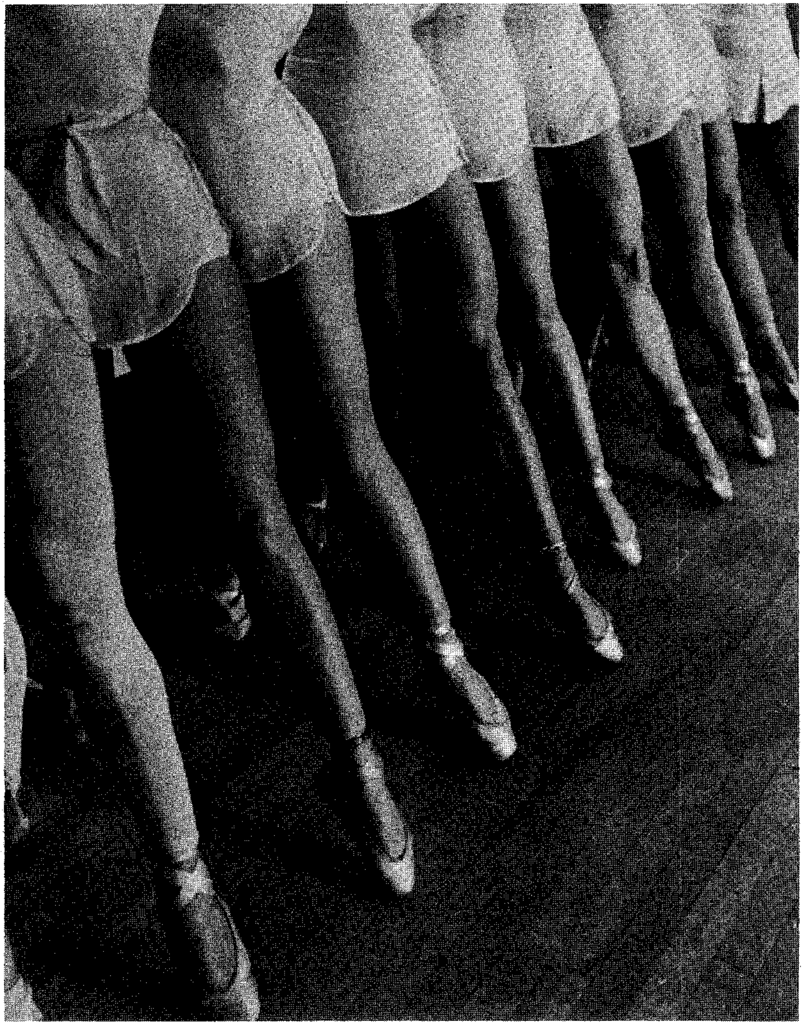
FROM PIX

Alfred Eisenstaedt

His is the tradition of the Fourth Estate. He thinks in terms of story, not art; in terms of a sequence, not a single shot. As a result, his pictures are alive with realism and drama. They are as integral a part of modern society as the daily headlines.

As an active journalist, he is on momentary call. Today he may be doing simple fashions, tomorrow climbing inside a blast furnace, or flying to cover a revolution in the Hindu Kush. His personal life and career are a product of the same fast-moving social flux which is the target of his camera.

He was born in Dirschau, West Prussia. His father had a department store and all went well.



THE LINE—AMERICAN BALLET

A study in leg patterns, made during a performance. The miniature camera, in this instance, has had the virtue of stopping motion under normal lighting conditions. If a flash had been used, there would have been an unavoidable harshness and bleaching of highlights.

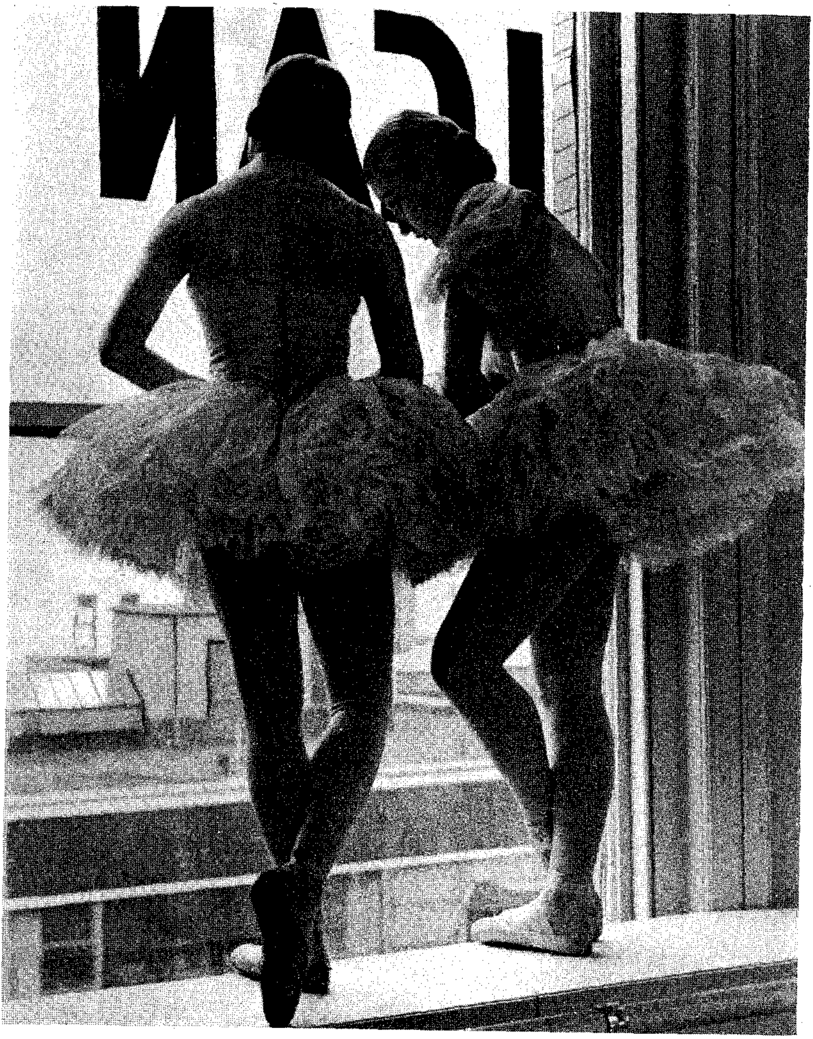
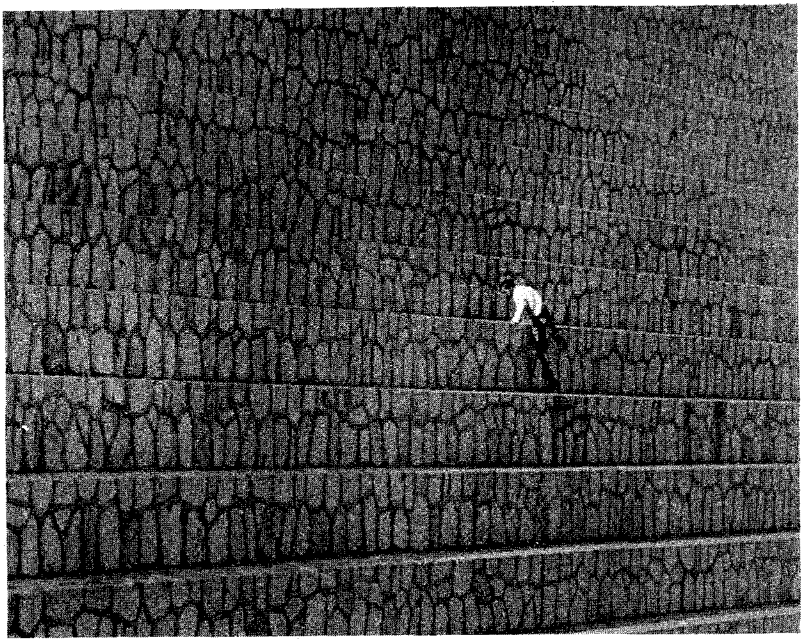


FIGURE STUDY—AMERICAN BALLET

Here Eisenstaedt's miniature camera, idling through a pause in the American Ballet's rehearsal, has used modern materials to create a pattern in the best tradition of Degas. The exposure was made with fast film and a fast lens. The main light source is the window.



DAM AT MARATHON

Here is a typical Eisenstaedt design-shot. He has retreated sufficiently far from his subject to let the step lines expand and to reduce the value of the man in proportion. The loss of detail, in this shot, is unimportant; the subject is the pattern, not the materials.

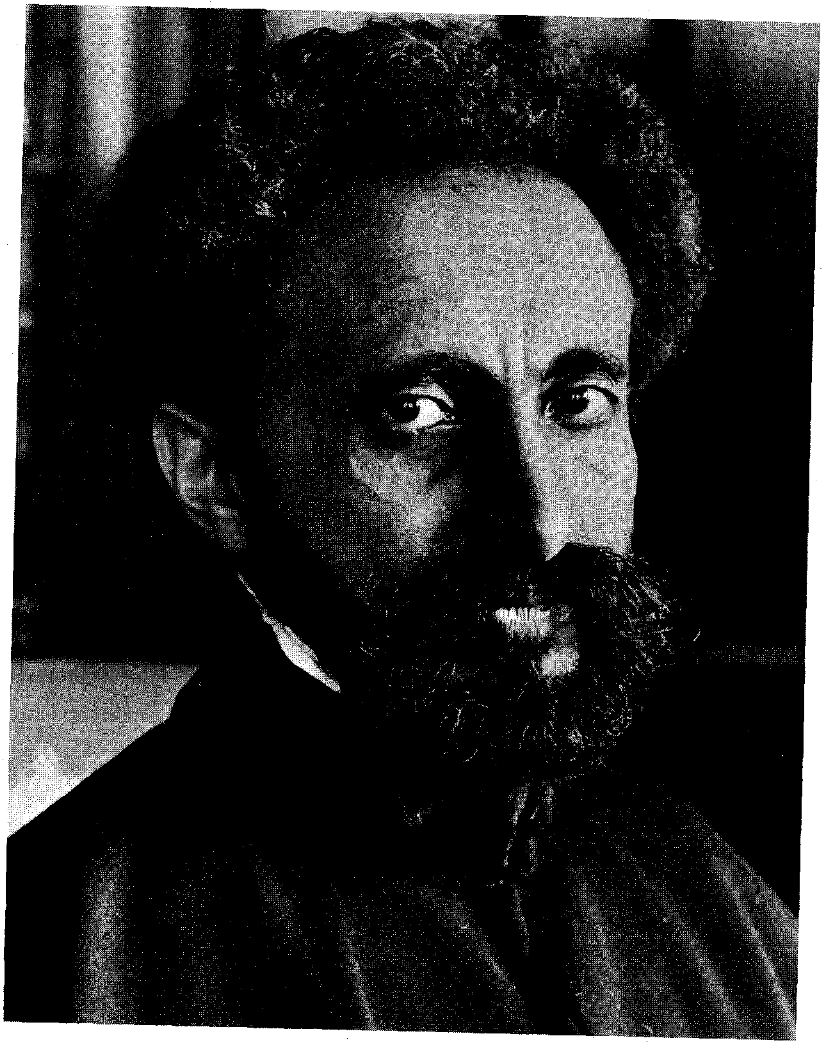
At thirteen, he got hold of an Eastman Brownie, and started picture-making. At sixteen, he moved with his family to Berlin. A few months later, he left high school, went to work in a department store in Gera, Thuringia. At seventeen he was conscripted into the German army.

On April 12, 1918, at Nieppe, France, shrapnel passed through both of his legs. A doctor offered to amputate one. Eisenstaedt thanked him, said "No"—but it was two years before he walked again.

The War ended, the revolution began. There were no jobs.

Months passed. Then opportunity knocked on his door. He got a job selling buttons.

One day in 1927 he started for a



HAILE SELASSIE

While still in Europe, Eisenstaedt, being especially fitted to work under all conditions, was sent to remote parts of the world to cover stories for the Associated Press. This shot, one of the best of the exiled emperor, was snapped during a torturous trek to Addis Ababa.

vacation in Czecho-Slovakia. Taking along a camera, he composed shots as he traveled—shooting for pictorial values. He shot spider webs, dew on grass, people set off by dramatic shadows.

Returning to Berlin, he showed his work to the editor of a photographic magazine. The editor offered to print them in a future issue.

Eisenstaedt took a long shot. "Is there any possibility of selling such pictures?" he asked. Apparently the editor gave him the right word.

Eisenstaedt took back his prints—rushed over to a general circulation magazine and made his first sale: one picture. He was paid twenty dollars—a sum that bowled him over.

In his formal way, he said to the editor: "Do you think one can make any money with photography?"

The editor said, "You can make a fortune."

Eisenstaedt was on fire. He hoarded his money, invested it in the best photographic equipment he could buy. He began turning out quantities of what he calls "beautiful, dull pictures." They kept selling.

One day, in the offices of the *Berliner Illustriete Zeitung*, he met Leon Daniel, manager of the continental office of the Associated Press.

Daniel said: "We could use some of your shots."

Again Eisenstaedt asked: "Do you think I could make a living as a professional?" And again the answer was yes. On December 3, 1929, Eisenstaedt became an official member of the A.P. staff.

Shortly after this, the A.P. photographer who was assigned to cover the Nobel prize ceremonies in Stockholm took sick. In the emergency, Daniel called on the untried Eisenstaedt.

The goods were delivered.

Hundreds of political assignments followed—conferences at Geneva and Lausanne, trips with the crown princes, royal births, coronations, assassinations.

When trouble threatened in Ethiopia, Eisenstaedt was sent on a safari, commanded his own private troop of infantry. When the Graf Zeppelin flew to Rio de Janeiro—along he went.

He made studies of Oxford and Cambridge, studies of the life, habits and customs of almost every important political figure in Europe. He shot Mussolini and Dollfuss, Hitler and Schuschnigg, Litvinoff, Eden, Beck, Goebbels, Sir John Simon, Barthou, Titulescu, the Duc d'Alba, Paul Boncour.

So many of his best subjects have been executed or assassinated that his "morgue" has taken on a literal meaning.

During this period he ate and slept photography. Little else counted. After his first assignment in Paris, Daniel twitted him on amusements. "What did you do there nights?" he asked.

"It was no problem," Eisenstaedt said. "I simply exposed longer."

Eisenstaedt was working then with one of the first fast miniature cameras made—a Zeiss Ermanox. At night he would develop his plates in the bathroom of his hotel—rush out his prints.

Thousands of these were sent to America—running in the daily papers under credit line of the Associated Press.

★ ★ ★

A few years ago, Hitler became official . . . and the lights started going out.

As Eisenstaedt puts it, "I saw no chance for real work in Europe."

In 1935, together with Daniel, he set sail for the United States.

His reputation, contacts, samples, made readjustment here easy. His field was *reportage*—a type of work just becoming popular in America. A wave was rising . . . and he was set to ride on its crest.

After preliminary jobs with *Harper's Bazaar*, assignments from *Town and Country* and advertising agencies took him to Hollywood. Here he limned the stars—broadened his American reputation.

Returning to New York, in 1936, he set up, with Daniel, Pix Publishing, Inc.—a clearing house for pictures from all parts of the world.

The magazine *Life* was now in progress. It aimed at applying the *reportage* technique to the American scene. Eisenstaedt's work fell in line. Soon he was scouring the countryside and getting himself arrested.

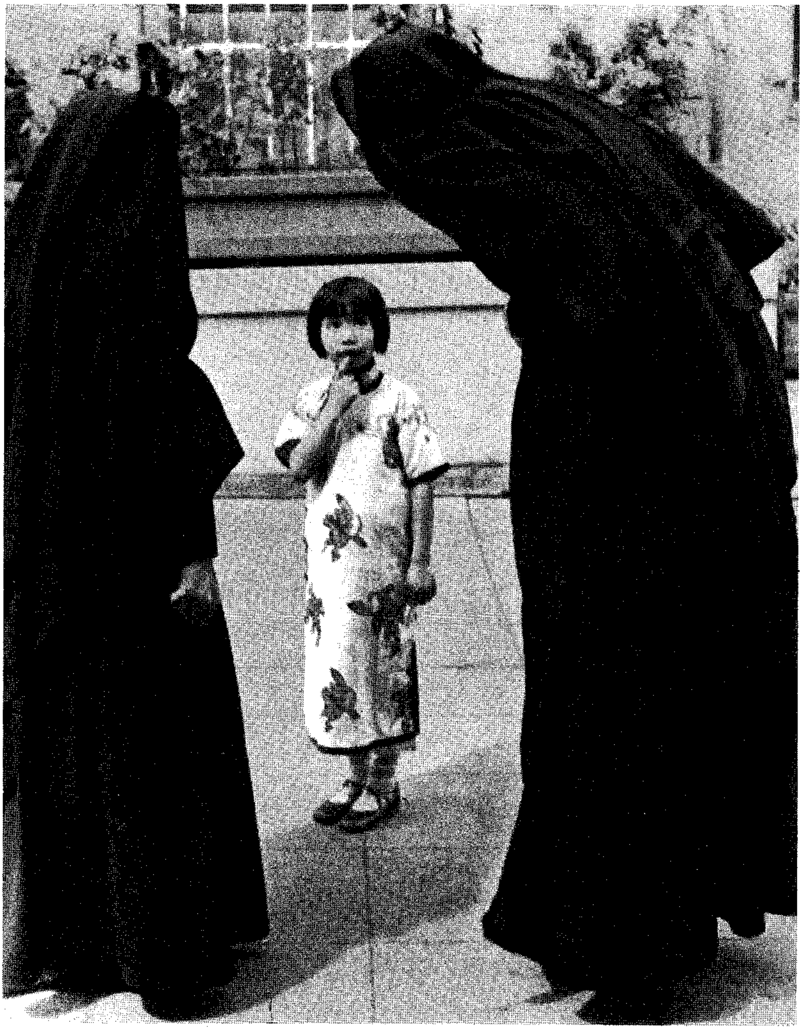
★ ★ ★

Eisenstaedt works almost entirely with miniature cameras. Although his working equipment includes Leicas, a Rolleiflex, a Graflex, and a 9 x 12 cm Linhoff, the Leicas are his chief crutch.

He practically never uses a flash—claims that he doesn't like the bleached look the pictures have.

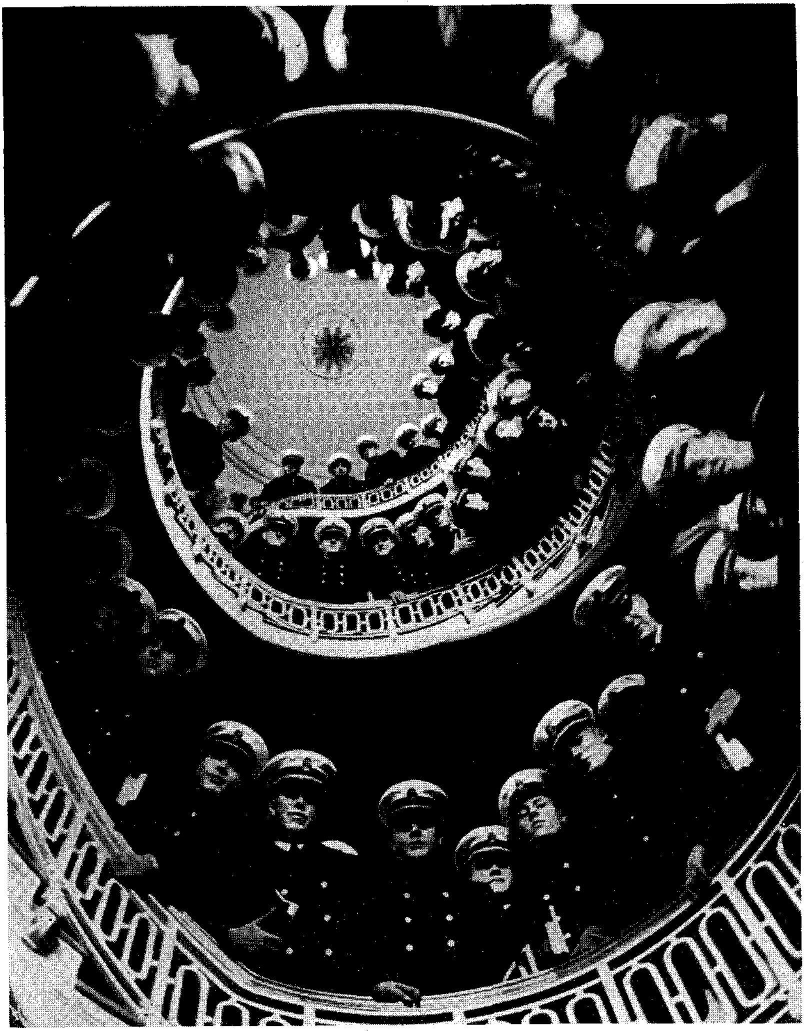
To minimize grain, he prefers the medium fast films, the new panatomics.

He seldom plans shots in advance. On the job, he jockeys around until something interesting frames itself. With difficult subjects, he steals his first shots—holding the camera at his hip, or out at one side, and shooting while



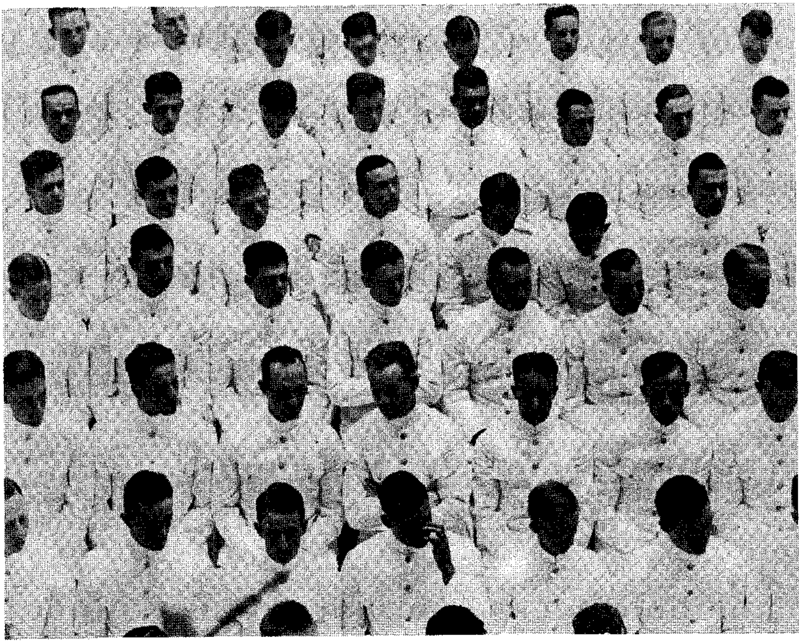
EAST MEETS WEST

Eisenstaedt is one of the more alert opportunists among topnotch photographers. He picked up this chance shot of a little Chinese girl at a Mission school in California, thereby illustrating an eloquent silence in the life of one of the daughters of Confucius.



ANNAPOLIS CADETS

This shot, part of a photo story of the Naval Academy, shows the remarkable design effects Eisenstaedt is able to get, even under adverse light conditions. The short focus lens of his miniature camera ensures a sharpness of detail almost to the remote background.



ANNAPOLIS COMMENCEMENT

A cross-section of faces of the Annapolis graduating class in deep thought. This shot has a realism that can only come from so-called candid photography. The subjects here are cadets, not models. They are listening to a speaker on the platform, not watching a "birdie."

pretending to look somewhere else.

Once his shot is in the bag, he becomes courteous and social. He asks if he can take a picture, poses the subject carefully, shoots again at leisure.

He contends that as soon as the photographer picks up his camera, his status as an individual changes. He wears a specialized badge of privilege. He must be polite, for good will's sake; but not too polite

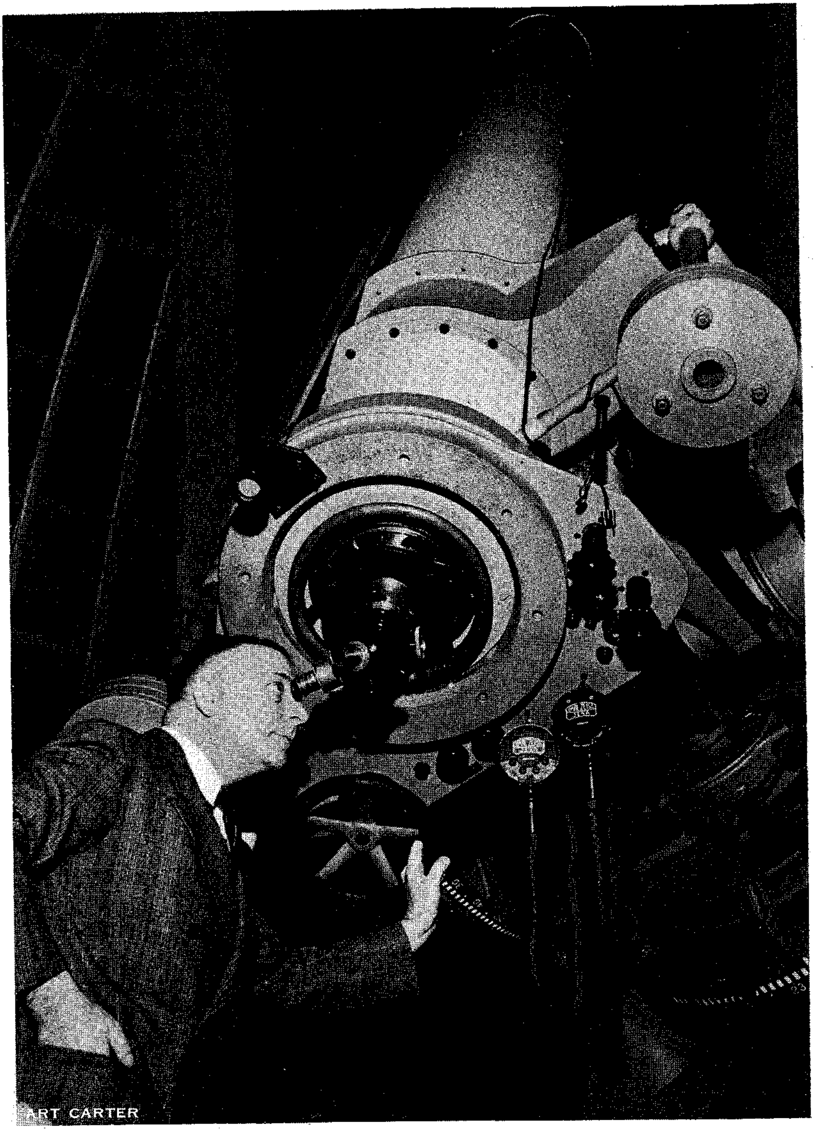
"For example," said Eisenstaedt, "suppose Marlene Dietrich were sitting here . . . and suppose she dropped something out of her bag. As a private citizen, obviously I'd pick it up. But not as a photographer—when she stooped to pick it up herself, I might get my best picture."

—ROBERT W. MARKS

A PORTFOLIO OF PERSONALITIES

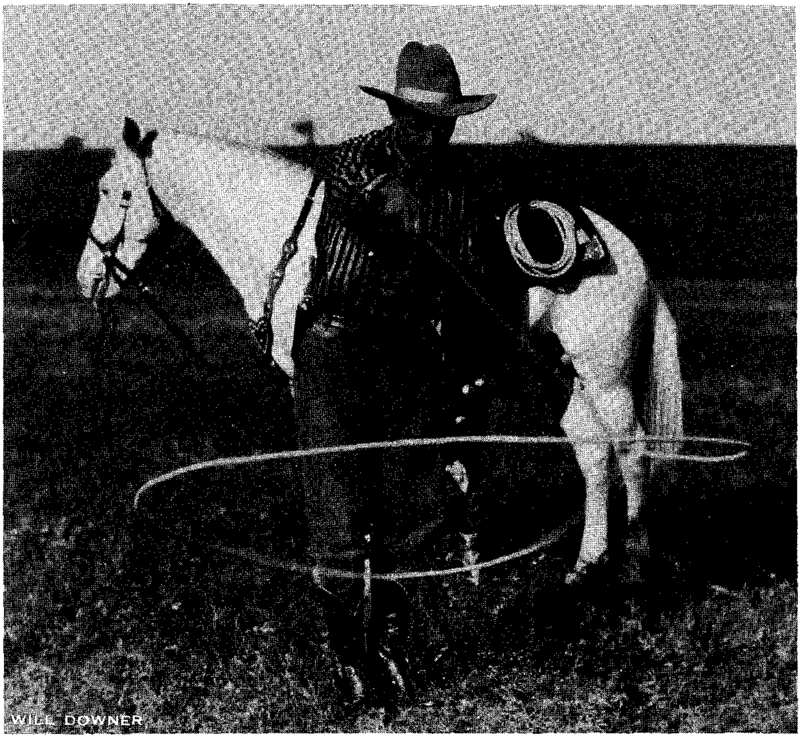
LYLE ABBOTT

LYLE ABBOTT leads a double life because he meddled with the heavens once too often. Ten years ago he was cosily publishing a newspaper in Arizona, and studying the stars through his backyard telescope. He heard Mount Wilson Observatory needed help to find the ideal site for the mammoth 200-inch Palomar telescope. Abbott volunteered, and lost his amateur standing. Mount Wilson sent him a check because he not only standardized its measurement charts but improved its method of measuring starlight. Going to Los Angeles, he became assistant news editor of the *Herald & Express*. One day he watched construction work on Griffith Park Observatory, complained that workmen were mistreating the telescope. The director laughed, "Why don't you take charge yourself?" To Abbott it wasn't a laughing matter. He took charge. Dr. Philip Fox was so impressed he let the "amateur" stay, later recommended his retention as director of the telescope. After three years Abbott still holds down the job every night in the year except Christmas, showing the skies and lecturing to crowds of visitors—this in addition to his editorship. He is almost a total stranger to his wife and two daughters. Abbott says stellar phenomena verging on the spectacular, like comets and eclipses, draw the biggest mobs, who like to peer at Mars because it may be inhabited, at Saturn because it has a ring, at the moon because it's big and showy.


ART CARTER

LYLE ABBOTT

AUGUST, 1939


WILL DOWNER

TOM HICKMAN

WHO LIVES UP TO THE COLORFUL LEGENDS ABOUT TEXAS RANGERS

He is every boy's hero and any man's envy, as personification of the romantic, iron-nerved Texas Rangers who have helped to keep order on a turbulent border since 1829. Captain Tom Hickman, 51, is intimate with danger, having had control of several hundred million dollars' worth of Government oil in the 1919 Red River dispute. Brought up in the saddle, he fought in the War, returned to join the Rangers, with whom he has served a longer continuous term than any other man. He knows horses and men, shoots with deadly aim. A dominant figure, he has had to pull the trigger only once in enforcing the law. As a rodeo judge he is in popular demand. Polo offers him relaxation. He advocates riding for health, rope spinning for nerves, says firearms are bad for both.

GURNEY CHRYSLER

WHO DOES A BULLISH BUSINESS WITH CARNATIONS ON WALL STREET

"YOU'VE got exactly $5.10 in the bank," said the cashier after the collapse of Gurney Chrysler's advertising business in 1932. She spent $1.10 for dinner, invested $4 in carnations which she peddled to Wall Street men. Within a month a thousand of them ordered her 10c-a-day flower service. Among the first customers were Newcomb Carlton, Clifton Webb and, surprisingly, Heywood Broun. Now Mrs. Chrysler can deliver 20,000 boutonnieres simultaneously at 10 a.m. anywhere from Maine to California. She sends original designs to Paris salons and London parties, but still goes to market at 4:30 every morning to buy her blooms. She originated the use of cellophane boxes when manufacturers gave her cellophane sheets for nothing. She's still using cellophane sheets—but they're no longer free.

CLIFFORD J. LAUBE

WHO IS SUFFICIENT UNTO HIMSELF AS A POET AND PUBLISHER

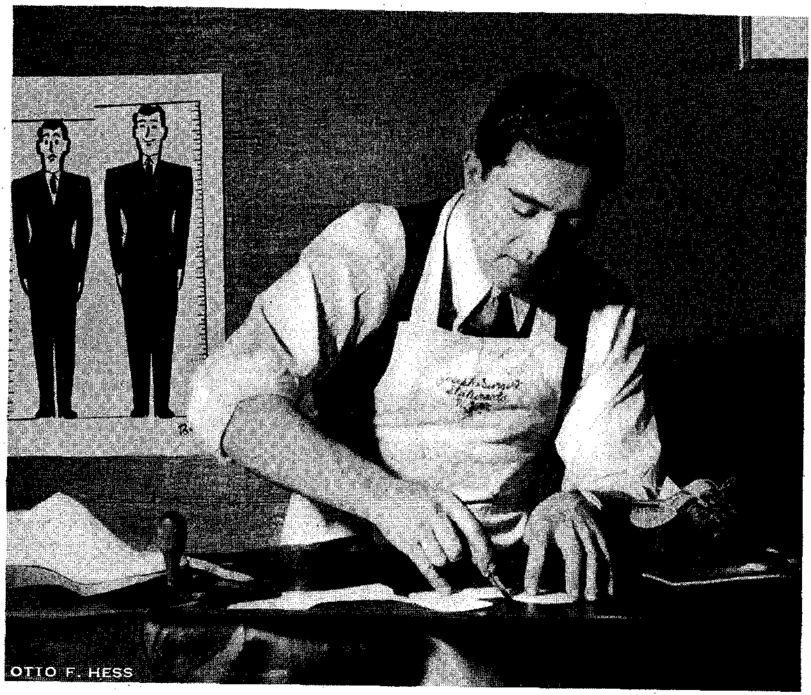
CLIFFORD J. LAUBE is unique and envied among poets in a world that has thousands of them frantically striving to get their work into print. He has no difficulty in finding a publisher for his verses, and he doesn't have to pay to have them published, as most versifiers do. He does his own illustrating, typesetting, printing and binding for the books of poetry appearing in his name. It's poetry other publishers haven't scorned either. It has been printed in national magazines, in the *Joyce Kilmer Anthology*, and in school texts. Laube built much of the machinery in the print shop of his Richmond Hill, New York, home. He must work slowly, printing four pages at a time of editions that run 1,000 up. Poetry and printing are only his avocations. His job is suburban editor of the *New York Times*. He is a native of Colorado, middle-aged, and the father of three children, none of them poets.

QUEEN BESS

WHO IS THE ARCTIC'S BIG BUSINESS WOMAN AND FLYING SOCIALITE

Above the Arctic Circle, from Bering Strait to the Mackenzie River, the only white woman known personally to all the Eskimos and sourdoughs is Mrs. John Cross. She operates a string of seven trading posts, an airline, and a freighting service. Besides, she is raising her own family and playing Lady Bountiful to platoons of native children. Yet if you were to ask for her as Mrs. Cross you probably would be met by sloe-eyed, blank Eskimo stares, for few of them know her as anything but "Queen Bess," which they themselves, bewilderingly enough, dubbed her. Queen Bess, not awed by magnificent distances, regularly flies her own plane 250 miles from her home in Kotzebue to Nome—to visit the hairdresser. And when Fairbanks breaks out with the kind of party the Arctic calls big and gala, Queen Bess just pours 600 miles more of gas in her ship and comes down three point in time for cocktails.

H. H. HILLSHIRE

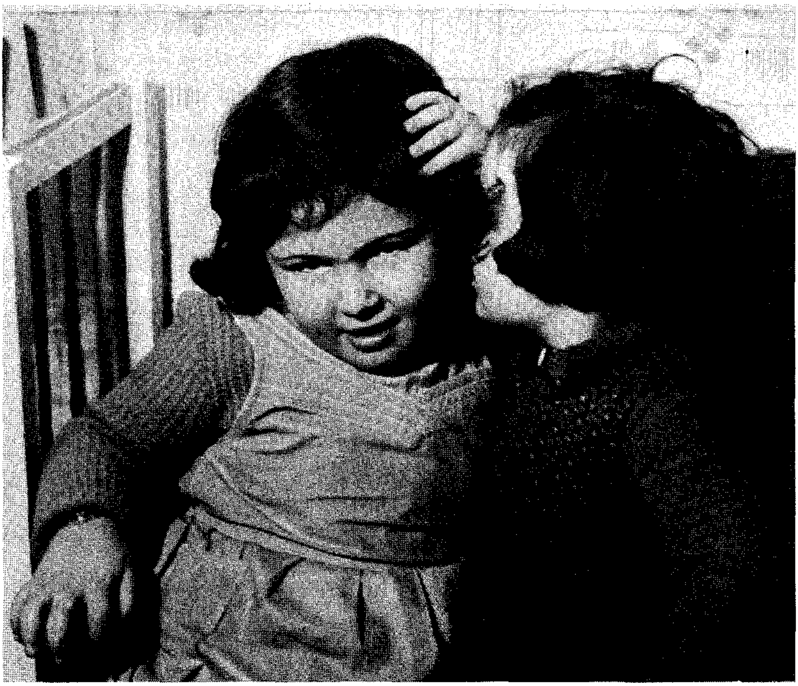


OTTO F. HESS

JOSEPH BURGER

WHOSE BOOTMAKING IS DEVOTED TO MAKING SHORT MEN TALL

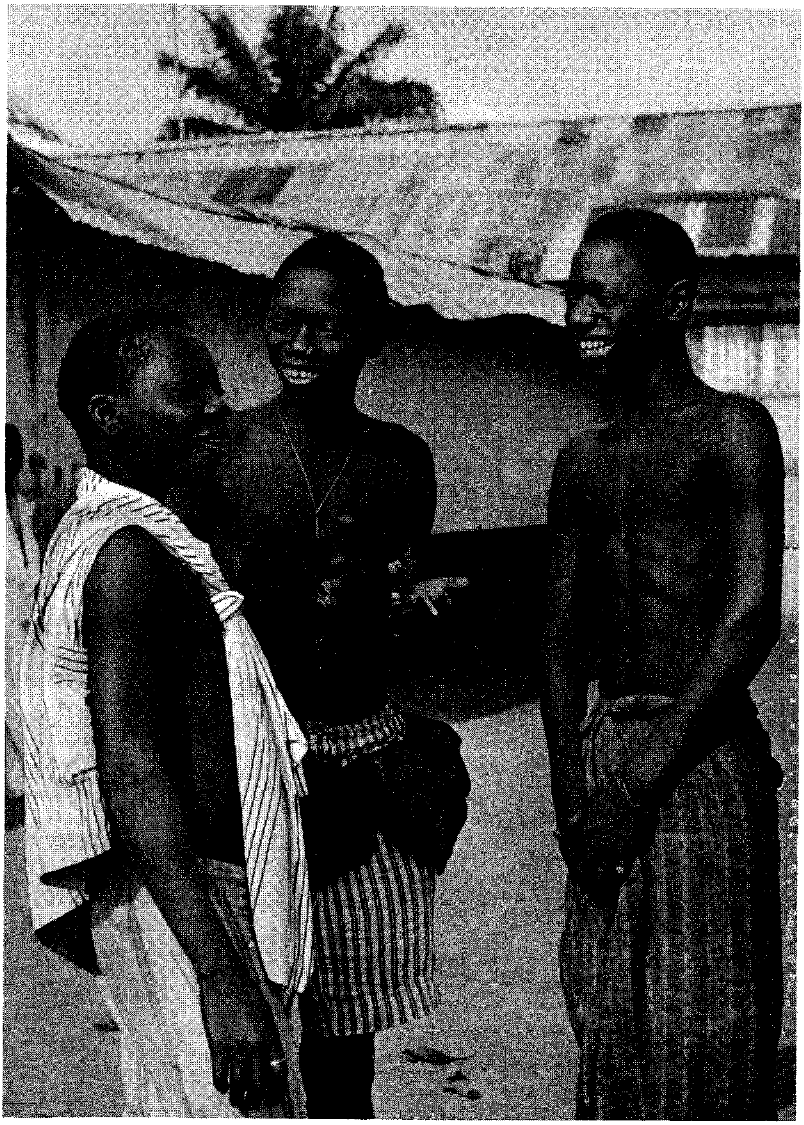
ALL HIS male forebears had been expert cobblers, but Joseph Burger didn't want to follow in their steps. So he attended three New York universities, fooled around with radio broadcasting, worked as construction superintendent. As a boy he had learned all about shoe craftsmanship and when his father died, young Joe, now only 26, reluctantly took over his business. Impressed by the number of short men wanting higher-than-average heels, he perfected a height-increasing shoe that wouldn't betray its secret. Today thousands of those shoes go through the mails to actors, doctors, truck drivers, orchestra leaders. Burger's ten Old-World bootmakers constitute a league of nations. Mid the tympany of hammers they sing, each in his own language but still in harmony. It's all very Snow-Whitish.



ELLY PRAGER-MANDOWSKY, LONDON

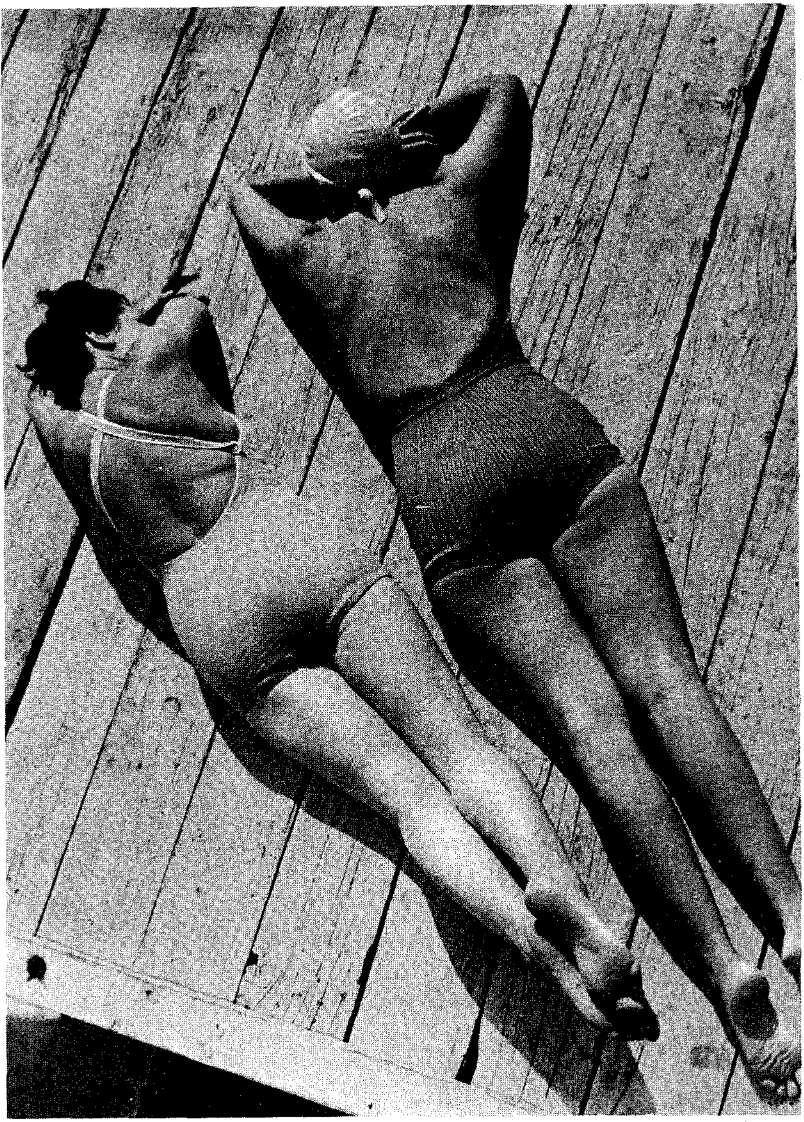
Gossip

A Portfolio of Seven Photographs



PIERRE VERGER FROM C. ANDERS

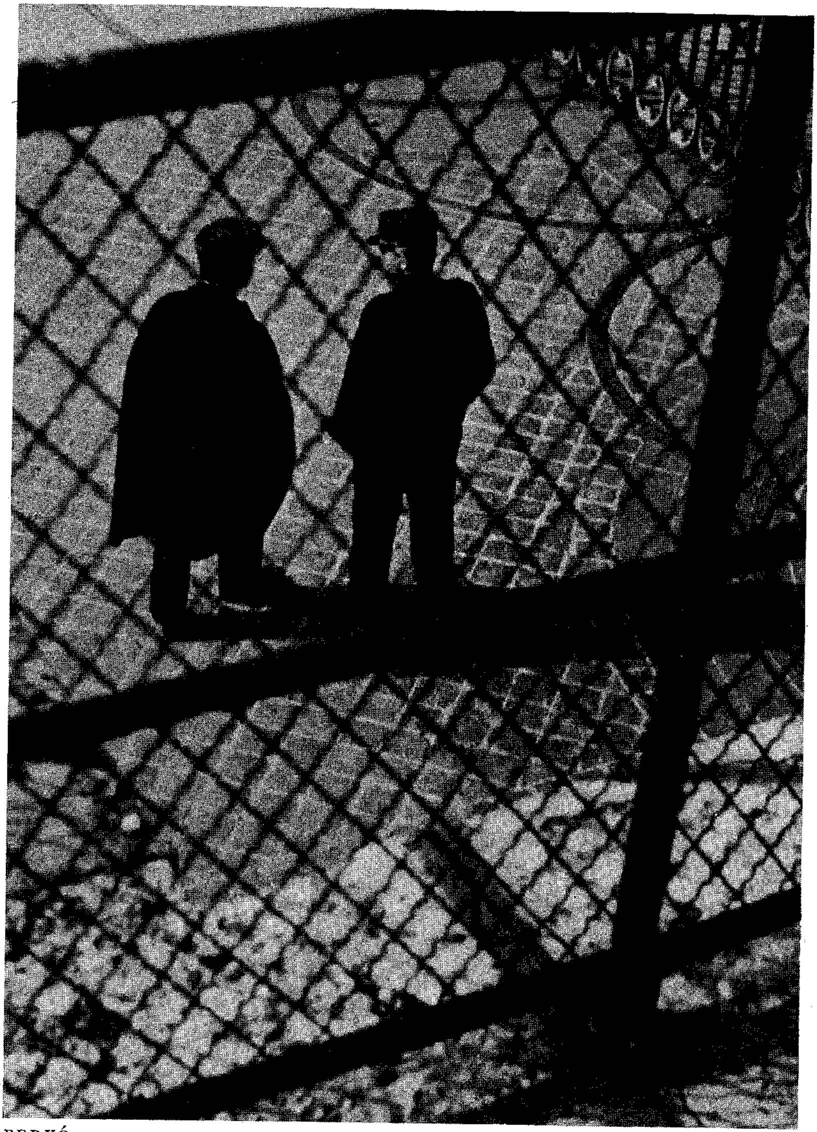
AFRICAN SPICE



STEPHEN DEUTCH CHICAGO

TRUE STORIES

AUGUST, 1939



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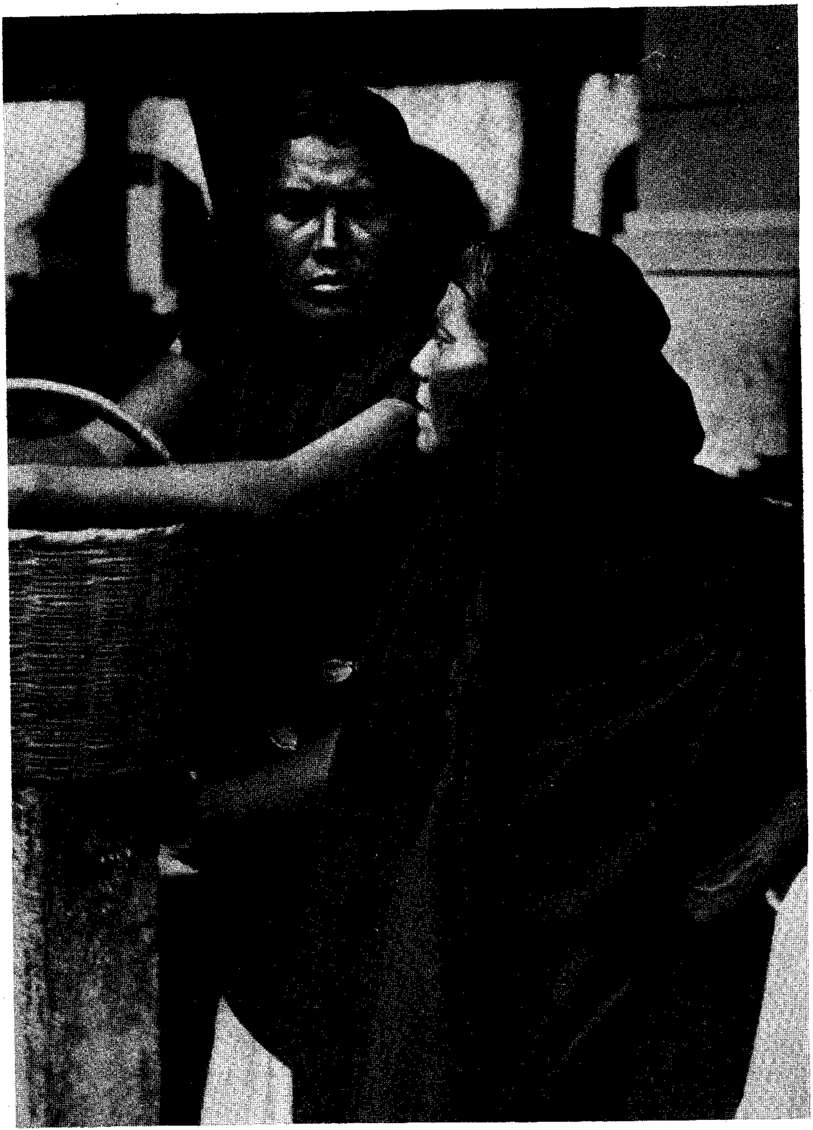
BOMBAY

TALKING SHOP



HENRI CARTIER PARIS

MARKET EXCHANGE

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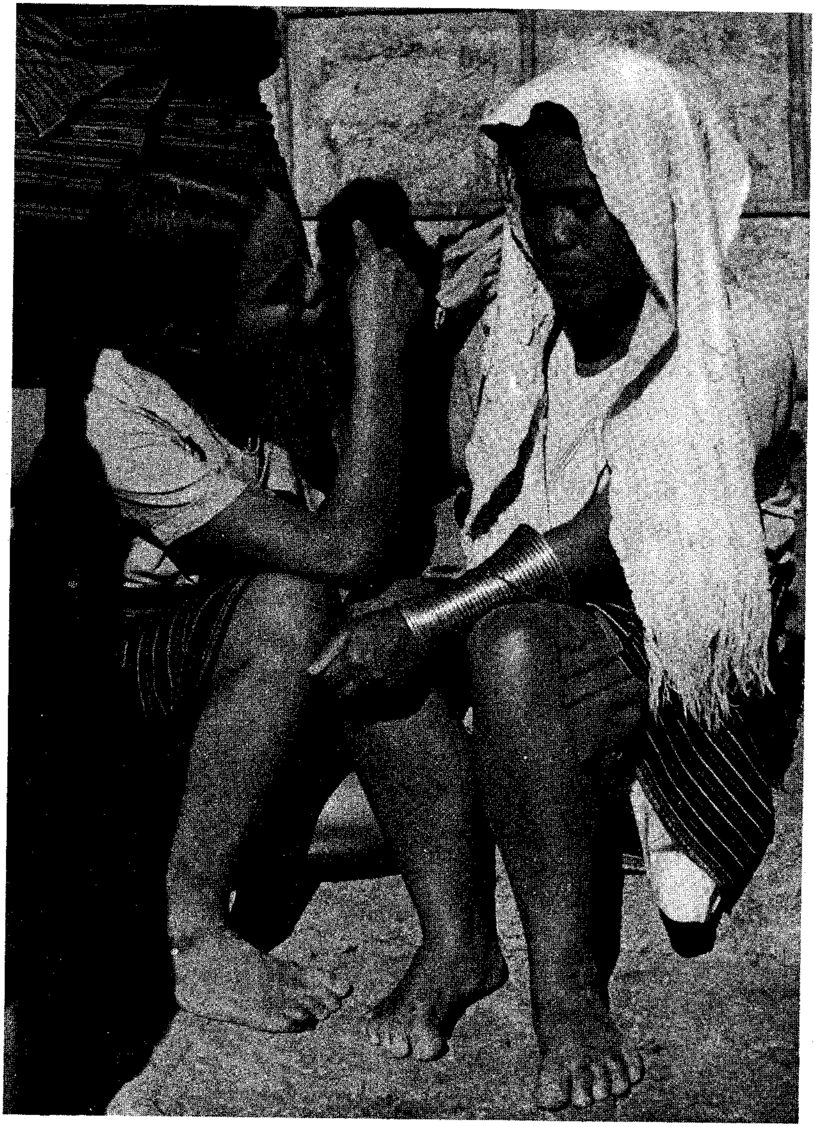
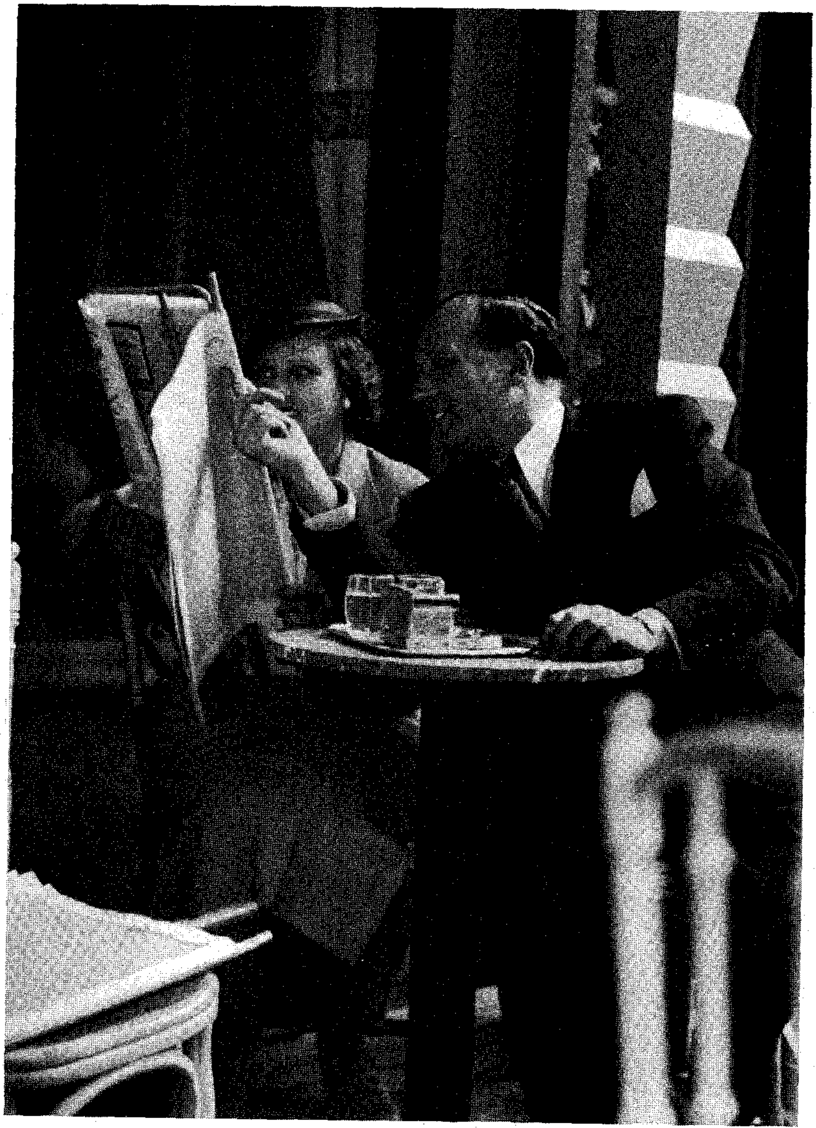


PIERRE VERGER FROM C. ANDERS

CONFIDENTIAL



KURT LUBINSKI LONDON

PERSONALS

AUGUST, 1939

Photographs can be overdone The text for this month's sermon is *Smiles Can Be Overdone*, on page 9. The author's thesis is that "broader smiles than circumstances warrant do not carry conviction." We have all been victims, and probably occasional perpetrators as well, of the too, too toothy smile. We know that the over-expansive smile pays diminishing returns when broadcast face to face, and the article tells us that the same thing is true, by actual test, of fakey grins in advertisements.

It's true because people are quick to resent the unnatural, the affected and the insincere no matter where they encounter it. And that's why, to make an abrupt point, a number of photographers, professional as well as amateur, fail to gain admission to Coronet. Instead of merely "taking" pictures, they try to manufacture them, to will them into existence. The attempt is singularly ill-advised.

The most banal example of this type of picture is the one involving a copy of Coronet, submitted in the fervent belief that this is surefire. Actually, it is a certain misfire. A picture that shows somebody reading a magazine is automatically dull and unsignificant. It may be assumed that people read magazines or they wouldn't be published. On the other hand, any attempt to inject novelty into the picture—usually a dog with superimposed horn-rimmed glasses, seemingly in the act of reading the magazine (caption: "Even Rover Enjoys Coronet")—is bound to be phony.

There are, to be sure, more intelligent attempts in this direction. All are doomed. If the point isn't there in the subject to begin with, it won't be there no matter what device is adopted to tack on a moral or inject an idea. A good photographer can bring out values that nobody ever noticed before, but no photographer is magician enough to create values that aren't there.

Consequently, even when well done, the "manufactured" picture doesn't go over. All of the photographs in this issue, regardless of how much technical skill and waiting, watching and planning went into them, are or should be "naturals" in the sense that they are not forced grimaces but genuine expressions worn at one time or another on the world's ever-changing yet changeless face.

★ ★ ★

The new issue of Coronet appears on the 25th of each month.

RADIO'S GOOD WILL HOUR

MR. JOHN J. ANTHONY ADVISES:

Thousands of people who have interviewed Mr. Anthony over Radio's Good Will Hour will testify to the soundness of his judgment. Here is Mr. Anthony's advice concerning Coronet . . .

"It might interest you to know that I have been a reader of Coronet since the day of its birth . . . and my library includes a complete file of its Infinite Riches. In my opinion, Coronet provides a mine of entertainment and information which far transcends its convenient miniature size. That is why Coronet is one of four publications without which I should consider my reading very much incomplete."

John J. Anthony
Radio's Good Will Hour

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CORONET, 919 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

CORONET
for
AUGUST
1939

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